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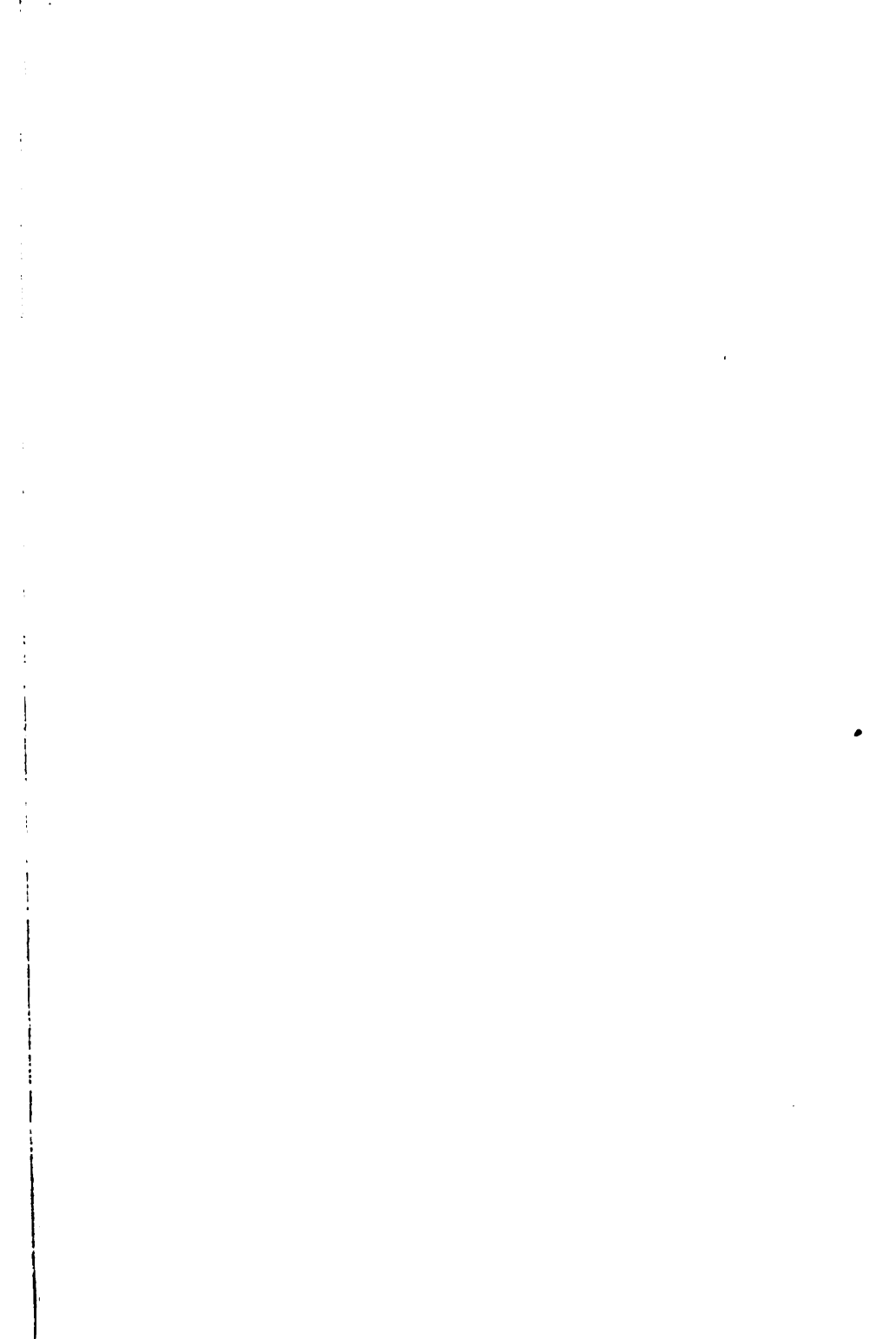
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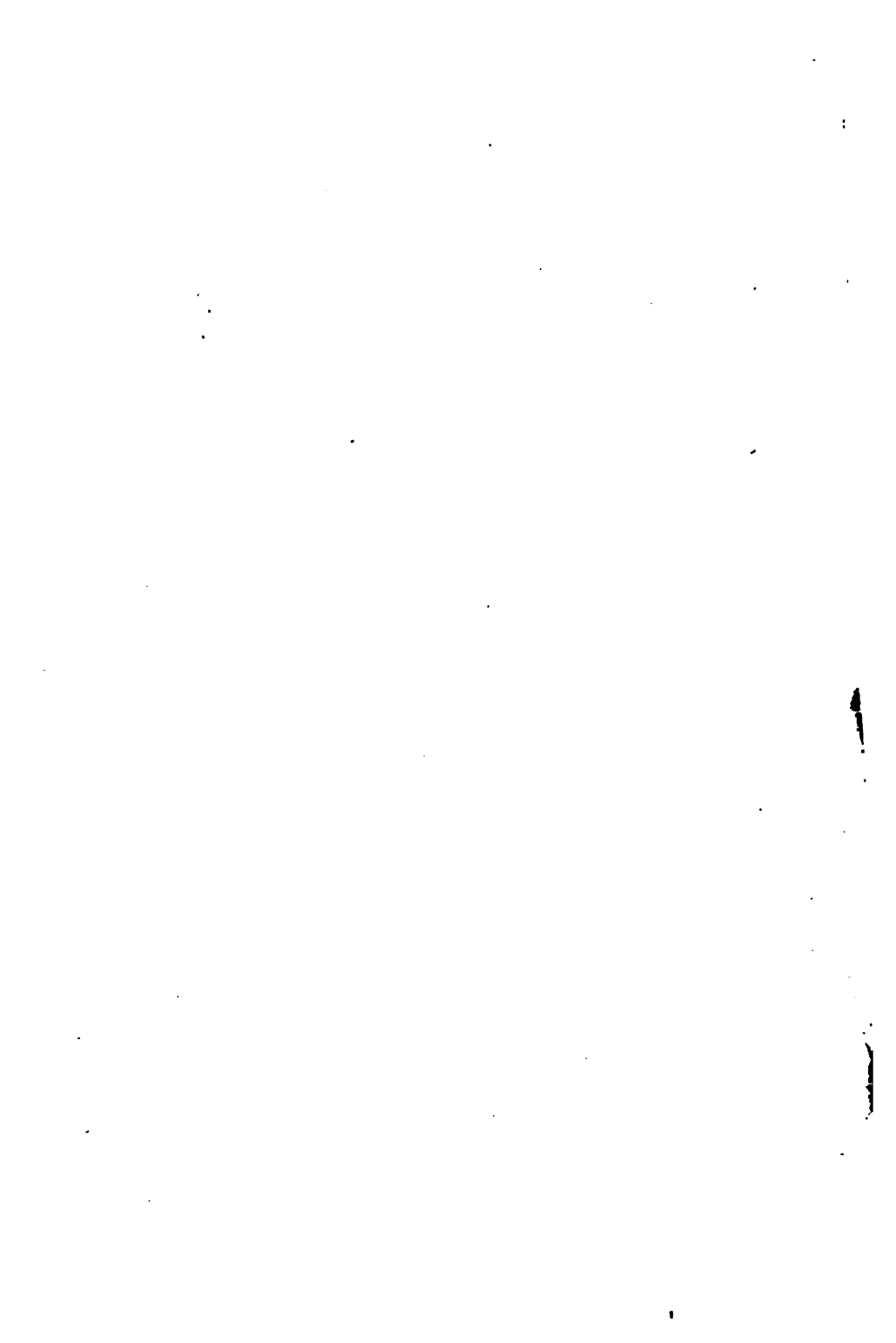


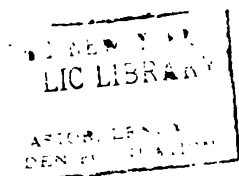


KINGS OF THE TURF

(Willmott-Dixon)

MXS







THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

KINGS OF THE TURF

MEMOIRS AND ANECDOTES

OF DISTINGUISHED

OWNERS, BACKERS, TRAINERS, AND JOCKEYS

WHO HAVE

FIGURED ON THE BRITISH TURF

WITH

MEMORABLE ACHIEVEMENTS OF FAMOUS HORSES

BY

"THORMANBY", pseud of

AUTHOR OF

"THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER", "RECORDS OF THE RACE-COURSE",

"STORIES OF STIRRUP AND SADDLE", ETC.

Willmott. Dixon, Willmott

WITH THIRTY-TWO PORTRAITS

LONDON

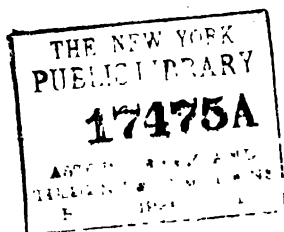
HUTCHINSON & CO.

34 PATERNOSTER ROW

1898

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M.S.M.-



"We yet retain
Some small preëminence, we justly boast
At least superior jockeyship, and claim
The honours of the Turf as all our own."

COWPER.—*The Timepiece.*

P R E F A C E

PUBLIC interest in the Turf and everything connected with it, has increased so remarkably of late years that it is hardly presumptuous to suppose that anecdotal sketches of celebrities in the racing world will appeal to a large constituency. It is on this supposition that the following pages have been written.

In the compilation, it has been my object to avoid dry statistics and mere strings of the winners of races, as dull as the catalogues of ships in the Iliad; and to illustrate as copiously as possible with characteristic anecdotes the careers of the owners, trainers, jockeys, and backers whom I have selected as representatives of every branch of the "Sport of Kings".

No attempt has been made to arrange these sketches chronologically, for the simple reason that most of those whose biographies are given were more or less contemporaries; while earlier careers are so much mixed with later ones that to attempt a chronological sequence would only have led to confusion, and would certainly have brought into juxtaposition too many similar narratives.

I have endeavoured to give variety to the subject by alternating peers with commoners, jockeys with trainers,

SEP 30 1921

owners with backers, and I venture to think that this arrangement will be found more interesting than one founded on strict chronology.

Not confining myself to the purely sporting aspect of each life here touched upon, I have introduced pictures of society and manners whenever I have thought that they would throw entertaining side-lights on the Turf and its patrons.

In the portraits with which the book is embellished I have to express my acknowledgments to the Proprietors of "Baily's Magazine" under the arrangement which enables me to make a selection from the fine collection of steel engravings for which that admirable "Magazine of Sports and Pastimes" has always been famous.

In choosing a portrait of Lord George Bentinck, preference has been given to the characteristic sketch in sporting costume by Count D'Orsay.

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LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

IT is not to be expected that the idols of one generation will command the worship of the next, especially when the fame of the idol depends solely upon tradition and has no more solid monument than the stamp impressed by its own personality upon contemporaries. Lord George Bentinck was the idol of the sportsmen of his own day. The commanding personality of the man threw a spell over all with whom he was brought in contact: they were half fascinated, half awed, judgment and criticism surrendered to admiration. There are still veterans left, like old John Kent, who talk with bated breath of Lord George as a superior being: a god-like man, a king of men. So he appeared to the bulk of his contemporaries. There are, it is true, some cavillers living who will have it that the idol, if not wholly composed of common clay, had at any rate feet of that inferior substance. William Day is one of them. That excellent trainer has done all he can to belittle Lord George and make it appear that he was actuated by base motives and was in fact "no better than he ought to have been". But then Lord George Bentinck took all his horses away from the Days' training-stables and in other ways showed that

he had a poor opinion of them. Hence it is only natural that the master of Woodyeates should feel disposed to have a kick at the dead lion, knowing that the King of beasts cannot retaliate. It pleases some small minds to discover flaws in the world's heroes: those who would like to believe that there was a seamy side to Lord George Bentinck's character may go to look for it in Mr. William Day's "Reminiscences", but I should advise them not to take all they find there for gospel. In these pages I purpose giving, so far as I am able, what I consider a fair sketch of Lord George Bentinck as a "King of the Turf".

Lord William George Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, commonly known as Lord George, was born on the 27th February 1802 at Welbeck and was the second son of the Duke of Portland, himself a keen sportsman and winner of the Derby with Tiresias in 1819. Lord George Bentinck early chose the profession of arms and in the year 1819 entered the Army as a Cornet in the 10th Hussars. During his short service in the cavalry, Lord George had an unfortunate misunderstanding with his superior, Captain Kerr, which led to the cashiering of the latter and brought considerable odium upon his Lordship, for the Captain was an extremely gallant and popular officer. It seems that Kerr imagined Lord George to be deficient alike in his duty as a Subaltern and in due respect to his Colonel, and said on parade publicly,

"If you do not make this young gentleman behave himself, Colonel, I will."

His Lordship retorted just as audibly that

"Captain Kerr ventured to say *on* parade that which he dared not repeat *off*."



After a drawing by COUNT D'ORSAY.

LORD GEORGE BENTINCK.

The Captain promptly sent a challenge which Lord George declined to accept on the ground that he detested duelling and had solemnly vowed that nothing should ever induce him to fight a duel. The Captain's reply was to "post" his Lordship for first insulting an officer and a gentleman and then refusing to give that satisfaction which every gentleman by the then code of honour had a right to demand. There was an enquiry and Captain Kerr was most unjustly cashiered, for, as he pertinently put it, if he had refused to demand satisfaction by duel after Lord George's insulting words he would have been "sent to Coventry" by his brother officers. There were men, of course, who attributed Lord George's conduct to cowardice, but to those who knew him that imputation was ridiculous, for both morally and physically he was a man of fine and chivalrous courage.

Upon the appointment of Mr. Canning (his uncle by marriage) as Governor General of India, Lord George received the nomination of Military Secretary. But on the suicide of Lord Castlereagh Canning became Foreign Secretary and leader of the House of Commons, and Lord George Bentinck was appointed private secretary to his relative. After filling this appointment for three years, a curious piece of good luck befell Lord George. He was one day riding over Newmarket Heath on his cob in company with the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief; conversation turned on the Turf and H.R.H. was so pleased to find the young officer by his side as ardent a lover of horse-racing as himself, that he then and there made him a presentation to an unattached majority which had just fallen vacant.

But Lord George Bentinck's connection with the

army was not destined to last, for two years later he was elected to Parliament by the borough of Lynn, and shortly afterwards his name ceased to appear in the Army List.

It was only natural that the son of his father should take kindly to racing, and we find Lord George early courting the honours of the cap and jacket, for, though he was not precisely the build of man from which the ablest jockeys spring, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself in the pigskin. I don't think he was ever a flyer at the game, but he always proved himself a good horseman both across the flat and over a country. His last appearance as an amateur jockey was at Goodwood, in the year 1844, when he rode his match over the Cup Course on Captain Cook against Lord Maidstone on Larry McHale. On this occasion both the noble riders, who, by the way, had gone through a regular course of "wasting" for the event, were fined £5 for being late in going to scale; and Lord George, who had always been terribly severe upon professionals for such irregularities, was mercilessly chaffed by his friends for not acting up to his principles and setting a good example. Lord George won the match, but apparently more by good luck than good horsemanship, for "The Druid" says, "Many a jockey boy grinned derisively when he saw his lordship making all the running and shaking and punishing his roarer, Captain Cook, right furiously, long after the colt had hung out signals of distress."

About the year 1833 Lord George started a small racing stud of his own, but ran his horses at first under the name of John Day, who trained for him. It was at this time that he inaugurated an innovation in the

transit of race-horses which caused a good deal of sensation. His idea was to convey horses, intended to run, in vans from one place to another instead of walking them as had hitherto been the practice. Lord George's "vanning" system was ridiculed at first, but in the end owners and trainers found that his lordship was right, that walking horses long distances by road *did*, as he alleged, take a lot out of them which naturally impaired their racing powers, and that the van, after all, was a very sensible innovation.

The first horse, I believe, to be conveyed by van was Elis with whom Lord George won his first great triumph on the Turf, the St. Leger of 1836. Two years later Grey Momus placed another of the classic races, the Two Thousand, to his lordship's credit. That year Lord George felt certain that his ambition was to be gratified by the crowning glory of winning the "Blue Riband of the Turf," but it was not to be. Grey Momus could get no nearer than third in the great race, though he afterwards retrieved his laurels by winning the Ascot Cup.

But the "Bentinck era" on the turf really began when in 1841 Lord George took the bold course of removing all his horses from Danebury, owing to his dissatisfaction at certain proceedings of the Days. It was under John Kent that "the sky-blue and white cap" became the most famous and ubiquitous colours in the kingdom. He had sometimes as many as sixty horses in training, all running in public, whilst his racing stud numbered over a hundred. With three stud farms to maintain, plus training and travelling expenses, stakes and forfeits, it was absolutely necessary to bet heavily and successfully to enable him to make

both ends meet. And Lord George *did* bet heavily and successfully. He was a very Napoleon among betting men. His great *coups* were magnificent alike in their conception and their execution. He stood to win £150,000 on his horse Gaper for the Derby of 1843, yet was too good a judge to lose sight of Cotherstone, whom he backed to win him a big stake, and thus, although Gaper was not even placed, his owner netted £30,000 over that eventful Derby.

In 1845 his net winnings by betting amounted to upwards of £100,000 but then his expenses were enormous. Kent's training bill amounted to more than £7,000 for the year, travelling expenses came to £3,600, forfeits to close on £23,000, stakes to nearly as much more, so that the £100,000 had dwindled to less than £50,000 before Lord George could reckon up his clear gains. Take an instance of the losses for which he had to allow. Farintosh, one of the Bay Middleton stock, with which his lordship thought he was going to take the Turf by storm, had no less than 33 engagements in the 1842 Calendar for which the forfeits alone amounted to £2,590, and the loss in stakes and expenses on this colt alone must have considerably exceeded £3,000.

Lord George, however, had brilliant successes which far more than compensated him, in *kudos* at any rate, for these failures. Crucifix atoned for a great many Farintoshes, and it is with that celebrated mare that Lord George Bentinck's fame as a winning Turfite is principally associated. This splendid daughter of Old Priam was undoubtedly the best and most profitable animal Lord George ever possessed. She won for him in 1840 the Two Thousand Guineas, the One Thou-

sand and the Oaks, besides eleven good races as a two-year-old, and in stakes alone brought her owner upwards of £12,000. Her greatest achievement, however, was winning the Oaks, not so much because of the capabilities of the mares opposed to her as from the difficulties with which she had to contend. It was a memorable Epsom Meeting, for the Queen and the Prince Consort attended both on the Derby and the Oaks Days and the crowd was of course immense. The field for the Oaks was unusually large, for no less than fifteen fillies faced the starter. The race, so the knowing ones said, was a foregone conclusion for Lord George's clipper Crucifix, the odds *on* her being as much as 3 to 1. The start was appointed for two o'clock, and shortly after that time the horses were saddled and at the post, but *an hour* was cut to waste in false starts, of which there were sixteen, before the welcome shout of "They're off" rolled along the downs, and the race began. Lord George had taken the delay very coolly, and quietly remarked after each fresh disappointment in getting off that "She *could* not lose, but on the contrary could afford to flirt with the best of them for half a day." And well he knew his mare, for what did it matter to Crucifix that the best of her opponents had a good fifty yards start of her—she could have given any one of them four times that distance up that hill, round that turn and down the straight run in and then have won hands down. In fact it would have been impossible to have handicapped Crucifix that day with any mare of her age, so supreme was her superiority over all her contemporaries. Lord George won £20,000 over this race and about three times that amount altogether upon his renowned mare.

But the one great triumph for which he toiled and schemed was denied him. Lord George never won the Derby. Had he but kept his racing stud two years longer the great ambition of his life would have been realized, and I know of nothing more pathetic in the annals of the Turf than the story of that bitter disappointment.

At the Goodwood Meeting of 1846 when Lord George was at the zenith of his fame as a Turfite, the sporting world was astounded to hear that he had parted with the whole of his racing stud at an almost nominal price. He disposed of it in fact *at a word*.

"The lot, Payne," said he to George Payne at Goodwood, "from Bay Middleton to little Kitchener" (his famous feather-weight jockey) "for £10,000? Yes or no?"

"I will give £300 to have till breakfast time tomorrow to consider the matter, Bentinck," replied George Payne, "give me till then and I will say yes or no."

"With pleasure, my dear fellow," said his Lordship, with nonchalant acquiescence, apparently not giving the matter a second thought, till reminded of the circumstance by Payne handing him a cheque for £300 over his muffin, refusing the offer with as much nonchalance as it was made, and returning to his morning paper without further comment. Then Mr. Mostyn, seeing the negotiation concluded, said very quietly from the lower end of the table, lifting his eyes an instant from his letters.—"I'll take the lot, Bentinck, at £10,000, and will give you a cheque before you go on the course." "If you please," replied Lord George, and the bargain was concluded.

Lord Beaconsfield, in his biography of his intimate friend Lord George Bentinck, thus refers to this sudden and startling abandonment of his favourite sport:—"The world has hardly done justice to the great sacrifice which he made on this occasion to a high sense of duty. He had not only parted with the finest racing stud in England, but he parted with it at a moment when its prospects were never so brilliant, and he knew this well.

"He could scarcely have quitted the Turf that day without a pang. He had become the lord paramount of that strange world so difficult to sway, which requires for its government both a stern resolve and a courtly breeding. He had them both, and although a black-leg might quail before the scrutiny of his piercing eye, there never was a man so scrupulously polite to his inferiors as Lord George Bentinck. The Turf, too, was not merely the scene of the triumphs of his stud and his betting book. He had purified its practice and had elevated its character, and he was prouder of this achievement than of any other connected with his sporting life. Notwithstanding his mighty stakes and the keenness with which he backed his opinion, no one perhaps ever cared less for money. His habits were severely simple and he was the most generous of men. He valued the acquisition of money on the Turf because there it was a test of success. He counted his thousands after a great race as a victorious general counts his cannon and his prisoners."

Among the stud thus strangely and abruptly disposed of was Surplice, *the winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1848*. It was a cruel instance of the irony of fate, that after waiting and striving so long to crown his

achievements on the Turf with the highest honour which the "sport of Kings" had to bestow, he should thus at the last moment, apparently in a fit of petulance, have thrown away the horse that would have enrolled his name on that immortal scroll of victors. How keenly and bitterly he felt the blow when the triumph of Surplice came, may be gathered from the following striking passage in Lord Beaconsfield's biography:—

"A few days before—it was the day after the Derby, May 25, 1848—the writer met Lord George Bentinck in the library of the House of Commons. He was standing before the bookshelves, with a volume in his hand, and his countenance was greatly disturbed. His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest after all his labours, had been negatived by the Committee on the 22nd and on the 24th; his horse Surplice, whom he had parted with among the rest of his stud, solely that he might pursue, without distraction, his labours on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympic stake to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart, which he knew at least could yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan.

"'All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?' He murmured.

"It was in vain to offer solace.

"'You do not know what the Derby is,' he moaned out.

"'Yes, I do, it is the *Blue Riband of the Turf*.'

"'It is the Blue Riband of the Turf,' he slowly repeated

to himself, and sitting down at a table buried himself in a folio of statistics."

Four months later, on the 21st September 1848, seven days after Surplice had won the St. Leger, Lord George Bentinck was found dead in a meadow on his father's estate of Welbeck. He had risen that morning, apparently in his usual health and spirits, and after writing letters for several hours, about four o'clock in the afternoon set out to walk to Thoresby, the seat of Lord Manvers, about six miles from Welbeck, where he had been invited to spend a couple of days. Lord George's valet had driven over to Thoresby in order to meet his master on his arrival. But the master never came. Hours passed and still there was no sign of his lordship. At length the anxious servant returned to Welbeck and called up the groom who had driven him to Thoresby to inquire whether he had seen anything of Lord George on the way back. The groom had seen nothing of the missing nobleman. The valet now thoroughly alarmed, accompanied by the groom and two other servants, all provided with lanterns, started off and followed the foot-path which Lord George had been seen to enter on his way to Thoresby. About a mile from Welbeck Abbey on the path which they had observed him following, lying close to the gate which separates a water meadow from the deer park, they found the body of Lord George Bentinck. He was lying on his face. His arms were under his chest and in one hand he grasped his walking stick. His hat was a yard or two in front of him, flung from his head as he fell. The corpse was cold and stiff, he had evidently been dead for hours. The verdict of the Coroner's jury at the

inquest was "Died by the visitation of God, to wit, a spasm of the heart."

The news of his tragic and sudden death came as a most painful shock to men of all ranks and opinions—for Lord George Bentinck was a brilliant and picturesque personality among his contemporaries both in politics and sport—a striking figure that could not fail to be missed. He was only forty-seven, too, in the plenitude of his mental and physical powers, with, as some thought, the prospect of a great political career opening before him. But with this latter view I cannot coincide. For to my way of thinking Fate dealt kindly with Lord George Bentinck when with ruthless shears she cut his thread of life. He had reached his zenith. He was not fitted for higher flights—and dying as he did, history has dealt gently with his fame.

More than one writer who knew him well has left us a graphic picture of Lord George in his habit as he lived. John Kent, who is perhaps a little too much inclined to idealise his old master, says, "Lord George Bentinck was the *beau-ideal* of an English nobleman. He stood over 6 ft. in height, his figure was beyond that of any other man of my acquaintance, stately and elegant: his features were extremely handsome and refined, his hands and feet small and beautifully shaped, and his whole appearance most commanding."

For a racier and more spirited portrait of Lord George, however, commend me to "Sylvanus", who thus hits off his lordship as he appeared in his character of Steward of the races and starter at Doncaster:—

"A tall high-bred man with an air particularly his own, so distinguished, yet so essentially of the country,

did he seem even amongst the galaxy of patrician sportsmen with whom he was congregated. He had all the eye and complexion of the pure Saxon, and the indescribable *air noble* to perfection. His dress at this time greatly added to the charms of his appearance. Dressed in buckskin breeches—none of your Norway does or West Riding imitations, but in the hides of his own stags—with exquisitely made boots of the true orthodox length and antique colouring in top; a buff waistcoat of reddish brown, double-breasted coat, ornamented with the buttons of the Jockey Club: a quiet beaver, placed neither at a right angle nor yet at a left, but in the *juste milieu* of gentlemanly taste, on a well-formed head of auburn hair, with large whiskers of the same colour: a starting flag in his hand and followed by eight-and-twenty race-horses like a troop of old Franconi's bearing a tulip bed aloft—so brilliantly shone the silken jackets of the riders in the sun—the observed of a hundred thousand eyes—such did Lord George Bentinck appear as he undertook to start the immense field for the great Yorkshire Handicap on a plan of his own invention." I may say here, that a new system of starting was one of the many reforms which Lord George introduced on the turf, and in order to insure its success he undertook to carry the flag himself. Hitherto the functionary who had discharged the office of starter, after doing his best to put the horses in line, simply ordered the jockeys to "Go", and as often as not had to recall them by a distant signal, after they had galloped over three parts of the distance, by reason of some obstinate brute, man or horse, refusing to obey the order and remaining *fresh* for the next essay. Lord George rectified this very

inefficient plan by posting a man and a flag directly in view of all the jockeys, on whom they were to fix their undivided attention and to "Go" without fail, on pain of a pecuniary fine, when they saw the colour dropped in front.

This was only one of many reforms which added immensely to the popularity of the sport among the general public. Moreover, Lord George forced stewards, trainers, and jockeys to come out punctual to the time, which they had never hitherto professed to keep. He heralded, for the benefit of every spectator within sight, the names, by numbers, of the field preparing to start: and to perfect this part of his design introduced that free treat—the saddling, walking, and cantering the horses before the stands. Previous to these admirable arrangements many a man, wearied of waiting, left the course before the race he came to see was run; or, thanks to an indifferent card and one transient view, without a glance at the horse he had pinned his faith to.

But useful as were the improvements introduced by Lord George Bentinck for the benefit of the public, they were put into the shade by his reform of Turf abuses. He cleared the race-courses of England of defaulters by his stringent code of laws: he suppressed the prevalent system of false starts, and he was constantly ready and active to put down swindling in whatever form it reared its hydra head. For these distinguished services in the cause of Turf reform Lord George Bentinck has a strong and lasting claim upon the gratitude of all true lovers of racing.

Two incidents in Lord George's career stand out more prominently and picturesquely than any others,

viz. his exposure of the celebrated Running Rein fraud in 1844 and his duel with Mr. Osbaldeston, known to fame as "The Squire". The first of these I shall not touch upon here because I shall deal fully with it in my sketch of General Peel. The second I shall now briefly recount.

At the Heaton Park Meeting of September 1843 the Squire entered a horse of his own, an Irish four-year-old named Rush, for the Trial Stakes and Cup. The horse was very favourably handicapped, but ran nowhere in the first of these races. On the next day, however, backed for big sums at 4 to 1 and 2 to 1, it then won the Cup in a canter. As Osbaldeston was walking the horse to the starting point before the race, Lord George Bentinck cried in a loud voice "200 to 100 against Rush." "Done, put it down to me," shouted the Squire. Osbaldeston had to go off cub-hunting the next morning and had no opportunity of asking Lord George for the £200 till they met at the Newmarket Craven Meeting the next year. The scene which followed is thus described by Sir William Gregory.

"Lord George was standing in front of the Jockey Club rooms (arrayed in the green cut-away coat, doe-skin breeches and top boots which he habitually wore at Newmarket) when Mr. Osbaldeston saw and approached him. 'My lord,' he exclaimed, somewhat curtly, 'you have had plenty of time to digest your loss. May I ask for the £200 which I won from you at Heaton Park?' Drawing himself up to his full height, and towering over his puny interpellator Lord George retorted, 'That he was astonished to be asked for the money as the whole affair was a robbery, and so the Jockey Club considered it.' Nothing daunted, Mr.

Osbaldeston answered firmly, 'I won the money fairly and I insist upon its payment.'

"Can you count?' sneeringly asked Lord George as he dived into the inside pocket of his coat and pulled out a long black leather case which he always carried stuffed with bank notes.

"I could at Eton,' sharply replied the Squire, and the specified sum was slowly told out into his hand in small notes.

"The matter will not end here, my lord,' the Squire exclaimed as he marched off with his bristles set.

"Within a few minutes Mr. Humphrey approached Lord George, and, lifting his hat, demanded on the Squire's behalf an ample apology, or that Lord George should at once give satisfaction to the man whom he had so grossly insulted. Lord George loftily declined to meet Mr. Osbaldeston in the field, and upon receiving a disdainful answer, the latter said, 'Tell Lord George that I will pull his nose the first time we meet.'

"Acting on the advice of Colonel Anson, who officiated as his second, the haughty patrician then resolved to swallow his pride and to go out with his aggrieved foe. Wormwood Scrubs was named as the tryst and at six o'clock upon a lovely spring morning the two combatants were drawn up pistol in hand at twelve paces from each other. It was a serious moment. Lord George had never had a pistol in his hand before, while his small and wily antagonist had often killed birds on the wing with a pistol ball. When shooting with Sir Richard Sutton, the Squire, moreover, had not long before killed ninety-eight pheasants out of 100 shots, and at pigeons he had few superiors. Lord George was arrayed from top to toe in black, and not

a speck of white was visible about him for his formidable enemy to aim at. The Squire had openly declared that he would kill him, and but for Colonel Anson's adroit management of the affair it is but too probable that Lord George's mortal career would have ended that day upon Wormwood Scrubs.

"Approaching the two belligerents, Colonel Anson addressed them; in a few emphatic words he told them that if the affair drifted into a law-court the verdict of the jury would turn chiefly on his evidence, and if either combatant disobeyed instructions and chanced to kill his adversary the law would regard him as a murderer. The Colonel added that he should give the word to fire by exclaiming 'One, two, three,' that each man was to fire directly 'three' was pronounced; that until then they were to keep their eyes fixed upon him. If either man failed to fire instantly when 'three' was said, the Colonel warned him solemnly to beware of the consequences.

"Withdrawing for a few paces Colonel Anson called out in a loud voice 'Gentlemen, are you ready?' A couple of nods of the head indicated assent, and the word 'One' rang out with startling clearness. A long pause followed, and then, almost in the same breath the Colonel vociferated 'Two, three'. At the sound of the last word Lord George fired in the air, and Mr. Osbaldeston was so hurried in his aim that his bullet went through his noble adversary's hat within a couple of inches of its wearer's hair.

"'I did not think you were so bad a shot, Squire,' laughingly remarked the Colonel, overjoyed at the bloodless conclusion of an affair which had augured so ill for his principal.

"It might have come off differently next time," growled out the Squire, who was well aware that Colonel Anson had saved his friend's life.

"For some years Lord George and Mr. Osbaldeston never spoke. Then there came a time when Lord George, whose horses were trained at Danebury, wished to become a member of the Bibury Club, and old John Day tried his diplomacy upon the Squire to ascertain whether he would interfere with his former antagonist's election. All animosity, however, had died away in the Squire's breast, and after Lord George's admission to the Club he invited the Squire to come and see the Danebury horses, and treated him with marked politeness."

I think Lord George comes the more creditably of the two out of that affair, because the Squire, who was a very sharp practitioner indeed, undoubtedly rode a false trial in the first place to get his horse favourably handicapped, and in the second place pulled his horse in the Trial Stakes to secure long odds for the Cup next day. Moreover, to his friends Osbaldeston made no secret of the fact that he did all this deliberately, of malice prepense, in order to be revenged upon the Earl of Wilton for the favouritism which his lordship showed to his personal friends in handicapping their horses at his Heaton Park Meeting. Such conduct nowadays, I imagine, would cause its perpetrator to be tabooed from the society of gentlemen, and yet Lord George was nearly losing his life for protesting against it. Other times, other manners!

But Lord George could be most offensively arrogant at times, and his behaviour in the following case seems to me unpardonable. When dining once in his Club

he noticed a man whom he knew as a defaulter, also dining there. The latter called for his bill,—as the waiter was bringing it Lord George interposed, and in his commanding incisive tones said, "Waiter, bring that bill to me." Coolly casting his eye over its items Lord George said, in a voice heard all over the room and with a severity of tone which made his unfortunate victim wince,

"Before Captain — orders such expensive dinners he should pay his debts of honour."

It was cruel and crushing and possibly well deserved, but was it quite the act of a gentleman?

But I will not take leave of Lord George without giving an anecdote more pleasing and characteristic. John Kent tells it thus:—"Although very severe upon his race-horses in training and resolved to try them constantly, and to run them in as many races as possible, sometimes twice in the same day, he greatly disliked to see them punished and abused by jockeys. In the stable he would go up to them in their stalls and fondle and caress them as if they were his own children. To show how much he hated to see a horse (however sorry a nag it might be) cruelly treated, I remember being with him very early one morning upon Epsom race-course during the Derby week. In the furze bushes at the top of a hill a gipsy was ill-using and beating his horse unmercifully, and Lord George called out to him to desist. The gipsy paid no attention to the remonstrance, and Lord George jumped off his horse and threw the reins to me, bidding me to remain there until he had given 'that brute' a sound hiding. I implored him not to do so, reminding him that there were lots of other

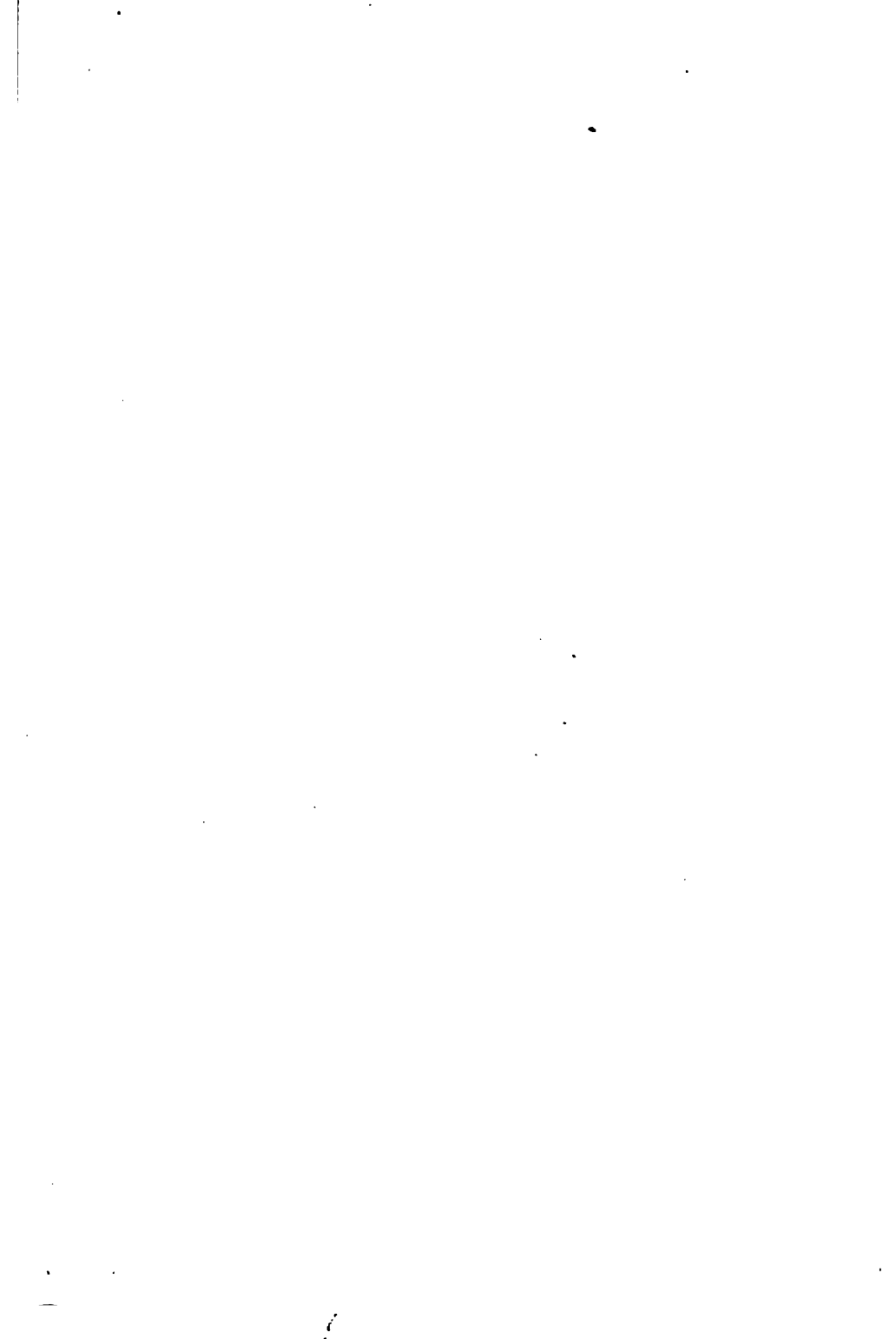
roughs and gipsies close by who would be sure to interfere on behalf of their friend and comrade, and might do him some injury. Observing my earnestness and acknowledging the justice of my remarks his lordship re-mounted his horse, adding, 'You have disappointed me in giving the scoundrel a good thrashing, but perhaps you are right.'

There you have the chivalrous hater of all that was cruel and unjust, and that is the character in which I like best to think of Lord George Bentinck.



5625-12

W. G. G. G.



JOHN GULLY.

IN one of those bursts of eloquent writing, which Mr. Augustine Birrell considers the most distinctive and delightful characteristic of George Borrow as a writer, the author of "Lavengro" rhapsodizes on the departed glories of pugilism and its renowned professors. "Let no one," he says, "sneer at the bruisers of England—what were the gladiators of Rome or the bull fighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers? Some of them have been as noble, kindly men as the world ever produced. Can the rolls of the English aristocracy exhibit names belonging to more noble, more heroic men than those who were called respectively Pearce, Cribb, and Spring?" It was to this fine old breed of British boxers, "the race now extinct of the people opprobriously called prize-fighters," that John Gully belonged, and he was never ashamed of the fact. No prize-fighter has ever risen to such eminence or filled so many parts on the world's stage as John Gully, who in his time was butcher, bruiser, publican, bookmaker, owner of horses, Member of Parliament, colliery proprietor and "fine old English gentleman." John Morrissey of New York, indeed, the conqueror of Heenan, was elected

a member of the House of Representatives, and therefore shares with Gully the distinction of having risen from the Prize Ring to the Legislative Chamber, but Morrissey was not to be compared with Gully either in character or social status. The late Tom King, famous for his pugilistic victories over Heenan and Mace, was so far like Gully that he made a fortune as a bookmaker, but he had neither the brains nor the manners of Gully, who managed half a dozen collieries as cleverly as he made a book on the Derby or the St. Leger and could hold his own as a gentleman among the best society in England. But let me sketch the extraordinary career of John Gully from its outset.

He was born on the 21st of August 1785 at the Crown Inn, Wick-and-Abson, a village between Bath and Bristol, his father being then landlord of that hostelry. When John was but a small lad Gully senior removed to Bath and set up there as a butcher. The son was brought up to his father's trade, but on the death of the latter the business declined, John got into serious difficulties and, finally, at the age of twenty-one found himself a prisoner for debt in the Fleet Prison, London. How long he might have languished there it is impossible to say, probably for years, had not a kindly-hearted fellow-townsmen heard of his trouble and paid him a visit in the Fleet. This good Samaritan was Hen. Pearce, the celebrated Game Chicken, then Champion of England.

He was a splendid fellow this Pearce in every respect—the hero of many stories of gallantry and chivalry. Once, single-handed he rescued a helpless woman from the hands of six brutal ruffians on Clifton

Downs and knocked four of them senseless. And, like another famous boxer, the gigantic Isaac Perrins of Birmingham, he lost his life through injuries sustained in carrying a woman and her children from a building in flames. Pearce found Gully to be a man after his own heart, and racked his brains for some way of getting his brother West countryman out of prison. At last a brilliant idea struck the Game Chicken. He had heard that young Gully was a clever boxer, and he brought a set of gloves with him one day to the Fleet and asked John to try a bout with him. So well did Gully acquit himself that Pearce at once suggested to him a way of getting out of his difficulties which startled the young countryman considerably.

The Game Chicken's proposal was put in this shape. "I can get some friends of mine to back you against me for a good round sum. You will lose the battle and get a good thrashing. But in the first place your backers will at once fetch you out of this den to put you in training; and in the second place if you show yourself a game lad, as I think you will, you will be sure to gain the esteem of many useful acquaintances." Gully was rather taken aback by the proposal, as well he might be, for he was but one-and-twenty, and had never fought a prize battle in his life, whilst the man who generously offered him this chance of escaping from prison was Champion of England, and reckoned the best fighter in the kingdom since the retirement of Jem Belcher. However, in the end Gully thought that even a licking from the redoubtable Chicken was better than dragging along a weary existence in the Fleet Prison, and he accepted Pearce's offer. The two men

were matched to fight for 1000 guineas, Mr. Fletcher Reid, a well-known sportsman, on behalf of Pearce staking 600 guineas against 400 put down for Gully by Colonel Mellish, the prince of plungers and the most popular sportsman in England.

The fight took place at Hailsham in Sussex on the 8th of October 1805 in the presence of a vast crowd of all classes, including Royalty itself in the person of H.R.H. the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV) and the cream of England's aristocratic sportsmen. It was a desperate battle. At first the Champion seemed to have it all his own way, and knocked Gully down time after time like a ninepin. But presently John lost his nervousness and making use of his tremendous reach—he was nearly four inches taller than Pearce, though not so powerful—he hit his man away from him and quite turned the tables on the Chicken by hitting him off his legs several times in succession. But in the end the judgment and skill of the older boxer pulled him through. Two or three frightful blows on the throat finished Gully, and at the advice of his backer, Colonel Mellish, he gave in after fighting for seventy minutes. But it was a near thing and when the sponge had been thrown up and all was over, Pearce staggered up to his vanquished foe and taking him by the hand said warmly, "By Gosh, lad, thou'rt a good 'un. I've had a main tough job to lick thee. Thou'rt the best man I've ever fowt."

Though defeated, therefore, John Gully was not disgraced. On the contrary it was thought a marvellous thing that he, a novice, should have stood up for so long against the finest fighter in England, and not

only did Gully become a great and general favourite, but on the retirement of Pearce he was offered the title of Champion, which he accepted. For two years his claim to the Championship was undisputed, but at last he was called upon to defend the title. His challenger was Bob Gregson, who hailed from Heskin in Lancashire, a man 6 ft. 2 in. in height and of prodigious strength. Gregson had long been Champion of his native county, and had beaten every bruiser who had dared to face him. Gully accepted the challenge and on the 14th of October 1807 the two men met in the ring at Six Mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket, to fight for the Championship of England and a stake of 200 guineas. It was a veritable battle of giants, for Gully was upwards of 6 ft. in height, and of very powerful frame, though not such a Titan as his opponent. The hitting was terrific, but neither man flinched from the sledge-hammer blows of his adversary. The fortunes of war fluctuated, inclining now to one side, now to the other, in a manner which worked the dense multitude of spectators into a frenzy of excitement. Victory hung in the balance till, in the thirty-sixth round, after the fight had lasted an hour, Gully threw all his remaining strength into one desperate hit which knocked his antagonist senseless. But the combatants were so evenly matched that Gregson's backers thought it more than probable that if the pair fought again the verdict would be reversed. Accordingly a second match was made for 200 guineas, and on the 8th of May 1808 the two pugilists met in Sir John Sebright's park, near Market Street, in Herts, to fight out the question of supremacy. For seventy-five minutes

Gregson made gallant but unavailing attempts to turn the tables on his quondam conqueror. Gully proved beyond a doubt this time that he was the better man, and delighted lovers of the noble art by the coolness, the judgment, and the science which he displayed, whilst the severity of his hitting was appalling to witness.

With that decisive victory John Gully's career as a pugilist ended. He resigned the Championship, retired from the Ring and took a public house. Mr. James Silk Buckingham, once a man of some note as a traveller and lecturer, has left us in his "Autobiography" the following picture of Gully, with all his blushing honours thick upon him as the conqueror of Gregson, with a later picture of him in striking contrast.

"A few day after this an opportunity presented itself of our seeing the most popular prize-fighter of the day, young Gully, who had just beaten the champion of England, Gregson, in a terribly bloody encounter, and was to show himself at his own house to his admirers, as soon as the cuts and bruises he had received in the encounter were sufficiently healed. At that period Gully kept a small public house, the Plough, in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and thither we repaired on the first day of the exhibition. In him we saw a tall handsome young man, of about twenty-one years of age, his head fearfully battered, many cuts on his face, and both eyes recovering from intense blackness, but full of gaiety and spirits at his late triumph; he wore a little white apron before him, and served his visitors with whatever drink they required; while his young wife, an exceedingly pretty woman, though of the St. Giles's style of beauty, assisted, in

the most smiling and gracious manner, her victorious husband and his visitors. And here I must anticipate the order of events, for the purpose of mentioning another occasion on which I met Mr. Gully, at an interval of many years but under such a change of circumstances as neither could then have dreamt of. In the year 1832, or thereabouts, young Lord Milton, heir to the Earldom of Fitzwilliam, came of age, and according to the custom of the family a grand entertainment was given at their seat, Wentworth House, near Rotherham, Yorkshire. It had been the usage on previous occasions, to invite to such entertainments all the notabilities of the county, and especially the members for the three Ridings of the county, with the members for the boroughs within their limits; this usage was continued in the present instance, though the recent Reform Bill had brought a large number of new members into Parliament who would hardly have been invited to Wentworth House as private individuals. As I was at that time one of the members for the newly-enfranchised borough of Sheffield, I received an invitation as a matter of course, and went with my colleague on the evening appointed, to share in the Fitzwilliam hospitalities. The scene was one of the most splendid I had ever witnessed. The spacious mansion was one blaze of light, the park itself, through which it was approached, was brilliantly illuminated, and there were more than five hundred carriages that had already set down their company, though it was yet only ten o'clock, and the arrivals continued incessantly till midnight, the guests dispersing only at five in the morning.

“At the head of the staircase on entering the grand

saloon stood Earl Fitzwilliam to receive his guests, to each of whom he had something kind or complimentary to say; and as I had the pleasure of being personally known to his lordship before this visit, my reception was very cordial and gracious. There were already about two thousand persons assembled in their gayest apparel; with a blaze of diamonds and jewellery, especially on some of the elderly ladies, whose natural beauty having departed, was sought to be replaced by artificial attractions, in which rouge, false hair, and other auxiliaries were used to harmonise with an openness of neck and bosom that was anything but appropriate. Among the groups, however, that passed from room to room in the general promenade, there was one that attracted universal attention. It was formed of three persons—the central one a fine, manly, athletic, yet well-formed and graceful figure, and resting on either arm two of the loveliest women of all the assembled multitude, about eighteen and twenty years of age, dressed in plain green velvet, without a single ornament or jewel of any kind, but with such exquisite figures, beautiful features, blooming complexions, bright eyes, and rich and abundant hair, as might make either of them a worthy representative of the Venus of Cnidus, of Medicis, or of Canova. They were so little known that the question was perpetually whispered, ‘But who *are* they?—who *can* they be?’ They received as much attention from Earl Fitzwilliam as any other of the guests, and this only heightened the curiosity to know from whence they came, as they were evidently ‘unknown to the county gentry’. At length it was discovered that they were Mr. Gully, the *ci-devant* prize-fighter, and his two daughters. He

was then member for Pontefract, had acquired a large fortune—and most honourably it was believed—on the Turf, being an excellent judge of horses—had purchased a large estate, and was living in a style of great elegance at Hare Park, near Pontefract, respected by all his neighbours. A singular contrast indeed this scene presented to that of Mr. Gully, at the Plough public house, Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, twenty-five years before!

But in those twenty-five years many things had happened; the story of which I have now to tell. John Gully had seen enough of the sporting world and its ways to convince him that the betting ring offered a shrewd and calculating man a much shorter road to fortune than the modest profits of tavern keeping. He therefore became a professional bookmaker—a “bettor round” or “leg”, in the Turf slang of those days. His success was extraordinary, and within three or four years he was in a position to start a racing stud of his own. The Turf, it must be remembered, was in a very different state then from what it is now; for although not a quarter of the number of horses were kept in training the betting on them was far heavier, and as the bookmakers were scanty in proportion, so the profits they made out of the big wagers of such notorious speculators as the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Foley, Lord Abingdon, Colonel Mellish, and others of that kidney, must have been immense. Nowadays betting in large sums, confined to a few professional backers and layers, has disappeared in favour of thousands of petty wagers contracted in London and other big towns at home and abroad by men and women who seldom go to a

race-meeting at all and hardly know a race horse from a hack. In Gully's early days what we call "public money" was almost unknown. The general public did very little wagering, and such a business as that of one of the great Turf Commission Agents of to-day was undreamt of. The professional bettor of the first three or four decades of the century laid the odds himself and worked commissions for the big backers. Gully soon had the commissions of the cream of the noble sportsmen, and he made so good a thing out of them that in 1827 he could afford to give Lord Jersey 4,000 guineas for the ever famous Mameluke, the winner of that year's Derby.

The purchase was made on the first day of the Ascot Meeting with the condition that the bargain should not be made known for four-and-twenty hours, in order that Gully might get 10,000 to 1000 about the horse for the St. Leger. He obtained these odds and at the same time laid Mr. Crockford, the celebrated betting man and founder of the great gaming house known as Crockford's Club, £10,000 that Mameluke beat ten different horses named and £10,000 that he beat nine. By a rare stroke of ill-luck for Gully, Matilda, the winner of the St. Leger, was in both lots! The great Doncaster race of 1827 was a terrible upset of his hopes, the more so as he knew that with fair play his own horse must have won. It was generally believed at the time that old Crockford, who was capable of any villainy, had "got at" the starter (subsequently, by the way, discharged) and that to help the backer of Matilda in his infamous designs to stop Mameluke, whose vile temper was notorious, half a dozen half trained and half broken brutes were sent

to the post with instructions to their jockeys to keep back whenever Mameluke started and wear out the temper of Gully's horse by letting him go to false starts. In accordance with their orders these hirelings resisted every attempt to get off when Mameluke was in front and at last the Derby winner became so fretful and fractious that he would scarcely go near the flag. Seizing an unlucky moment when Mameluke's jockey (Sam Chifney the younger) was turning his horse's head round and Matilda was seventy yards ahead, the rascally starter dropped his flag and despatched them. Yet, so great was Mameluke's speed, that, though left far in the rear at the start, he made his way through all the horses and in the run in, got up to Matilda's girths, being only beaten by half a length at the finish.

The Hon. Edward Petre, owner of Matilda, won £15,000 and Gully lost about thrice that amount. But he paid up every claim without a murmur, though he knew himself to have been the victim of a foul conspiracy. So convinced was Gully that Mameluke, with fair play, would beat Matilda over the St. Leger or any other course, that he challenged Mr. Petre to a match on the Friday over the St. Leger Course even offering him a 7 lbs. pull in the weights. But John Scott, Matilda's trainer, would not hear of it, telling Mr. Petre that he had won the St. Leger by a fluke, and advising him in strong terms to let well alone.

Two years later, in the autumn of 1829, Mr. Gully sold Mameluke to Mr. Theobald of Stockwell, but almost immediately repented of what he had done, and tried all in his power to get the horse back, placing before Mr. Theobald a signed cheque and telling

him to fill it up for any sum in reason. But "Old Leather-breeches" knew when he had made a good bargain and was not to be moved, although Gully pleaded hard, declaring that his wife was so angry with him for parting with the horse that she vowed she would not forgive him until he brought it back. "Well," replied Mr. Theobald drily, "I'm sorry you and your wife have quarrelled, but you'll have to make up your quarrel without the horse, for no money will induce me to part with him." So Mameluke went to the Stockwell Stud, where he was Sultan-in-Chief until he was sold to an American breeder and shipped across the Atlantic, like Diomed, the first winner of the Derby, to aid in bringing about the future discomfiture of his country upon the Turf.

Perhaps John Gully's most successful period as a betting man was during his confederacy with Mr. Robert Ridsdale, who rose from the humble position of boots at a Doncaster Inn to be the Master of Merton Hall, where at one time he kept a hundred head of blood-stock, besides hunters and farm horses. In some respects Ridsdale was a more remarkable man than Gully, for, though wholly self-educated, his literary and artistic tastes were those of a man of culture and there was a refinement about his speech and manners and appearance which was wanting in Gully. But the ex-prize-fighter was the more honest of the two. Indeed, on the whole I should say that Gully's career on the Turf was a distinctly honourable one. So far as I know he was never accused or even suspected of anything approaching to foul play, but came out of every transaction in which he was engaged with clean hands.

But it was not so with Ridsdale. Take for example the memorable case of Jerry for the St. Leger of 1824. The horse was sound and fit and the race seemed to be at his mercy, yet there was a dead set against him in the betting, which neither Mr. Gascoyne, his owner, nor Croft, his trainer, could understand. Jerry was most carefully watched and guarded, nobbling seemed impossible, yet still the bookies kept laying against the horse as if he were a "dead 'un." At last one evening, just before the race, Croft solved the problem. A post-chaise passed him in the dusk, but the light from the windows of a roadside inn flashed for a moment on the faces of the occupants, and to his surprise Croft recognized Harry Edwards, the jockey who was to ride Jerry, and Ridsdale. He hurried off to Mr. Gascoyne and told what he had seen. They agreed to keep the matter dark and let Edwards believe that he was unsuspected. But when the horse was saddled for the St. Leger, Edwards was informed that his services would be dispensed with, and the mount was given to Ben Smith. The result was that Jerry won, and the conspirators who had bribed Edwards "fell into the pit their own hands had digged." Mr. George Payne was one of those who had laid heavily against Jerry, mainly on Gully's advice. This was before Gully and Ridsdale were confederates, and though Gully no doubt was aware that there was some good reason for the dead set against Jerry, he had no part in the conspiracy. George Payne, who had only just attained his majority lost £33,000, and Gully, feeling that he was largely responsible for Mr. Payne's bad luck, privately advised him to wait and back Memnon for the St. Leger of the following year, and

he would get all his money back and a bit over. The advice was good and Mr. Payne always regretted that he did not act upon it to the fullest extent, had he done so he might have netted £50,000 instead of the £20,000 to which he timidly confined his speculations. For Memnon won easily.

Never, perhaps, were John Gully's wonderful judgment and knowledge of horses more triumphantly illustrated than in the case of Memnon. From the moment he saw the horse first run as a two-year-old he spotted him as a gold mine. Not only did he make a big book on him for the St. Leger and back him for more money than he had ever laid on a horse before in his life, but he won three remarkable bets made at the York Spring Meeting of 1825, 1st, 1000 to 25 that Memnon and Alderman ran first and second for the St. Leger; 2nd, 1000 to 20 that he placed both horses; 3rd, 1500 to 1000 that if the two were first and second Memnon would be first.

But to return to Gully's confederacy with Robert Ridsdale. Their gains were enormous. They won £60,000 on St. Giles for the Derby and £45,000 on Margrave for the St. Leger, besides many other big *coups*. But their success did not cement their friendship. It was over their Margrave book that there arose the dispute which abruptly severed their connection. Ridsdale considered that his partner took more than his share of the winnings, and spoke so strongly about it that they parted in wrath. Then Ridsdale spread reports which, whether true or false, were not to Gully's credit, and the quarrel came at last to its climax in a personal encounter in the hunting field, when Gully mercilessly horsewhipped his former partner. It was

a mistake, to use no harsher word, on the part of the athletic ex-prize-fighter to thrash a man much smaller and weaker than himself, and his conduct alienated public sympathy from him so completely, that when Ridsdale brought an action for assault and was awarded £500 damages, the decision was welcomed with such delight by the hunting men who crowded the court, among whom "Bobby" was very popular, that they gave a rattling view-halloa in which the learned brethren of the bar and even the ermined judge himself were maliciously reported at the time to have cordially joined.

It was not often that Gully lost his temper, but when he did he was a dangerous man to face, for the instincts of the old prize-fighter prompted him to have recourse to his formidable fists. On one occasion at the Doncaster Subscription Rooms something which George Osbaldeston said so irritated the old gladiator that he advanced threateningly towards "The Squire" with clenched fists, and would probably have there and then committed an assault had not Osbaldeston seized a poker and threatened to brain him. "The Squire," who was himself a very peppery gentleman and a noted duellist, promptly challenged Gully to a duel, but friends on both sides intervened and the hostile meeting never came off, though there was a false report to the contrary which long obtained credence.

Sometimes, however, Gully was happier in his assaults, as, for example, in the following instance. Once at Newmarket an audacious young tout was standing near Gully as he sat on horseback, cigar in mouth, and book and card in hand, and hearing the great bookmaker offer odds against a horse, shouted to him,

"I'll take you." Gully of course took no notice of the impertinence, but booked the bet with some one else and lost it. To his surprise the tout came up and claimed the money, and not satisfied with Gully's curt disclaimer, kept dunning him at intervals during the meeting. At last Gully told him to come up to his rooms after the race and he would settle with him. When the impudent impostor arrived, the stalwart bookmaker seized him, big and bold though he was, by the collar, and gave him such an awful horse-whipping that the wretch's howls roused the street. Never again did any of the "boys" try to play tricks upon John Gully.

Gully in the full blaze of righteous wrath was a sight not to be forgotten. There are one or two veterans still living who remember his fury at Tattersall's when he learned of the plot to nobble his horse, "Old England", the first favourite for the Derby of 1845, and William Day will no doubt recollect how Mr. Gully posted straight to Danebury and demanded of old John Day an explanation of the rumours afloat. "Honest John" was aghast at the discovery of a plot to lame the Derby favourite—a plot hatched in his own stables to which his own son was privy. Gully indeed burst like a bombshell upon Danebury that night, and it was many a long week before John Day got over the shock of the tornado of fierce wrath and sarcasm which flamed from the indignant victim of that frustrated conspiracy.

But "Old England" did not win the Derby after all. The triumphs of 1846, however, more than compensated for the disappointment of 1845. For John Gully had the satisfaction of winning the Derby of that

year with Pyrrhus the First and the Oaks with Mendicant—an exploit which had only once been accomplished before, when Sir Charles Bunbury's wonderful mare Eleanor carried off both trophies. The victory of Pyrrhus must have been a bitter pill for old John Day, who had purchased him at Doncaster as a yearling, Mr. Gully agreeing to go halves with him. The horse never ran as a two-year-old, and John Day, being in want of money, valued his share of Pyrrhus at the end of the year at £100, which Gully promptly gave him. Mendicant, the winner of the Oaks, was not a particularly good money-getting mare for her owner, as Lord George Bentinck, the Napoleon of bettors, had imbued the public with such a violent fancy for her that the odds Gully could obtain were very small. In the Ascot week of that year Mendicant was sold to Sir Joseph Hawley for 4000 guineas. But she ran nowhere in the Cup, and Sir Joseph's friends condoled with him on what seemed to be a dead loss. But they were premature in their condolences for ten years afterwards she brought the "lucky baronet" £100,000 in a single year through her famous son Beadsman, winner of the Derby of 1858.

Besides Pyrrhus the First Mr. Gully owned another Derby winner in Andover, whilst Margrave placed the St. Leger and Ugly Buck and the Hermit the Two Thousand, twice to his credit. The Turf was the one sport to which John Gully was passionately attached. He hunted now and then and could hold his own as a game shot, but horse-racing was his passion. In 1834 he was heart and soul with the Chifneys in their vain endeavours to win the Derby with Shillelagh and he offered an extraordinary sum (£8,000 it was said)

for Plenipotentiary as that horse was being saddled for the great race which he won by a short head from Shillelagh. He changed his trainers later on, and for the last time, when he sent his horses to Danebury where they did wonders towards restoring the falling fortunes of old John Day. But of these triumphs of Mr. Gully's horses I shall have more to say in another place.

The political career of John Gully, such as it was, does not demand much notice here. It is enough to say that he was returned to the first Reformed Parliament as Member for Pontefract, and sat in the House till July 1837. The Right Honourable Charles Greville in his now famous "Memoirs", writing on the 17th of December 1832, thus alludes in his caustic style to this episode in Gully's career: "The borough elections are nearly over and have satisfied the Government. They do not seem to be bad on the whole.... Some very bad characters, however, have been returned; among the worst, Faithful here (Brigh-ton); Gronow at Strafford; Gully, Pontefract; Cobbett, Oldham—though I am glad Cobbett is in Parliament. Gully's history is extraordinary.... Having become rich he embarked in a great coal speculation, which answered beyond his hopes, and his shares soon yielded immense profits. His wife, who was a coarse vulgar woman, in the meantime died, and he afterwards married the daughter of an inn-keeper, who proved as gentlewomanlike as the other had been the reverse, and who is very pretty besides. At the Reform dissolution he was pressed to come forward as candidate for Pontefract, but after some hesitation he declined. Latterly he has taken great interest in politics, and has been an ardent Reformer and a

liberal subscriber for the advancement of the cause. When Parliament was about to be dissolved he was again invited to stand for Pontefract by a numerous deputation; he again hesitated, but finally accepted. Lord Mexborough withdrew and he was elected without opposition. In person he is tall and finely formed, full of strength and grace, with delicate hands and feet, his face coarse and with a bad expression, his head set well on his shoulders, and remarkably graceful and even dignified in his actions and manners; totally without education, he has strong sense, discretion, reserve, and a species of good taste which has prevented, in the height of his fortunes, his behaviour from ever transgressing the bounds of modesty and respect, and he has gradually separated himself from the rabble of bettors and blackguards of whom he was once the most conspicuous, steadily asserted his own independence and acquired gentility without ever presuming towards those whom he had been accustomed to regard with deference."

In Parliament Mr. Gully gained the respect and good will of all with whom he came in contact and, although he did not take part, properly speaking, in the debates of the House of Commons, he made several very vigorous by-speeches. More than once, when personally attacked, he replied with a crushing retort, and showed that he could use his tongue as effectively as he had once used his fists. He did not seek re-election for the first Victorian Parliament, but, though it is not generally known, he contested Pontefract again in the election of June 1840 and was defeated. After that he made no further effort to enter the political arena.

During the last twenty years of his life his time was largely occupied with the affairs of the great collieries in the North, with which he was connected. In 1862 he became sole proprietor of the great Wingate Grange estate and its extensive collieries. A year later, on the 9th of March 1863, he died at the age of 79 in his town house at the North Bailey in the City of Durham, to which he had removed in the previous autumn from his adjacent country seat, Corken Hall. It was his wish to be buried at Ackworth, a village near Pontefract where he resided for many years, till he sold his estate there and went to Marwell, not far from Winchester, in order to be near Dancbury, where his horses were in training. When he broke up his stud in 1850 he purchased Corken Hall to be near his coal mines. His wishes with regard to his interment were strictly carried out. He was buried at Ackworth on the 14th of March 1863 and the Mayor and Corporation of Pontefract, with an immense concourse of gentry and tradesmen, followed him to the grave. It was a last tribute of respect well-deserved, for throughout his long and strangely chequered career John Gully had so borne himself as to leave behind him the memory of a true sportsman and a sterling Englishman.



A. J. Jones

V. Admiral

ADMIRAL ROUS.

THE Turf, I suppose, may be regarded as an essentially democratic institution. To attain eminence there a man need not have birth or breeding to back him up, its honours and prizes are as open to a John Gully as to a Prince of Wales. But, like most other democracies, the Turf occasionally breeds a despot. Such an one was Sir Charles Bunbury, also, in a greater degree, Lord George Bentinck, and in a more striking form even than he, Admiral Rous. Indeed I will venture to say that since the Turf first became a national institution no one man has ever exercised over it such a commanding influence as the old sea-dog who for nearly forty years framed its handicaps and enforced its laws.

Sailors are not as a rule supposed to have much knowledge of horses, but the Admiral was a striking exception to the rule, for from his boyhood his heart was in the stables. Yet this passion did not interfere with his success as a sailor. For proof of which statement let us look at his naval record.

Second son of the Earl of Stradbroke, The Hon. Henry James Rous was born January 23rd, 1795, at Henham Hall near Southwold in Suffolk. Intended from the

first for the navy, after a couple of years at Dr. Burney's naval school in Gosport, he entered the service as a midshipman on board the *Republic*, and, soon after joining, he saw active service in the expedition to Flushing. He was next transferred to the *Bacchante*, commanded by that splendid sailor Sir William Hoste, and speedily showed what stuff he was made of in half a dozen boat actions and cutting-out expeditions, where his coolness and courage were such as to be honoured with special mention in despatches. In September 1812, Lieutenant Rous proved his seamanship under exceptionally trying circumstances. He had been placed in command of a prize vessel, when in mid-ocean, she sprang a leak which the scanty crew were unable to keep under, and death stared them in the face. But Rous never lost heart or hope, perilous and forlorn as the situation was, but by pluck and perseverance he brought his prize safely into port and was warmly congratulated by the Admiralty on the seamanlike qualities he had displayed.

After serving as lieutenant on six ships he received his captaincy in 1822. He had, however, to wait three years for his ship, and it was not till 1825 that he was appointed to the command of the *Rainbow*. After putting in five years' good service on the Indian and New Holland stations, Captain Rous returned home in 1830 and retired on the half-pay list. But in 1835 he again hoisted his pennant. It was in that year, the last of his naval career, that Captain Rous crowned his many brilliant exploits with a feat of seamanship to which our maritime annals can show few parallels. He started from Quebec for England in command of the *Pique* frigate, in the autumn of 1835. The ship was driven

north by contrary winds and at last struck upon a sunken reef off the coast of Labrador. For eleven hours she remained fast on the rocks and when at last she floated off, it was with the loss of her keel and forefoot, with a sprung mainmast and foremast, and, what was worst of all, with a split rudder, scarcely a quarter of it being left with which to steer the vessel. In this fearfully crippled and dilapidated state Captain Rous sailed his ship home and reached Spithead in twenty days, having run the 1500 miles practically without a rudder and with a leak which made two feet of water an hour!

It was strange that such a notable feat of seamanship should not have elicited some generous recognition from the Admiralty. But it did not, and there can be no doubt that the coldness with which Rous was treated by the authorities at Whitehall galled his proud spirit and led him in the following year, 1836, to retire altogether from the Navy.

From that moment the Turf, to which he had always been passionately attached, claimed him for its own. It was really only a return to an old love, for, as early as 1821, the Admiral had shown his partiality for racing by starting a small stud in company with his brother, the young Earl of Stradbroke. His naval duties, however, prevented him from paying much attention to sport on land till 1830, though he still owned and ran a few horses: but from that year till the death of the Duke of Bedford in 1844, his name appears off and on in the Calendar pretty frequently. There is nothing, however, in his racing career worthy of notice: it is as the Great Handicapper and the Dictator of the Turf that he claims our attention.

In 1838 Captain Rous was elected a steward of the Jockey Club, and in 1841 was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Westminster, as representative for which constituency he sat for five years in the House of Commons. In 1846 he retired definitely from politics and devoted himself entirely to his duties as a Steward of the Jockey Club, of which body he soon became the ruling spirit. He found the Club seriously embarrassed financially and at once applied his keen and shrewd intelligence to putting the governing body of the Turf right in its exchequer. How thoroughly he succeeded may be gathered from the fact that the revenue of Newmarket, which, when Captain Rous first took office was barely £3,000 per annum, had in 1875 grown to £18,000!

In 1850 Captain Rous published his work on "The Laws and Practice of Horse-racing" which showed a profound knowledge of the subject coupled with very decided views on certain points. For example he was no believer in the vaunted superiority of the Arab. A first-class English race horse, he maintained, could give 6 stone to the best Arabian that can be found for any distance under ten miles. Nor was he one of those who extol the past at the expense of the present. "I suspect," he said, "that the form of the best horses of 1750 was inferior to that of a common plater of the present day." He was not opposed to sprint-racing in theory, but in practice he admitted that "short races are detrimental to young riders, it encourages them to fight for the starts and to ride like chimney-sweeps on donkeys."

Rous thought that races should be made up to two miles to suit every description of horse, but racing

beyond that distance he regarded as barbarous. It was his strongly-expressed opinion about handicapping, however, that, perhaps, attracted most attention. "Every great handicap," he said, "offers a premium to fraud, for horses are constantly started without any intention of winning, merely to hoodwink the handicapper." So sound were his views on handicapping considered to be that he was soon in request as a handicapper in matches. His first notable handicap was in the memorable match between Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman, five years, and Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, four years, at the York Spring Races of 1851, when he made the older horse give the younger $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. and the former only won by a short length in a race of two miles.

There had long been a cry for a public handicapper who should be above suspicion, and in the year 1855 to the satisfaction of everyone Admiral Rous (he had been promoted to be Rear Admiral of the Blue in 1852) was appointed to that post by the Jockey Club. I doubt whether there has ever been or ever will be a more perfect master of the art of handicapping. He devoted all his time and thoughts to the study of that one subject, and his deafness may have been a help to him in this respect. "Perhaps," says one who knew him well, "one reason why he was never bored in company, even when he could not hear the conversation, was that he had the resource of *constant mental handicapping*. When his life was drawing very near its close, in fact, a few days before he was confined to his room, he said to one of his intimate friends;—

"It's a very odd thing I lose my way now going

from the Turf Club (then in Grafton Street) to my house in Berkeley Square: but," he added, with a gleam of satisfaction, "*I can still handicap.*"

The Admiral's labours as a handicapper were stupendous. He was often to be seen, field-glass in hand, in the early morning, watching the trainers' strings at Newmarket to see if there were any shirking of work going on with a view to tempting him to bestow a lenient impost, and his eagle eye seldom failed to detect the pulling of a horse in a race with the same end in view. Every day on his return home, he noted in his big book all that he had seen, and posted it up as carefully as any merchant his ledger. And though occasionally some unscrupulous owner succeeded in hoodwinking one who, from his own high sense of honour, could not believe a gentleman capable of stating what was untrue, yet as a rule all attempts to throw dust in his eyes signally failed, and his remarkable astuteness and ceaseless vigilance did much to keep within bounds the undoubted scope for dishonesty and chicanery which the system of big handicaps affords.

"His bold and manly form," says William Day in his 'Reminiscences' "erect and stately to the last, in a shooting or pea jacket, wearing black boots or leggings of the same colour, with dog-whip in hand, ready for mounting his old bay horse for the course, no matter what the weather might be, was an imposing sight—Before the start he would take up his position close to the 'bushes', where he became like an equestrian statue, silent and motionless, with the reins resting on the neck of his horse, and the long loop at the end of the handle of his whip round his arm left him the free use of his hands for the more steady support of

the glasses. His eyes, once fixed on the runners, were seldom removed till he had discovered all he wanted to see in the running of the different starters."

In 1865 the Admiral's indefatigable labours met with fitting recognition from the racing world. On the 18th of June in that year a testimonial was presented to him at Willis's Rooms in the shape of three magnificent silver candelabra and a portrait executed by Mr. Henry Weigall, for which upwards of £3,000 had been subscribed. The name of every sportsman of any note connected with the Turf was to be found among the subscribers; and Earl Granville, who presided at the complimentary banquet, expressed the feelings of every true lover of racing in the Kingdom in this eloquent tribute to the man whom they had assembled to honour.

"At an age," said the Earl, "when most landmen are in the nursery, the Admiral was hard at work, engaged in defending the honour and the interests of his country: at one time under fire in ships, at another commanding dangerous boat-expeditions, often in dire peril of his life: and never, perhaps, more so than when left, as he once was, alone, hanging on the keel of a capsized boat, five miles from shore. By his retirement from the active duties of his profession, the racing world was undoubtedly an immense gainer: but it was still a moot point whether the Navy had not lost more than the Turf had gained: and he (Lord Granville) as an Englishman was not sure that Admiral Rous had not had a more distinguished career before him on sea than on land."

Passing on to the great sport with which the Admiral had been for so many years identified, Lord Granville proceeded to say:—"There are dark spots on the sun,

and racing has its dark as well as its bright side. On the one hand, it encourages the breed of horses and supplies enjoyment for thousands of all ranks of life: but on the other hand there are dangers connected with it, which if permitted to go to unseemly length, threaten the vitality and well-being of our national sport. Among the men of wealth and character and position, whose patronage has done so much for the Turf in modern times, our honoured guest of this evening holds a conspicuous place. He has always done his best to repress everything of a fraudulent or dishonourable nature. He has laboured to reconcile conflicting interests: and though he may have made mistakes, as the best and greatest of human beings are liable to do, he has enjoyed the respect and affection of every class of the racing community. And I am sure there is but one feeling among all present this evening and, indeed, among all true sportsmen throughout Great Britain, that if Admiral Rous should retire, he will leave a void impossible to fill."

Like all men of strong character and individuality, the Admiral was "stiff in opinions" and not easily persuaded that they could possibly be wrong. He had his fads, too, two of the most pronounced of which were his aversion to tobacco and his objection to betting. On the former point he and his old friend George Payne were at one, both holding the opinion that half the ills that modern flesh is heir to may be traced to the use of "that vile and pernicious weed". And to heavy wagering he was hotly opposed. In one of his impetuous letters to the *Times* he proposed that any person winning more than £30,000 over one race

should forfeit his winnings, and that any Member of the Jockey Club who won more than £50,000 upon a race should be expelled from that select body. It is not easy to follow the Admiral in his arguments, or to see why if a man be allowed to win £29,000 in the one case and £49,000 in the other without protest, he should be punished for going a thousand or two beyond those limits. But Admiral Rous often declared that as a Turf legislator it was his chief wish to provide for the best interests of those who, as he phrased it, were "in the £10 line of business." Against the Leviathan bettors, however—like Mr. Merry who won £70,000 upon Thormanby, or Sir Joseph Hawley who netted £80,000 on Beadsman, or Messrs. Naylor and Chaplin who landed more than £100,000 apiece, on Macaroni and Hermit respectively—the Admiral's indignation was boundless. The enemies of the Great Handicapper—and so honest, fearless, and obstinate a man was bound to have enemies—asserted that the result of this strongly held and strongly expressed objection to heavy betting was that when a dispute arose between a gentleman and a bookmaker the Admiral, if appealed to, consciously or unconsciously gave the preference to the latter. It is possible that in a few cases the strong bias of the Admiral's mind may have warped his sense of justice, but such cases were very rare, for he certainly strove to the best of his ability to be strictly just in all his decisions. William Day, on whose corns the Admiral more than once trod heavily, spitefully insinuates in his 'Reminiscences' that the Dictator of the Turf was himself a steady and consistent bettor, making an average of £1,500 a year out of his bets, but he offers nothing

but hearsay evidence in support of the statement, which, like a great many other statements of the said Mr. William Day of Woodyeates, must be taken with a very liberal grain of salt. The Admiral himself used to say that he had only made one big bet in his life and that was £700 to £100 on Borneo for the King John Stakes at Egham Races, which he lost.

Another modern fashion against which Admiral Rous lifted up his voice with much bitterness, was the practice of giving extravagant presents to jockeys and making pets of these precocious mannikins. He was fond of contrasting the custom of such men as Sir Charles Bunbury and the Duke of Grafton, who thought a £10 or £20 note a handsome *douceur* for winning a Derby or Two Thousand, with that now in vogue of presenting a jockey with such sums as £1,000, or even £2,000 and £3,000: and I need hardly say the contrast was greatly to the disadvantage of the present system, a point on which all sensible men will agree with him. But, then, the Admiral attached little importance to jockeyship, and after many years of experience thought one jockey as good as another. "Any man," he said, "who follows the advice of his jockey is sure to be ruined." Moreover, with all his intense love for the Turf, he never received trainers or jockeys as his equals in society, or invited them to sit at his table: he treated them with uniform consideration and courtesy in their place, but he sternly checked the slightest attempt at presumption or familiarity on their part. To some, no doubt, in our democratic age, this trait in his character may seem an offensive display of aristocratic superciliousness. But that is not the true light in which to regard it. The Admiral, it

must be remembered, belonged to the old exclusive aristocratic school and had been trained in the stringent discipline of the Navy, where the traditions of the service forbade any familiarity between officers and men. Indeed, to the very last, his language and bearing savoured so strongly of the quarter-deck that persons unacquainted with the practice and discipline of a man-of-war resented them as brusque. Yet at heart the Admiral was kindly, and could be a singularly cheery and gay companion among his equals. There are many old members of the Turf Club who remember how, as soon as word went round that the Admiral and his dear old friend George Payne were in the billiard room, there was a general rush thither, for "it was as good as a play" to hear the comments of these fine old sportsmen on each other's play, and the spectators were kept in a simmer of laughter at the dry humour and sharp retorts of both.

It was not often that the Admiral was at a loss for a reply, but on one occasion Lord Calthorpe fairly posed him. *Apropos* of one of the Admiral's published handicaps Lord Calthorpe said to him:—

"Now, Admiral, do you think that *my* horse has got any chance for this race?"

"None whatever," unhesitatingly replied the Admiral.

"Then pray do you call that handicapping?" was the retort, "I thought that every horse was at any rate *supposed* to be given an equal chance!"

The Admiral was fairly caught—the objection was unanswerable and he took refuge in silence.

"I'll eat my hat if the horse wins," was a favourite expression of the Admiral's, and had he conscientiously fulfilled that threat he would, as George Payne used

frequently to tell him, have made the fortune of his hatter even though he might have ruined his own digestion.

Spry and even suspicious as he was in all matters connected with his duties as handicapper, the Admiral was sometimes almost childlike in the confidence which he reposed in those whom he thought he could trust. For example, he had for a long time a trusty retainer at Newmarket who, under pretence of exercising the Admiral's well-known hack during his master's absence, used to ride about in the morning watching the trials and touting in the most barefaced manner. No one liked to warn off the Great Handicapper's confidential servant. But at last, during one of the meetings, Charles Blanton, the trainer, riding by the side of the "Dictator" said:—

"Admiral, if that old horse of yours could talk, he might tell you every trial there's been on the Heath for the last three months."

Then the Admiral's eyes were opened, and it began to dawn upon him that this faithful henchman was not all his fancy had painted him. From that moment the eagle eye of the Admiral was upon his servant, and catching the man one day surreptitiously examining an unpublished handicap, he promptly and forcibly dismissed him.

The grand old sailor-sportsman had passed his eightieth year before those who saw him on the race-course noticed any signs of decay in his iron frame. But at last there came the "one clear call" that bade him prepare to "cross the bar". I recall vividly with what eagerness sportsmen looked for the daily bulletins of his health all through that long and fluctuating

illness, chequered with gleams of hope to the last, which ended on the 19th of June 1877. "The Admiral is dead." How sadly the news came from every lip! for the whole sporting world felt that it had lost:—

"A man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

THE THREE CHIFNEYS.

FOR fourscore years the name of Chifney was familiar as a household word in the mouths of racing men, and formed a link between the first beginnings of the Turf as an aristocratic sport and its establishment as a popular national institution. Far back in the dark ages before the St. Leger and the Derby were dreamt of, Samuel Chifney the elder was riding winners and was recognized as the finest horseman of his day—and it was not until Caractacus's year, 1862, that the last of his two famous sons shuffled off this mortal coil.

Samuel Chifney the elder was born in Norfolk in the year 1753 and commenced his career as a jockey at Foxe's stables at Newmarket in 1770. There was no mock modesty about old Sam. In his entertaining autobiography he says: "In 1773 I could ride horses in a better manner in a race than any other person ever known in my time, and in 1775 I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw. Riding I learnt myself and training I learnt from Mr. Richard Prince, training groom to Lord Foley."

The Derby Stakes were first run for in the year 1780 when Sam Arnull, though he little dreamt it, piloted himself and Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed to

immortal fame. It was not till seven years later that Sam Chifney's name figured on that beadrill of honour, when, riding for the Duke of Bedford, he steered Skyscraper to victory; but he had twice before that carried off the Oaks for Lord Grosvenor, in 1782 with Ceres and in 1783 with Maid of the Oaks. In 1789 he again won that race on Lord Egremont's Tagg and the following year secured his fourth Oaks on the Duke of Bedford's Hippolyta.

That year 1790 was an eventful one in Sam Chifney's history, for it was in the July after Hippolyta's victory that he was engaged by the Prince of Wales for life to ride for his Royal Highness at a retaining fee of two hundred guineas a year, which I may explain was a very handsome salary for a jockey in those days, when money went much further than it does now. It was in 1791 that the notorious Escape scandal occurred, which led to the Prince's abrupt severance of his connexion with the Turf, and with which the name of Sam Chifney is inseparably associated. The facts were briefly these:—

On the 20th of October 1791 a horse named Escape, the property of the Prince of Wales, ran at Newmarket in a race for which it was first favourite, and finished absolutely last. On the following day, with 6 to 1 betted against him, Escape won easily a race in which two of the horses which had distanced him on the previous day also ran. In both cases Sam Chifney had ridden Escape, and a rumour at once spread that the jockey, with or without the connivance of his master, had pulled the horse for the first race and had thereby netted several hundred pounds. The matter was brought before the Jockey Club, Sir Charles Bunbury, Mr. Ralph

Dutton and Mr. Thomas Panton being the stewards appointed to investigate the affair. They were not satisfied with Chifney's explanation that this curious inconsistency of form was due to the peculiar constitution of Escape, which made the horse extremely susceptible to changes of weather, and that the horse's health was so erratic that he could never be trusted to run two days alike. Chifney also made an affidavit that he had only one bet of £20 on Escape when he won, but the stewards declined to believe him and decided that Escape's in and out running was due to foul play. Sir Charles Bunbury even went so far as to say that if Chifney were suffered to ride the Prince's horses no gentleman would start against him. It was a bitter pill for the Prince to swallow, but he behaved like a man and gave up his favourite amusement rather than sacrifice his servant. His Royal Highness told Chifney that he should not be likely to keep horses again. "But if ever I do," he added, "Sam Chifney, you shall train and manage them. You shall have your two hundred guineas a year all the same. I cannot give it you for your life, I can only give it for my own. You have been an honest and good servant to me." The next year the Prince's stud was brought to the hammer, and it was ten years before his colours were again seen on the Turf.

It is difficult at this distance of time to decide whether the decision of the Jockey Club was just or not. The Stewards may have had evidence of which we know nothing, but so far as one can judge from the statements extant, I am inclined to think that both the Prince and Chifney were unjustly suspected. Chifney's own defence of himself in the remarkable pamphlet entitled

"Genius Genuine" which was sold at the extraordinary price of £5 a copy, must be taken for what it is worth; it certainly has a ring of truth about it, but if it were uncorroborated I should hardly accept it as convincing, considering that a similar charge was brought against him in 1799 for his suspicious riding of Mr. Cookson's Sir Harry, which he sought to explain by advancing the same theory as in the Escape case.

Sam Chifney's career after this was all downhill. He sold the Prince of Wales's annuity for £1,200, left Newmarket and came to London with the expectation of making his fortune out of a new bit which he had invented and which is still known as "the Chifney bit." In connexion with his production of this patent he became indebted to a saddler named Latchford to the extent of £350. Latchford proved a harsh and inexorable creditor and in default of payment consigned Chifney to the Fleet Prison, where broken in health, spirit, and fortune he died on the 8th of January, 1807, at the age of 52.

Sam Chifney stood 5 feet 5 inches, and could ride to the last days of his career as a jockey at 7 stone 12 pounds. His theory of riding was to keep a slack rein and he was the first to ride a waiting race, coming towards the finish with a tremendous rush. But on this point I cannot do better than let him speak for himself. Here is his own description of his method:—

"The first fine part in riding a race is to command your horse to run light in his mouth; it is done with manner; it keeps him the better together, his legs are the more under him, his sinews the less extended, less exertion, his wind less locked; the horse running thus to order, feeling light for his rider's wants; his

parts are more at ease and ready; and can run considerably faster when called upon than when he has been running in the fretting, sprawling attitude, with part of his rider's weight in his mouth.

"And as the horse comes to his last extremity, finishing the race, he is the better forced and kept straight with manner, and fine touching to his mouth. In this situation the horse's mouth should be eased of the weight of his rein, if not it stops him little or much. If a horse shy, he should be forced with a manner up to this order of running, and particularly so if he has to make play, or he will run the slower, and jade the sooner for the want of it.

"The phrase at Newmarket is, that you should pull your horse to ease him in his running. When horses are in their great distress in running, they cannot bear that visible manner of pulling as looked for by many of the sportsmen; he should be enticed to ease himself an inch at a time, as his situation will allow.

"This should be done as if you had a silken rein as fine as a hair, and you were afraid of breaking it.

"This is the true way a horse should be held fast in his running.

"N.B. If the Jockey Club will be pleased to give me two hundred guineas, I will make them a bridle as I believe never was, and I believe never can be excelled, for their light weights to hold their horses from running away."

Chifney's name was so inseparably connected with this style of riding, that when Stubbs painted him on Baronet, he represented him sitting backward, as was his wont, with an apparently slack rein. It was the son, Sam the younger, who caused "the Chifney rush"

to pass into an English proverb; but, although many affected to consider him a pedant, Paganini had not more complete mastery over a violin, than the father acquired over a horse's mouth, however hard and unformed. This was strikingly proved in the case of Knowsley at Guildford, whither after being purchased by the Prince out of Yorkshire for one thousand guineas, he was sent to run for the King's Plate. This horse had run away with every jockey as yet, and therefore a large party of the Prince's friends came down expressly to see how Chifney would handle him. "*Take that silly gimcrack away, and bring me a plain snaffle*" was his remark when they handed him a tremendous curb-bridle for inspection in the weighing house; and then sallying forth, snaffle in hand, he not only went first past the judge with a slack rein, but repeated the feat on him shortly after at Winchester. He was as great on idle horses as he was on pullers of the Knowsley stamp; but, perhaps, one of his greatest triumphs in mouth touching was when he rode Eagle. He had advised the Duke of Dorset to buy the horse from Sir Frank Standish, and run him for the King's Plate at Newmarket. When the two emerged from the rubbing house, Sir Frank rode up to the Duke, and advised him not to back the horse for a halfpenny, as no jockey had yet been able to make him do his best. Chifney had never been on him before; but he simply replied, when the Duke reported this speech to him—

"I'll let Sir Frank Standish see whether I can get him out or not; and what's more, I'll neither use whip nor spur to him."

The other jockeys were so fully aware of Eagle's sluggishness that they positively walked the first three

miles and a quarter of the Round Course, and then came along as hard as they could split for the last three furlongs. However, these tactics did not answer, as Eagle could not withstand the masterly bit pressure which was at once brought to bear on him and won a very fine race by a neck, without being touched by whip or spur.

But great as his fame was in his own day as trainer and jockey, it was eclipsed in both respects by that of his two sons, William and Samuel. William, born at Newmarket in 1784, became one of the most celebrated trainers of his time, Sam, whose birth took place two years later, was one of the finest horsemen of his own or any other age. Both owed the excellency they attained to the sound judgment and tuition of their father. The elder Chifney quickly detected the different temperaments of the two boys, and set himself at once to educate them accordingly. Will, the quicker and more intelligent of the two, he carefully instructed in the training and management of horses. Sam, the more phlegmatic and resolute, he coached in riding with tireless persistence. From the time the lad was able to sit his pony alone the father began to teach him race-riding, and before Sam was more than 3 stone his enthusiastic sire would whip him off to the stables, clap a racing saddle on one of the cracks and show the youngster how to sit and hold his reins. Young Sam almost lived on horseback, and was initiated into all the mysteries of racing by constant trials.

The Prince of Wales took a fancy to both lads, and one of their earliest recollections was that of a stout, handsome gentleman who used often to come to their

father's parlour, take one on each knee whilst he talked business, and put a bright new guinea into the hand of each when he went away. It is pleasant to set off this pretty picture of kindness against the many ugly ones which have been painted of "The First Gentleman of Europe." After all, the "Royal Rake" whom Thackeray and his imitators have so mercilessly belaboured must have had *some* human feelings beneath all that tailor's padding. It was in the Prince's Stables that the two young Chifneys were first engaged at a salary of eight guineas a year apiece! and it was in His Royal Highness's colours that young Sam had his first mount at Stockbridge Races in 1802. In the following year his brother Will got himself into the Prince's black books by an assault which caused considerable sensation at the time. The facts were these:—

Colonel Leigh, who had the management of the Prince Regent's stud, had accused Sam Chifney of foul riding in the hearing of his son; William was then a boy, but old enough to feel great indignation at Colonel Leigh's unjust aspersions. Walking up to the Colonel he told him to his face that when a little older he would have his revenge. Straightway he set to work to practise boxing, and took every opportunity of learning the pugilistic art. When he had grown into a lanky stripling of eighteen he waited for Colonel Leigh in the street at Newmarket, as he was going to the Rooms, and exclaimed on approaching him:—"I told you I would one day have my revenge for your ill-treatment of my father; and now the time has come." With that he struck the Colonel a violent blow in the face with his fist, knocking him down, and striking

him as he lay in the road. But for the intervention of the bystanders it was thought he would have killed the Colonel, who was then a stout and pursy man. The latter had him up for assault before the magistrates next day. They sent William Chifney to prison for six months with hard labour; and when he came out at the end of his term he offered "to make door mats for a pony against any other inhabitant of Newmarket." Six months of hard labour had indeed made him an expert at picking oakum.

But Colonel Leigh forgave the assault and a twelve-month later offered his hand to his impetuous assailant. Will wisely accepted the generously-proffered olive-branch and a firm friendship arose between the two which was only severed by the Colonel's death in 1850.

The readiness of young Will Chifney to use his fists on this occasion reminds me that I have omitted to mention an episode in his father's career which I have never seen referred to in any of the biographies of the elder Chifney, and of which I should myself have been ignorant had I not accidentally come across the account of it in a newspaper of the time. One of old Sam's most formidable rivals in the pigskin was Dick Goodisson, the favourite jockey of the Duke of Queensberry, the notorious "Old Q.", into whose good graces Dick had won his way by his flash-of-lightning style at the post. There was a good deal of foul riding in those days and the two rival jockeys on one occasion after a race mutually accused one another of deliberate jostling. From words they came to blows and slashed at one another with their whips till they were separated. But as nothing short of a fight would

let out the bad blood between them, they agreed to have it out with fists for a stake of twenty-five guineas a side. Both went into training under the ablest pugilists of the day and on the first of January 1799 they fought out their quarrel inside a roped ring, with seconds and all the proper paraphernalia of the Prize Ring, before a select aristocratic audience in a room in "Old Q's" house at Newmarket. The battle was long and desperate. Sam was the cleverer boxer but Dick was the heavier and stronger man and the better wrestler. Both were game to the backbone, and it was only after an hour of fierce and furious fighting that Goodisson's superior stamina gave him the victory. The fight, however, had the effect desired. It let the bad blood out of both men; from that time forward they were good friends and their rivalry in the saddle was manly and generous. So much for the only prize fight between two jockeys on record.

To come back to our muttons—from the father to the sons. Sam the younger, following out his sire's theory, rode with a slack rein and ever playing the waiting game, made the "the Chifney rush" a terror to his opponents. Twice he won the Derby for that fine sportsman Squire Thornhill—first on Sam, a horse named after himself, in 1818—secondly on Sailor in 1820. Five times the Oaks fell to him, on Briseis in 1807, Sorcery 1811, Landscape 1816, Shoveller 1819, and Wings 1823. His victory on the last-named was a wonderful piece of riding, yet he would never have had the mount but for his brother Will, who proved how sound was his judgment of horses in a very remarkable manner on that occasion. Wings, the property of General Grosvenor, was a long, lengthy,

common-looking filly of whom her trainer, Robson, thought so poorly that he deemed her fit only to run for a Selling Stakes on the first day of that memorable Epsom Meeting, and it had been arranged that Sam Chifney, who was riding for the stable, should ride The Brownie for the Oaks. Will Chifney, after casting his keen eye over the mare, had formed a very different opinion of her merits and got Mr. Charlton, the owner of the second horse in the Selling Stakes, to claim Wings for him at 250 guineas. After the sale Chifney asked Robson to take the filly home for the night and promised to send a cheque and a man for her the next morning. Later on in the day, as Will was passing the Grand Stand, General Grosvenor, who was quitting it, beckoned him to his side and said:—

“Well, Mr. Chifney, you won’t take my mare, will you? I want her to force the running for The Brownie for the Oaks.”

“I will give her up, Sir,” replied Will, “only on one condition and that is that Sam rides *her* and not The Brownie for the Oaks.”

Questioned as to his reason for making this strange condition, Chifney could only say that he firmly believed Wings to be the better of the pair. The General granted the request, but neither he nor his trainer entrusted her with much money. Will Chifney’s judgment, however, proved correct, for Wings *did* win by a head and The Brownie was nowhere—but even Will himself had to admit that it was only Sam’s magnificent riding and the terrible “Chifney rush” at the finish that did the trick—with anyone else in the saddle she would never have got her

head in front. The General was so delighted with the success of his mare that he sent Will Chifney a pipe of splendid port from White's Club, in which generous liquor the two brothers worthily celebrated their joint victory, due as much to the judgment of the one as to the brilliant jockeyship of the other.

It was in the service of Lord Darlington and Squire Thornhill of Riddlesworth that the two Chifneys won their greatest successes as trainer and jockey. But they also made a bold bid for fame and fortune on their own account, for they started a stud of their own with which at one time they seemed likely to do great things. It was a proud day for Will Chifney when with Priam, whom he bought as a yearling from Sir John Shelley for a thousand guineas, he won the Derby of 1830. But both he and Sam had some terribly anxious moments before they saw the goal of their ambition attained. Priam started at 4 to 1 in a field of twenty-three. The horse had a strong dislike to fresh faces and was very fidgety and fractious at the post, whilst a succession of false starts drove him nearly frantic, so that when the cry of "They're off" thrilled the spectators, the Chifneys to their horror saw Priam, with Sam Day upon him, dancing madly on his hind legs at the post as his opponents sailed away. He was the last to get off and lost several lengths in the start. But his marvellous speed and staying power pulled him through. He shot past one horse after another till he raced up alongside the leader, then came away and won by two lengths. The Chifneys were said to have won £30,000 by Priam's victory, but this, I believe, was an exaggeration, for I have it on good authority that

with stakes and bets their winnings did not exceed £18,000. Priam was the best horse the Chifneys ever owned, and, indeed, one of the best horses of the century. "The most perfect race-horse I ever saw," says old John Kent. "His constitution was magnificently sound: his temperament and nervous system beautifully attuned: his shape, make, and action were faultless. No weight known to the Racing Calendar could crush his spirit, all courses came alike to him." But the weather spoilt his chances for the St. Leger, for rain had made the going so heavy that his fine turn of speed was rendered useless.

Unfortunately for the Chifneys, they thought they had got another Priam in Shillelagh and piled their money on him for the Derby of 1834. But Plenipotentiary proved too good for him by a short head, and the losses of the two brothers were so heavy that they had to part with their racing-stud and their fine houses at Newmarket. Touching those houses the following story is told by John Kent.

"In the year 1830 the two brothers, lived in adjoining houses at Newmarket, one of which (that occupied by Sam) was greatly improved and enlarged by the eccentric Duke of Cleveland, who was one of Sam's employers. This circumstance caused great jealousy between the two Mrs. Chifneys, and William's wife persuaded her husband to build a new house, so as to cut out their sister-in-law. She vowed that not a single old brick should enter into the composition of the new building. Pride, however, comes before a fall, and scarcely was the house finished before its owner found it unavoidably necessary to sell it at a ruinous sacrifice to Mr. J. F. Clark, who afterwards re-sold it to

Count Batthyany. It is now the residence of Mr. John Dawson."

From that blow the Chifneys never quite rallied. No more did they pose as Kings of Newmarket, vying with the greatest in luxurious living and lavish expenditure. They were content henceforth to be servants instead of masters. But Sam still maintained the glory of the name by his splendid riding, and might have made thrice as much money as he did had he been less lazy and independent. But he was a bad waster. For his height, 5 feet 6 inches, his frame was large but light-boned and he put on flesh rapidly. Even at 18 his lowest limit was 7 stone 9 lbs. and as years went on he found it as much as he could do with all his wasting to get himself down to 8 stone 4 lbs., for he invariably ran up to 9 stone 7 lbs. in the winter, and he was too lazy to take the exercise necessary to keep down his weight. Except for his regular employers he would not take the trouble to waste unless he had a special fancy for the horse he was to ride and so he lost hundreds of mounts. Sheer perversity too, made him decline advantageous offers. When, for example, Lord Chesterfield offered him a riding retainer—merely asking him to take the *best* mounts in the stable and leave the others to Conolly—Sam refused and thus missed some of the finest prizes of the day, notably the Oaks and St. Leger of 1838.

How lazy Sam was may be gathered from the following anecdote. Lord Darlington, for whom Sam was riding regularly, whilst his brother Will trained the horses, had matched his Memnon against Lord Exeter's Enamel for 1,000 guineas a side. Before wagering on the event his lordship wished to have Memnon tried, and

it was arranged that Sam should ride the horse in this important trial. Will Chifney was up betimes in the morning with the horses—but there was no sign of Sam. For two hours William waited, then in despair mounted Memnon himself and won the trial in a canter. When he returned to the stables he met Sam at the door.

"A pretty fellow, you are," said Will indignantly, "to bring me back this way without trying the horses!"

"No, no, that won't do, Will," replied Sam in his dry quiet way, "I know you too well to believe that you would bring them back without having it out of them." Sam was quite satisfied with Will's trial, and when Memnon won pulled off the nice little stake of 650 guineas.

But there was no sluggishness about Sam Chifney when he was in the saddle. His innate knowledge of pace was such that he could trust himself to lie behind his horses at the start, then steal up inch by inch, always keeping enough up his sleeve for that terrific "Chifney rush" at the finish which won him so many glorious victories. Perhaps one of his most wonderful bits of riding was on Bloomsbury for the Cesarewitch of 1839 when his finish against Jem Robinson on Clarion was one of the finest and most exciting ever seen on the Heath. Coming through the Ditch Gap Sam was nearly 150 yards behind the light weights, who were raking away at a fearful pace, but he caught up so gradually, inch by inch, across the flat, that when Robinson, who thought he had the race in hand with everything else beaten, suddenly found Chifney at his quarters, he involuntarily exclaimed:—

"Where the devil did *you* come from?"

Sam's rush was one of the most tremendous he ever made, but 9 stone was just too much for the gallant Bloomsbury and the verdict was given against him by a *neck*! Sam, however, always maintained that he had won and that as he was running wide Judge Clark had overlooked him.

Sam's last mount was on Extempore for the One Thousand of 1843. He was then 57, the greatest age at which a jockey has ever ridden in one of the Classic races, or indeed in any race. In that same year his old master, Squire Thornhill, died, and bequeathed Sam his Newmarket house and stables, and there the great jockey lived till November 1851 when he removed to Hove, a suburb of Brighton.

"Pipes and Peace" was Sam's motto. He was never happier than when wandering, gun in hand, over the stubbles with his favourite lemon and white pointer Banker, or watching his pet foxes playing on a summer evening in the enclosure which he had wired off for them. For a year or two his spare figure, black surtout and large hat were familiar to all dwellers in London-by-the-Sea. Now and then he visited the scenes of his former triumphs and the last time he was seen on a race-course was on the memorable day when his nephew, Frank Butler, piloted West Australian to victory in the Derby of 1853. From that time his health began to fail, and in the August of the following year he died peacefully at Hove in his 70th year.

His brother Will survived him for eight years, but he had fallen on evil days and felt the pinch of poverty sorely in his declining age. To the last, if

he could get the wherewithal to pay his third-class return fare from London to Newmarket, he would visit the spots so dear to him and so full of glorious memories. Old stagers would point out to you on race days a feeble old man wrapped in a well-worn blue cloak, his broad-brimmed hat secured by a parti-coloured bandanna handkerchief and say "That's old Will Chifney. Sad come-down, ain't it?" But there was always a look of breed and distinction about Will Chifney, and the unmistakable stamp of a man who had seen better days. He was but two years short of fourscore when he died in Pancras Square off St. Pancras Road, on the 14th of October 1862.

COLONEL MELLISH.

WHEN, at the Duchess of Devonshire's great Jubilee Fancy Ball, H.R.H. the Duke of York appeared as George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, he was perhaps not aware that the character he was impersonating was that of the "First of the Plungers". For, though historians and biographers do not make much mention of the fact, there can be no doubt that this brilliant Elizabethan adventurer ruined himself mainly by gambling on race-horses, and one of his most famous horses was named Baye Middleton, a name associated three centuries later with Lord Jersey's sensational Derby victory and the tragic end of the Hon. Berkeley Craven.

Another plunger of that early period was Sir Richard Gargrave of Nostal and Kinsley who squandered one of the finest estates in Yorkshire in gambling, mostly over horse-racing, and ended his life miserably as an ostler in a London Inn.

A hundred and fifty years later, at the close of last century, the Earl of Barrymore blazed like a meteor across the sporting world—in four short years with idiotic recklessness got through £300,000, and when an accidental gun-shot put an end to his career at

the age of five-and-twenty, left a great estate mortgaged to the hilt.

Ever since horse-racing became an established sport in Great Britain there have been men who *would* make the noble animal "an instrument of gaming" and ruined themselves by an infatuated passion for "picking winners." Racing and betting have, in fact, always gone hand in hand from the first moment men found pleasure in pitting the speed of one horse against that of another—for it is a sport of which gambling is the very essence.

But of all the race of plungers from the days of Bluff Harry to our own, the most gallant and the most brilliant was Henry Mellish. There was a spice of romance and chivalry about his very recklessness. There was the savour of a high-spirited gentleman about even his folly which redeemed it from inanity, and his "very vices leaned to virtue's side." Every man and woman with whom he was brought in contact found him to be the soul of honour, and among all that dazzling circle of highborn rakes and dashing sportsmen which gathered round the Regent he was one of the very few who kept his name unsullied by any act of treachery or dishonour.

Harry Mellish came of a good old Yorkshire family, the Mellishes of Blythe near Doncaster, and was born in the year 1780. He soon showed how unconventional was his temperament, by running away from Eton and resolutely refusing to submit any more to scholastic discipline. At the age of seventeen he obtained a commission in the 18th Light Dragoons, but soon afterwards exchanged into *the* crack cavalry regiment of the day, the 10th Hussars, of which the Prince

Regent was Colonel, and in course of time was gazetted Captain of the "Prince's German Troop"—the *ne plus ultra* of fashionable soldiering. His expenditure even then was so reckless that the Prince gave him permanent leave of absence lest his example should ruin half the officers of his regiment. Unfortunately, young Mellish, owing to the death of his father during his minority, came into full and uncontrolled possession of his large property immediately upon attaining his twenty-first year. And then he went the pace with a vengeance.

His first appearance on the Turf was at Durham Races in the year 1801, when his Welshman, by Sir Peter Teazle, with that wily jockey, Billy Peirse, in the saddle, won for him a match of 50 guineas. From that time forward he was an ardent patron of horse-racing, and had he confined himself to that sport it is possible that he might have added to rather than diminished his splendid patrimony, for he was admitted on all sides to be the cleverest man of his day both in the theory and practice of racing. In matching and handicapping he had no equal.

Nor was he less conspicuous in other sports. He was one of the first whips of his age, and I have met veterans who remembered well his driving on the course at Brighton, just before the great race between his Sancho and the Duke of Cleveland's Pavilion, and raising his white hat ironically to his friends in the Grand Stand, as he sat behind his matchless team of four browns, and saying as he did so,—“If Sancho's beat, I hope some of you will take me for a coachman.”

As a horseman he was equally eminent and for three or four seasons he led all the light weights of Leices-

tershire, Rutlandshire and Yorkshire in the hunting field, though he himself was riding 14 stone. But, as one of his friends said of him, "he had the art of making a horse do more than other riders, and he accustomed them, like himself, *to go at everything*."

The Prize Ring too, which at that time was an even more popular sport than horse-racing, and was supported by all the best sportsmen in the land, had no more enthusiastic patron than Harry Mellish, who was himself one of the best amateur boxers of his day. It was he who backed John Gully in his great match against Hen. Pearce, "the Game Chicken", and to his honour be it said, though he had backed Gully very heavily, Mellish was humane enough to insist upon Gully's giving in, much against that hero's will, when he saw how fearfully the "Chicken" was punishing his gallant foe.

But great as was the drain which the Turf and the Ring with their concomitants made upon his purse, Mellish could have "stood the racket" without breaking had he been content with these outlets for his expenditure. But when the twin demons, dice and cards, were called in to assist at the dissipation of his revenues it needed no prophet to foretell the issue. His gambling, like everything else he did, was heroic in its recklessness. He was known to have won £100,000 at one sitting and lost it all the next, but the climax of his gambling madness was reached when he staked £40,000 upon a *single throw* of the dice and *lost!* The wealth of an Astor, a Vanderbilt, or a Cecil Rhodes could not have stood such insane extravagance. His establishment, whilst he was at the zenith of his splendour, was more than princely, both

in quality and quantity. He had thirty-eight race-horses in training, seventeen carriage horses, a dozen hunters in Leicestershire, four cavalry chargers at Brighton, a score or more of riding hacks, and a whole brigade of retainers to look after them. Indeed it may be safely asserted that Colonel Mellish made his appearance on the race-ground when in the meridian of his career in a style never yet imitated or approached. "Driving four white horses in hand with outriders on steeds to match", says one who knew him, "ridden with harness bridles and holsters at the saddle bow, his barouche painted in exquisite taste, the handsome Colonel was truly the observed of all observers, as whirling up to the Grand Stand, tossing his reins on either hand, and descending, as though no one were looking, in the quietest manner in life, he mounted one of the thorough-bred hacks, led by the saddle-horse groom in the rear of his retinue, habited like the rest of his people in crimson livery, and followed by two other grooms, cantered over the course towards the Rubbing Houses or Warren."

The personal appearance of Henry Mellish was singularly striking. His figure was erect and stalwart—he stood 5ft. 11in. and looked the picture of an athlete, with power as well as grace in every line of his strong, well-built, active, vigorous frame. His dress was unique. He wore a neat white hat, white trousers and white silk stockings: his handsome face, too, was white, and in fact there was nothing dark about him save his curly black hair and long drooping moustache, the latter being then the distinguishing mark of a cavalry officer.

If ever, as Matthew Arnold has it,

"Life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames"

it was surely among the galaxy of light-hearted ladies and dashing dandies that shone round the handsome person of "the First Gentleman in Europe" in the rosy days of the Regency. One of those dandies has left us in his diary a graphic picture of Brighton on a race-morning when the Prince was in his meridian and the ground was covered with "tandems, beautiful women and light hussars." "In those days," writes Tom Raikes, "the Prince made Brighton and Lewes Races the gayest scenes of the year in England. The Pavilion was full of guests, and the Steyne was crowded with all the rank and fashion from London. The 'legs' and bettors, who had arrived in shoals, used all to assemble at the Steyne at an early hour to commence their operations on the first day, and the buzz was tremendous, till Lord Foley and Mellish, the two great confederates of that day, would approach the ring, and then a sudden silence ensued to await the opening of their books. They would come on perhaps smiling, but mysteriously, without making any demonstration. At last Mr. Jerry Cloves (a well-known professional betting man) would say 'Come, Mr. Mellish, will you light the candle, and set us a-going?' Then if the master of Buckle (Frank Buckle, the famous jockey, rode for Colonel Mellish) would say 'I'll take 3 to 1 about Sir Solomon' the whole pack opened and the air resounded with every shade of odds and betting. About half-an-hour before the departure for the hill, the Prince himself would make his appearance in the crowd. I think I see him now in a green jacket, a white hat, and light nankeen pantaloons and shoes, distinguished by his high-bred manner and handsome person.

He was generally accompanied by the late Duke of Bedford, Lord Jersey, Charles Wyndham, Shelley (Sir John) Beau Brummell, M. Day, and oh!—extraordinary anomaly!—the little old Jew Travis, who, like the dwarf of old, followed in the train of Royalty. The Downs were soon covered with every species of conveyance, and the Prince's German waggon and six bay horses (so were barouches called when first introduced at that time)—the coachman on the box being replaced by Sir John Lade—issued out of the gates of the Pavilion, and gliding up the green ascent was stationed close to the Grand Stand, where it remained the centre of attraction for the day. At dinner time the Pavilion was resplendent with lights, and a sumptuous banquet was furnished to a large party: while those who were not included in the invitation found a dinner, with every luxury, at the Club-house on the Steyne, kept by Raggett during the season, for the different members of White's and Brooke's who chose to frequent it, and where the cards and dice from St. James's were not forgotten."

The dashing Colonel electrified the sporting world by winning the St. Leger in two consecutive years, 1804 and 1805, with Sancho and Staveley; then came the two famous matches for 1000 guineas a side between Mellish's Sancho and the Duke of Cleveland's Pavilion in 1806, on which the wagering was terrific. Sancho had been beaten by Pavilion at Newmarket, but Colonel Mellish would not believe that his St. Leger winner had shown his true form on that occasion, and consequently matched him against his conqueror. The match was won by Sancho, but the Duke was dissatisfied with the result and a second match was made

for 300 guineas a-side, the issue of which I cannot do better than let that charming writer "The Druid" describe in his own happy style.

"Brighton and all its joys were made still more delightful when Colonel Mellish appealed for the second time against the result of the New Claret Stakes in the 3000 guineas a side match over Lewes. Sir John Lade, whose cook-bride had once challenged a fair rival to drive four horses eight miles at Newmarket for 500 p.p., sat behind six greys on the royal barouche, and the Colonel followed with his four to match, in charge of the Countess of Barrymore, who might or might not have been cognizant of the fact that her whip was to act as second to her husband at day-break. Pavilion, with Sam Chifney up, was the first to canter, and then Buckle, in his white and crimson sleeves, on the lengthy yellow bay Sancho; but even the knowledge that his owner, who led him down the course, had backed him to win £20,000 did not dispirit the layers of 6 to 4 on his old Raby conqueror. The result of the first match over Lewes had made them equally wild to back Sancho; but he had hit his leg at exercise a few days before and this was the only chance of saving their money. The odds, however, quickly fell to 5 to 4 as Sancho went up to his opponent's quarters in the last mile and commanded him from that point until his leg gave way within the distance. Such trifles did not weigh long upon a philosophical mind like the Colonel's. He lunched at The Star with the Royal party as calmly as if he had been losing mere three-penny points at whist, and at day-break was seen entreating Mr. Howarth (Lord Barrymore's opponent in the duel), who had stripped to the buff

to prevent his clothes getting into the wound, to shake hands after one shot and dress himself once more."

The Colonel, too, had some little experience in duelling himself, for he fought Martin Hawke (grandfather of the present Lord Hawke of cricket fame) in a field by the roadside as they were returning in their drags from a Yorkshire election. On this occasion Mellish was wounded near the elbow joint and on perceiving it he immediately ran up to his opponent and said.

"Hang it, Hawke, you've winged me, but give me your hand."

They were great rival whips and some ill-blood on that point, as well as a quarrel over election matters, brought about this impromptu appeal to arms.

At this culminating point of his fortune, the once well-known sporting writer "Nimrod" tells us that Colonel Mellish never opened his mouth under £500 in the betting ring, and Southern sportsmen caught the contagion of his wagering frenzy. Even old John Elwes, the miser, was bitten with the prevailing mania, and whilst he would eat nothing all day but a piece of stale, musty crushed six-weeks-old pancake, would nevertheless stand his £2000 on a match. So wild and widespread indeed was the craze for betting that the Sporting Magazine could state two months previous to Fyldener's St. Leger, "There is little doubt, that upwards of *one million* guineas have been *already* laid!!"

That fatal Leger gave the final blow to Colonel Mellish's tottering fortunes. In the following December his stud was sold and he himself left England and went as aide-de-camp to Sir Rowland Ferguson during the Peninsular War. There he distinguished

himself by his gallantry and intelligence, so much so indeed as to win the high approval of the Duke of Wellington himself, who in one of his despatches specially praised Colonel Mellish for the undaunted manner in which he encountered danger, the quickness with which he rode, and the precision with which he delivered his orders, never making the slightest mistake in any moment of hurry and confusion. Unfortunately, however, Mellish could not restrain his passion for gambling, a vice to which the Duke was specially opposed during a campaign, and the consequence was the Colonel was advised to throw up his appointment and return home, which he did.

During his absence his uncles had undertaken the management of his terribly embarrassed affairs. His fine ancestral estate of Blythe was sold to Mr. Walker, the great ironfounder of Rotherham, and I think there is still preserved there a card-table at which Mellish was said to have lost £40,000 at one sitting to the Prince Regent. Out of his splendid property only one small farm was left to him, Hodsack Priory, to which he retired, and thenceforward lived the quiet life of a country gentleman, accepting his altered fortunes with an equanimity which Warren Hastings himself could scarcely have surpassed. Fortunately for him his wife, one of the daughters of the Marquis of Lansdowne, had a comfortable income of her own settled on herself, and they were enabled to live in the enjoyment of such rustic pleasures as befit the position of a country squire. It was a good thing both for Henry Mellish and his wife that he was a man of intellectual and artistic resources. He was an accomplished artist and musician and in the cultivation

of these refined tastes he found solace for his misfortunes.

But, perhaps, his greatest delight was in the pursuits of the farmer and sportsman. He became an enthusiastic courser and a scientific breeder of cattle. In these harmless and unexciting occupations, so different from the wild revels of his hot youth, it might have been expected that he would have attained a green old age, but the excesses of his early life had impaired his constitution, and he died in the year 1817 at the early age of thirty-seven. His fate was certainly less melancholy than that of some "plungers" before and since his time. Nevertheless, it was sad to see a noble estate squandered and lost, and a life of great promise wasted in the gratification of an insane passion for gambling. Legitimate patronage of the great national sport could have done him, and in fact did him, little harm, but an uncontrollable passion for gambling, coupled with an almost childish love of extravagant display, ruined him, and the only extenuating circumstance which leads even the moralist to deal tenderly with his reputation, is that he was never guilty of any act that was mean, disgraceful, or dishonourable.

JOHN SCOTT.

THE world in general, whilst it hears much about the owners of race-horses and the jockeys whose skill steers those horses to victory, knows, and apparently cares, little about the trainers without whom jockeys, owners and horses could scarcely exist. The names of Lord Falmouth and the Duke of Portland, of George Fordham and Fred Archer are familiar as household words to the sporting public but who, outside those with whom business brings them in contact, has more than a shadowy knowledge of William Day, John Porter, Robert Peck or Mat. Dawson? The public sees the results of the labours of these men but is not admitted to the arcana of the training stables, hence the trainer does not receive from the sporting world anything like the *kudos* he deserves.

Among "Kings of the Turf", however, the great trainers have assuredly a right to be numbered, and I know of none greater than John Scott, the Master of Whitewall, which Whyte-Melville has named "The Mecca of the Turf". Sixteen St. Leger heroes and five Derby Victors, besides an innumerable host of winners of other famous races, were trained by John Scott in those celebrated stables, and justly was he



JOHN SCOTT.



called "The Wizard of the North", for his successes were of the sort to suggest "something larger than human". So identified is his name with Yorkshire that I suppose comparatively few persons are aware that John was not only not a Yorkshireman but hailed from the far south. Indeed, it was a curious fact that the two most popular men in Yorkshire for nearly fifty years were John Scott and John Gully, the first of whom was born in Wiltshire and the second in Somersetshire.

John Scott's birthplace was Chippenham, where he first saw the light on the 8th of November 1794. His father was a trainer of some note in the latter part of the 17th century and had charge of the racing studs of Sir Sitwell Sitwell, Sir Harry Featherstonhaugh, Councillor Lade, and other well-known sportsmen of the Early Regency Days. In 1807 the elder Scott moved to Oxford, where he became host of the Ship Inn but still trained horses in the neighbourhood. He soon discovered that his son John was a chip of the old block and spared no pains to develop the boy's abilities. At the age of ten young John was riding the cracks in his father's stables in their exercise gallops. At thirteen he was reckoned good enough to be entrusted with a mount in a race, and he was but fourteen when he was the hero of the following remarkable exploit. His father had a six-year-old mare named Tenbones which was entered for a £50 plate at Blandford. John was despatched in sole charge of the mare with instructions not to bring her back on any account, but to sell her for £30. The boy set off from Oxford accompanied by his faithful terrier, and after being nearly lost in a dense fog on Salisbury

Plain reached Blandford in safety, won the £50 Plate, sold the mare for £50 and came home on the Oxford coach, as proud as a peacock, conscious of having played the man, as indeed he most certainly had. That was not a bad beginning for a lad of fourteen.

Previously to this exploit, however, John had spent a few weeks with the famous trainer, James Edwards, better known as "Tiny," whose stables were at Mickleham in Surrey. From this master the boy picked up a wrinkle which was invaluable to him afterwards as a trainer of three-year-olds, the art, namely, of bringing out his horses big in condition to run for their engagements.

In 1814 John was sent to Middleham in Yorkshire to perfect himself in his calling under James Croft, whose name then stood first among the trainers of his day. It was a great and successful stable and there John Scott and his younger brother William learnt each his trade. The one to train, the other to ride. And it would be hard to say which of the two became the greater master of his art. For Bill was as great in the saddle as John in the stable.

In 1815 John started as a trainer on his own account in a small way at Black Hambledon in Yorkshire, a spot as famous as York or Doncaster in the early annals of English racing. Then Mr. Houldsworth secured his services, and for some eight years John trained for that good sportsman at Rockhill on the skirts of Sherwood Forest, where he had many a glorious day with the Rufford Hounds, diversified with the, to him, not less exciting sport of coursing, of which he became passionately fond.

It was not till 1825, however, that John Scott fairly

"found himself." In that year, through the death of old Joe Akers of Malton, the Whitewall stables came into the market. John bought the lot, and thus laid the foundation of his fame and fortune. There was but accommodation for twenty-five horses when John Scott entered into possession. When he died there was room for over a hundred. Close by is the glorious Langton Wold with its springy turf and short sweet pasture-grass, on which the Master of Whitewall fed mutton which it was his proud boast that there was nothing in the kingdom to surpass. Those breezy downs had never been touched by the plough, and the Marquis of Rockingham, Premier and sportsman, had trained his horses there half a century before.

The most successful of John Scott's early employers was the Hon. Edward Petre for whom "The Wizard of the North" won the St. Leger in three successive years, 1827, 1828, 1829, with Matilda, the Colonel, and Rowton. "Nothing," says an old friend of Scott's, "gave him more pleasure than to show Rowton's shank-bone, which formed the handle of the knife with which he carved the cold round of beef on the sideboard."

It was from Whitewall that Lord Westminster's Touchstone came to win the St. Leger of 1834, the greatest surprise, with the exception of Theodore's victory, ever known at Doncaster, or perhaps anywhere else. For Touchstone was not supposed to have the ghost of a chance against Plenipotentiary, the winner of the Derby. The stable had not a shilling on the horse, and the mount was given to an unknown lad named Calloway, "who," says an eyewitness, "when he found himself winning, was so

thunderstruck that he turned his head right and left to see whether the others had not all been swallowed up in an earthquake."

I have, in my sketch of the Earl of Derby, referred to the pleasant relations between his lordship and John Scott. There was, however, one occasion when the perfect understanding between them stood a chance of being broken, had it not been for the calm good sense of the one and the sterling honesty of the other. Lord Derby had a horse named Acrobat which won for him altogether £5,530 in Stakes, and in 1854 the running of Acrobat for the Doncaster Stakes, which he won, was to some so inexplicable that it was the cause of one of the most sensational and exciting scenes ever witnessed on an English race-course.

I have more than once heard the story of that memorable incident from the lips of Jack Macdonald, the once well-known pugilist and second of Tom Sayers, a pleasant, well-mannered, intelligent man with many a good yarn to tell. I remember well how his eyes would flash with excitement as he told the tale of his saving the life of John Scott on that memorable Cup day of 1854 at Doncaster. The running of Acrobat, owned by Lord Derby and trained by John Scott, who won the Doncaster Stakes, was so utterly inconsistent with his previous form, that when the jockeys came back to scale there was a storm of hisses. The moment Sim Templeman, who had ridden the winner, appeared, the pent-up feeling of sullen disapprobation found vent in a chorus of yells, which quickly swelled into a hideous uproar. Sim, scenting the danger, and seeing that no time was to be lost, jumped down, stripped the saddle from his horse, and threaded his way as best he could towards

the weighing house through the angry crowd that was fast closing round him. John Scott, who had come up to Acrobat's head to lead him to scale, was not quite so lucky, "He's laughing, look at him?" roared one indignant loser. The remark had an extraordinary effect on the mob: it seemed to goad them to fury. With a howl of rage a number of them suddenly precipitated themselves upon John Scott, and a shower of blows were aimed at him. It would have gone hard, indeed, with the unfortunate trainer had not Jack Macdonald sprung forward, floored the ringleader, and sheltered the master of Whitewall with his own body from the violence of the infuriated assailants. But Jack himself would only have shared the fate of the man he was so gallantly defending, had not another and still more formidable warrior appeared on the scene. Harry Broome, Champion of England, then at his very best, rushed like an avalanche into the thick of the fray, hitting out right and left till he clove his way through the crowd to the side of John Scott. Fortunately the Malton trainer was not knocked down, or he would have had but small chance of ever rising again. He kept his feet, thanks to Jack Macdonald, who stuck gamely to his side, whilst Harry Broome performed prodigies of valour, and cowed the ruffians by his terrific hitting, till John Scott was borne safely inside the New Stand. I have often heard both Broome and Macdonald say that this was the fiercest bit of fighting they were ever engaged in, and Scott always admitted that he owed his life to these two, especially to Macdonald, who never left his side for an instant.

This dastardly assault on John Scott was followed by specific charges of foul play against the Master of

Whitewall. Lord Derby received letters from many quarters strongly denouncing Scott's conduct, and endeavouring to poison the Earl's mind against his trainer. The writers, however, had reckoned without their host, for Lord Derby's intimate knowledge of Scott had then extended over twelve years, and as the Earl was never known to desert a friend he not only refused to believe the charges made, but chivalrously undertook to defend the cause of his maligned trainer. So successful was his championship of John Scott that the charges were eventually withdrawn, and an ample apology made to the calumniated "Wizard".

And yet it must be admitted that John Scott did not always figure as a straightforward and candid lover of truth and honesty. An able sporting writer, whose knowledge of the Turf and its followers over the last fifty years is unrivalled, thus gives his opinion on this point.

"The character and disposition of John Scott may be ascertained by anyone who cares to exhume the somewhat scarce Blue Book on gaming, containing the report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons which sat in 1844. His greatest fault was, as his face indicated, a lack of moral courage, and this defect is apparent in the evidence given by him before the synod in question. 'Are you acquainted with the system of betting on race-horses?' asks Mr. Milner Gibson. 'No,' answers John Scott, 'I know nothing about betting; it is out of my line altogether.' 'Did you ever know instances of large sums being betted against horses under your care which were certain to lose?' 'No, I have not. I have heard a great deal of talk about it, but do not know whether

it is correct or not. I never trouble my head about betting, I have sufficient to do to attend to the horses.' 'You know nothing about betting?' 'Nothing whatever. I never stood £50 on a bet in my life. Upon such a race as the Derby I might stand £25 with one of my employers, but it would be hedged before the day. I am a great coward about betting.'

"Suppose the favourite for some great race fell lame just before the day, would you keep it a secret from the public?"

"Certainly. I should immediately write to the horse's owner. I have nothing to do with the public."

"Are you obliged to guard the horses?"

"Yes. We are obliged to take every precaution we can."

"Did you ever hear of a favourite being drugged or poisoned?"

"I have heard of it and suspected it, but have no proof of it."

"What have you suspected?"

"We suspected, among others, that Cobham was drugged. He was a very superior animal, and was nowhere in the Derby."

"There are certain words in use on the turf, such as 'robbery.' When you hear that word, what do you understand by it?" 'I really do not know. I suppose it means that they have tried, or wanted to try, to do something with the animal.' 'Did you ever hear of the expression of a jockey riding a robbery?' 'I have, but I do not believe it. *I never knew a jockey to ride to lose.*' The italicised words, be it remembered, were uttered by the man who had dismissed Harry Edwards for glaringly pulling Epirus at

Wolverhampton, who had looked on while, thanks to a strong bridle, Maroon finished second to Launcelot for the St. Leger, and who upon the death of a famous jockey, worth £20,000 remarked openly that most of it had been got on the cross."

Similarly, John was scarcely within the bounds of strict veracity in asserting that he had never known any of his employers bet against their own horses. But the situation was an uncomfortable one, and even a more rigid truth-teller than John Scott might be excused for taking refuge in casuistry. In his profession, at any rate, John Scott's honesty was unimpeachable. Otherwise he would never have won the esteem of such men as Lord Derby, Baron Martin, Baron Alderson and others equally eminent, who were wont to visit the Master of Whitewall. What glorious talks those walls must have listened to? A master hand has left us such a picture of the place and its associations that I cannot refrain from quoting it.

"Many a rich story has fallen from the lips of The Wizard in that little snuggerly on the left, when he goes back to the good old days, and dashes off in one pregnant sentence the form of each stable favourite, till we can almost see Bill, and Frank, and Nat, in the saddle once more, and silently filing before us. What merry and yet what anxious groups have mustered there, round the trio of spirit decanters, with their varied pace and colour emblems of horse and game-cock—white pile and grey, dun and chestnut, brown, red and bay? Colonel Anson knew that council chamber well, and it was there that many a crafty Derby attack was planned, and all 'white', 'red and blue' or 'all black' was selected to silence the 'Kentish

fire' or turn the Danebury flank. Sim, Jack Holmes, and Nelson would all be on duty; and if it was a great trial, Bill Scott would start from his house in York after nightfall, to put the double on the touts, who stood, with a perseverance hardly natural to man, watching his every movement about Epsom-tide. No one wished for the dawn, when he had come with an ever fresh stock of anecdotes and ethics, enough to set up half a dozen wits in trade.

"As the light flashes back on the walls, we read, from Herring's hand, the silent canvas record of those days. Hornsea of the wall eye, Don John and Industry take up the Bretby tale; Mundig, the first member for Streatham, is there to catch the eye and jog the memory of many a speaker, so is Cotherstone, whose merits, to the Colonel's utter astonishment, were enforced in Bill's most emphatic speech, when the party had come back from Langton Wold on that morning which sealed Gaper's doom. There, too, among the family pictures of the little girl in the red cloak on the spotted donkey, are the late General Norcliffe the owner of the Wold, and Sir Tatton and his trusty henchman, Tom Carter, as they appeared when the scarlets were hung on the nail, and the cubs at play, with no Proctor or Cruiser to rally them. Harry Hall and Ferneley also bear their part among the 'Cracks of the Turf.' Holmes pulling Maroon double for the St. Leger, is the first painting on the left; and if poor Jack ever mourned over his riding orders of that day, within earshot of Sim, he was pretty sure to be reminded that his resolution had not always been so rigid, and that neither his memory nor all the shouting at his girths could prevail on him at Richmond to

pull Delphine to one side, and let Sim win the Stable money on Matilda. Touchstone has his *In Memoriam* in the Doncaster Cup in which Hornsea separated him and his old foe General Chasse once more. Attila, Canezou 'a good mare but not a smasher,' Fazzoletto, little Daniel, The West, and Songstress tell the story of their years; and there too, in a pleasant tree and water group, are Frailty, of Filho's blood, the dam of Cyprian, and Mrs. Bang-up, with Morgan Rattler by Velocipede at her foot. The elegant little Matilda, defying the rush of Sam and the mighty stride of Mameluke, has her place in the dining-room, with Charles and Euclid fighting out their dead heat. Velocipede holds the post of honour over the sideboard, flanked by Cotherstone and Princess, the son and daughter of the great Ascot Cup rivals, and under their shadow among Durham, Pontefract and Malton Cups, the steel armed shank-bones of Tramp know no rest from man when a round of silver-edge of beef is between them. The Petre days live again in Rowton and the Colonel, and Cyprian of the vicious eye and ear bears testimony to that punishing finish, in which she taught the Houldsworth stable that it was not their destiny to win the Oaks. Frank and John himself are on guard over the fireplace, and there too, is the Roland which carried the flying huntress, who introduced the first three-pommel saddle into Leicestershire, and made Captain White sing out as she topped her first fence, 'Look to yourself, Heycock, or you'll be cut down by a woman.'

"What a multifarious miscellany of men have sat at that bountiful board! Peers, baronets, barons and Queen's Counsel learned in the law; foreigners who

have reverently journeyed to it and Sir Tatton's, within a week of landing, as to a shrine; squires, farmers, jockeys, trainers, and authors,

'Pricking a cockney ear,'

and zealously treasuring up each waif and stray for the time when all Yorkshire is in its delicious September summer, and the talk in every harvest field and at every ram-letting is of what John Scott will run for the Leger, and when he intends to try. Baron Alderson only wrote half his recollections of his visit. He might have told how he questioned Frank on the whole art of riding; how he wondered not so much at the condition of the horses, as where the supply of boys came from; how he noted down, at Jim Perren's dictation, some of their most remarkable titles, 'Spider,' 'Cudjoe,' 'Frog,' 'Weasel,' 'Squeaky,' etc. and how when the contents of Jacob's cockbag were duly unfolded, nothing but the sternest Whitewall headshake checked Frank's itching fingers from having a regular carpet set-to."

In one respect John Scott was singularly fortunate. The Honourable Robert Boyle sententially observes in his "Occasional Reflections on Various Subjects"—"I cannot fitlier compare marriage than to a lottery; for in both he that ventures may succeed or may miss; and if he draw a prize he hath a rich return for his ventures, but in both lotteries there is a pretty store of blanks for every prize." John Scott put in twice for the marriage lottery and each time was lucky enough to win a prize. Both his wives were excellent women, but the second in particular was invaluable to him in his business, and he owed much in his later

days to her shrewdness, and to the fidelity and sagacity of his secretary Mr. John Peart and his veteran head lad Jem Perren.

For many years before his death "The Wizard of the North" was as much a Yorkshire "institution" as Sir Tatton himself; whenever he drove upon a race-course in his quiet unpretending brougham, there was always a hearty welcome to greet the hale old man with the silvery locks and the shrewd kindly face. And when at last the fatal summons came on the 4th of October 1871 and sportsmen realized that they should see no more the familiar figure in the broad-brimmed hat and black coat, drab knee breeches and gaiters, and spotless white neckerchief, they felt a pang of genuine regret. A link with the past, a pillar of the great national sport, an honest and genuine man had passed away for ever from the ken of his fellow men who honoured and admired him. He had had a good innings—for he was in his 78th year—he had amassed a fortune of more than £60,000—he had enjoyed the friendship of some of the best and greatest men of his day—he had been happy in his home. He could say with Walter Savage Landor "I have warmed both hands before the fire of life; it sinks, and I am ready to depart."



Erasmus

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THE DUKES OF GRAFTON.

FEW people, nowadays, I suspect, read the "Letters of Junius", or even give a moment's thought to speculation on the mystery surrounding the authorship of those classic diatribes. The slashing style in which they were written has been done to death by Saturday Reviewers and no longer appeals to an age which thinks its own masters of prose immeasurably superior to any that went before them. But "Junius" was reckoned a hard hitter in his time, and he hit no one harder than Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, great grandson of Charles II, by his mistress Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland.

Grafton, as Premier, offered a broad target for the satirist's shafts, for he was as reckless and shameless in his contempt for the conventional proprieties as his notorious ancestress. And accordingly "Junius" went for him with a pen dipped in vitriol. The following piece of invective would be hard to match for bitterness if not for brilliancy:—"The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it impossible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate

posterity, and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proof of your descent, my lord, than the register of a marriage or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be as clearly distinguished as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles I. lived and died a hypocrite: Charles II. was a hypocrite of another sort and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles II., without being an amiable companion; and, for aught, I know, may die as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr."

But his Grace of Grafton cared as little for satire as "Old Q." He went his wicked way with imperturbable *sang-froid*. If he wanted a jolly companion to enliven him at Newmarket he took down with him Mistress Nancy Parsons, who cared as little as her ducal protector for the frowns, the curlings of the lips, the raisings of the eyebrows, and the tossings of the head with which the lawful dames of more reputable sportsmen greeted her appearance on Newmarket Heath.

To judge from his portrait and from the glimpses of his character revealed by contemporary chroniclers, Augustus Henry Fitzroy, third Duke of Grafton, does not seem to have been the sort of man whom a person at all particular would have chosen as a bosom friend. Yet he was certainly popular in his way among

sportsmen and, *pace* "Junius", he was by no means ungenerous, for both on the turf and in the hunting field he showed himself open-handed and even profuse in his liberality. At his historic seat, Euston Hall near Thetford in Suffolk, he maintained a large stud, and was admitted to be an excellent judge both of breeding and training. It is somewhat singular that the success of the Grafton stud may be traced to one mare whose history is worth recording.

In 1756, Mr. Panton, a then well-known Newmarket sportsman, bred Julia by Blank. Her pedigree ran back not only to Bay Bolton, Darling's Arabian, and the Byerley Turk, but beyond the Lord Protector Cromwell's White Turk, usually deemed the *ultima Thule* of equine ancestry, to the Taffolat Barb and a natural Barb mare. At seven years old Julia of the portentous pedigree was put into the Duke of Grafton's stud and dropped a filly, Promise, of which Snap was the sire. Promise produced Prunella by Highflyer, the dam of eleven first-rate horses whose names all began with the letter *P*., the initial of the mare, who is said to have realised to the Grafton family little short of £100,000. In fact, all breeders of race-horses try for a strain of the justly celebrated Prunella.

At Euston Hall, in 1799, was foaled the Duke of Grafton's first Derby Winner, Tyrant, by the curiously named Pot-8-os, out of one of his Grace's own mares. Apropos of Pot-8-os, the question is constantly asked when and how he derived his singular name, and I may as well give the traditional explanation here. It was originally intended to have given the chestnut son of the immortal Eclipse the name of Potatoes, which, it must be admitted was a somewhat meaningless and undignified

patronymic for a thoroughbred, and when Lord Abingdon, who had bred the horse, happened to mention his intention to his trainer in the hearing of a small stable-lad, the latter was so much struck with the absurdity of the name that he burst into a guffaw. His lordship good-humouredly turned to him, and saying: "So you don't like the name, my boy, eh?" picked up a piece of chalk and handing it to the lad, added: "Nevertheless, we shall have it, and if you can write it up over his corn-bin I will give you this crown piece." In those ante-School-Board days writing was a rare accomplishment among stable-lads, but this one took the chalk and wrote over a bin "Pot-8-os". Lord Abingdon was so tickled with the lad's original spelling of the word that he retained it, and it is in that form that the horse's name has been handed down to posterity.

But to return to our Duke. In 1802, Tyrant, ridden by the famous jockey Frank Buckle, the rival and contemporary of Singleton, Clift, and the Arnalls, carried off from a field of eight the Derby stakes, to which in that year there were but thirty subscribers! From this time forth the Duke of Grafton cared for none but the Pot-8-os blood, and he spared neither money nor trouble to obtain the best specimens of the strain. One of the very best sons—my old friend Joe Osborne, the *doyen* of Turf-writers, would say *the* very best son—of this sire was Waxy, the winner of the Derby in 1793 for Sir Frederick Poole, and this splendid horse having been secured by the Duke, rendered magnificent service both to him and to his successor in the title.

Passing over his Grace's triumph in the Oaks in

1804 with Pelisse, a daughter of Whisky, I come to 1809, in which year Pope, a son of Waxy, won the Derby with Dick Goodisson on his back. In the following year, which was fated to be the last anniversary of the great race he lived to see, the Duke again won the Derby with Whalebone, another son of Waxy, but on this occasion, with seeming capriciousness, his Grace changed his jockey and gave the mount to Clift.

How good a horse Pot-8-os was is shown by the fact, that nearly half the winners of the Derby claim descent from him. Among the more famous of his descendants may be named Whisky, Moses, Lapdog, Spaniel, Touchstone, Cotherstone, Orlando, Surplice, Teddington, Newminster, Musjid, Stockwell, Lord Lyon, Blair Athol, Hermit, Pretender, Doncaster, Gladiateur, Kingston, Caractacus, Silvio, and Donovan. It must be admitted then that the British Turf owes much to the blood which the third Duke of Grafton took such great trouble to improve, and his services in this respect may be set off as a balance against some of the offences charged against him by "Junius", even supposing that they were not grossly exaggerated by that virulent satirist. That the Duke was an enthusiastic sportsman is unquestionable, and the mantle of his sportmanship fell upon the shoulders of his far worthier son, whom many an ardent Turfite now living learned to honour and admire.

George Henry Fitzroy, fourth Duke of Grafton, was born in 1760, the year of George the Third's succession, lived all through that monarch's long reign, through the reigns of his two sons, and did not die until the grand-daughter of "Farmer George", our present gracious sovereign, had been seven years

upon the throne. When he was twenty-four years of age he was returned to the House of Commons as member for the University of Cambridge, and, despite all the fierce assaults made upon the seat by the Opposition, he continued to represent that constituency for twenty-seven years, until, in fact, he was summoned to the House of Lords on the death of his father in 1811.

During the lifetime of the third Duke, George Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston, seems to have been content to share the reflected lustre of his father's stable, for I find no record of horses run in his own name. But on his succession to the Dukedom he continued to maintain the training stables at Newmarket and the stud-farm and paddocks at Euston Hall, and showed throughout his marvellously successful racing career the same love for the Pot-8-os blood as his father had done.

The fourth Duke, however, owed some of his success to his brother, Lord Henry Fitzroy, whose judgment in racing and breeding was equal to that of any man living, though hardly consistent with his cloth and his clerical vows. But in those lax times the sporting parson was not regarded as the objectionable anomaly which he seems to our more decent and decorous notions of propriety. Assisted by the sound advice of Lord Henry, the scientific training of Robson, and the brilliant riding of Frank Buckle, John Day, and William Clift, his Grace did very well indeed, though after the retirement of the astute Robson from the training of his horses the honours of the Turf did not pour in so thickly upon him. The Duke, however, had no reason to complain of his luck, for he won the

Derby once, the Two Thousand Guineas five times, and the Oaks six, besides most of the good things of Newmarket for some years in succession. In the year 1825 his Grace pocketed what was then the immense sum of £13,000 in public stakes alone.

But to return to the stud at Euston Hall of which, as I have said, Lord Henry Fitzroy was the presiding genius. The Waxy blood more than fulfilled the high expectations of its votaries. For not only did that grandest of sires get such Derby winners as Whalebone, Pope, and Blucher, but from his loins sprang the famous Whisker who won the Derby in the memorable Waterloo year 1815, and has been pronounced by one of the best judges of horseflesh who ever wrote upon the subject to have been as near perfection as a horse could be. Nearly every modern race-horse of special quality claims descent from one of the two great sons of Waxy, Whisker or Whalebone, in whom all the superlative excellence of the English thoroughbred seems to have culminated.

In the enumeration of the fourth Duke of Grafton's successes in the great classic three-year-old races, it will perhaps have been noticed that there is wanting from the illustrious roll one great prize, second only, if even second, to the Derby itself. The St. Leger was never won by either of the racing Dukes of Grafton, and indeed I am not sure that they ever tried to win it. For in the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth, the racing circuits had little to do with one another, and there must have been some very great end in view to tempt the horses of the North to Epsom or those of the South to York or Doncaster. The difficulties and expenses of travelling, when race

horses had to be walked by road all the way from meeting to meeting and their owners had to ride or post, had no doubt much to do with keeping the Dukes of Grafton and other southern Turfites from sending their horses to compete for the St. Leger. Newmarket was to some extent neutral ground, on which both schools met and tested the mettle of their rival breeds on the classic heath.

The fourth Duke of Grafton was a man of much more amiable disposition and honourable character than his father, and was deservedly popular among his contemporaries on the Turf. But he had his peculiarities. Among them was a certain dry, caustic humour which had a flavour of Scottish "pawkinsness" about it. There is a story told of him that when he was being driven in his carriage one day, he put his head out of the window and asked the footman on the box alongside the coachman if it were raining.

"Nothing to speak of, your Grace," was the reply.

"Oh," retorted the Duke, "if it's a secret you can keep it to yourselves."

His love of sport and his admiration of the true sportsmanlike spirit in anyone else are well illustrated in the following anecdote. On one occasion when out hunting, the Duke was thrown from his horse and fell into a ditch. At the same moment a hard-riding young curate was taking the fence, and roaring out: "Lie still, your Grace, and I'll clear you!" leapt over the prostrate nobleman, and without looking back, galloped after the hounds. Some of those who witnessed the incident were disposed to censure the curate severely for his want of feeling. Not so the Duke, who had

good reason to know what sporting parsons were, for on being assisted to remount, he remarked:

"That young man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal: had he stopped to take care of me he would never have had any of my patronage."

Like the good sportsman he was, the Duke was delighted with an ardour for sport similar to his own, and perhaps also with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter. It is pleasant to know that the Duke kept his promise and presented that hard-riding young curate to the first of the Grafton livings that fell vacant.

That the Duke was a good master, though his ideas of liberality to a winning jockey were old-fashioned, old John Day could testify, for John owed his success in life mainly to the patronage of the Duke of Grafton. It was the Duke who was the first to see what stuff the young jockey was made of when to everyone else he appeared a raw country lad, and the foundation of John Day's fortunes was securely laid at that memorable Spring Meeting of 1826 when the Duke, to the amazement of the Newmarket connoisseurs, put him up to ride *Denise* for the Two Thousand and *Problem* for the One Thousand. Frank Buckle was then at the height of his fame, and the young country jockey thought it was only hoping against hope to dream of beating the favourite with that splendid horseman in the saddle.

"I saw Buckle," old John used to say, when telling the story in after days, "preparing to go; and it seemed as if something told me that if I went first I should beat him. And I did—I got the first run and I beat him. Then I won both races for his Grace. He sent for me, and I came to the door with my hat in my hand. 'Come in, John Day.' So I did, and

I stood on the mat. 'John Day, I'm going to make you a present for the manner in which you have ridden my horses this week: I am about to give you £20 in bank notes of Messrs —'s bank, at Bury St. Edmunds, most highly respectable bankers.' 'Thank you, my lord, for your great kindness.' It was a great present in those times. After that I got £500 for winning one race."

Once and once only did the Duke use a harsh word and apply an opprobrious epithet to his faithful servant, and that was after John Day had carried the "all scarlet" colours of Grafton first past the winning post on Oxygen and won the Oaks for his old master by one of the most brilliant bits of riding ever seen. The Duke came up to him when the race was over, flushed and excited, and said sharply: "You're a thief, John Day, you're a thief!"

John's face turned as pale as ashes, and he stammered out: "Your Grace, what have I done to displease you?"

"You stole that race, John Day, you stole that race!" And many another theft of the same kind did John Day perpetrate for the good old master of whom he always spoke in terms of reverence and affection.

The Duke had reached the patriarchal age of 84 when he died in 1844. His loss was deeply regretted by all true lovers of the "sport of kings", for he was a high-principled gentleman and a genuine sportsman, to whose indefatigable cultivation of the science of breeding the British Turf has cause to be profoundly and everlastingly grateful.

MR. GEORGE PAYNE.

I KNOW of few careers more puzzling than that of George Payne. He made his entry into the "Great world" with every advantage that mortal man can possibly desire; a princely income, a splendid constitution—such indeed as Nature does not bestow upon one man in a million—remarkable talents which would have fitted him to shine in the Senate or at the Bar, a fascinating manner which attracted men and women to him irresistibly and an inexhaustible vivacity of spirits, the buoyancy of which nothing could depress. The ball was at his feet. A brilliant career in whatever profession or calling he chose to follow was open to him. Friends of sober judgment urged him to go in either for the Bar or politics, the latter for choice. It was pointed out to him that he had only to stand for his native county, Northamptonshire, and his personal popularity would ensure his being returned at the head of the poll, as often as he chose to offer himself for election. But George Payne thought that life had better things to offer than forensic fame and political distinction. He disdained such paltry ambitions, and devoted himself heart and soul to the Turf, the Chase, and the card-table. If he had been content with the

two former I don't suppose he would have had any reason to regret his choice, but I can hardly think that he looked back upon the two fortunes lost at play without some pangs of regret, and possibly shame. However, it is not my cue to moralize, and when a man passes away amid the unfeigned sorrow of every human being that knew him and with the universal admission that he was beloved by men, and idolized by women, children, and dogs, who shall say that his life was wasted? But let us see what that life was.

Born of good old Northamptonshire stock in the year 1804, George Payne was left an orphan at the early age of six years, and under peculiarly painful circumstances, for his father was shot dead in a duel by the brother of a girl whom he had seduced. George, as eldest son, inherited Sulby Abbey with a rent-roll of £13,000 a year, increased before he came of age to £17,000, and £300,000 in ready money, which, with his rents, gave him when he came of age an income of £30,000 per annum. Thus equipped, George Payne took his place among his contemporaries in the world of sport and fashion. Already he had given evidence at Oxford of a wildness of disposition which boded ill for his future. He had entered at Christchurch and though the dons of that day were particularly lenient to young men of fortune and family, the escapades of young Payne were more than even their easy-going notions of discipline could tolerate. In vain his tutor remonstrated with him and held up before his eyes the frightful example of Colonel Mellish, to whom the worthy Don declared his pupil bore a striking resemblance in many points, George was incorrigible—his stud of hunters and racers was a scandal

to the University and he was at last requested to take his name off the books of the college—a request with which he willingly complied.

His passion for racing soon brought him into the vortex of the Turf, where he amazed old stagers by the recklessness of his betting. His first “facer” was received before he came of age. He lost £33,000 by Jerry’s victory in the St. Leger of 1824—not a bad beginning for a lad of twenty! He had already made himself popular, and expressions of condolence poured in upon him. But he took the loss very coolly, “It is a pleasure to lose it, by Jove!” he said, thereby proving that his philosophy was of the same sort as that of Charles James Fox, who declared that the next greatest pleasure to winning was losing.

With regard to this incident Sir William Gregory tells the following story.

After Jerry had won the St. Leger, Gully took George Payne behind the stand next day, and said, “I am very sorry, Mr. Payne, for what has occurred, but we were entirely deceived. I heard from what I thought the best authority that Jerry was infirm and doing no work whatever.”

“But,” rejoined Mr. Payne, “Jerry’s owner and his owner’s friends never ceased backing him, and his trainer gave them the most encouraging reports.”

“That is true,” said Gully, “but I had the fullest reason to believe that Croft was having a race for himself. It was a trap laid for me, into which I fell, and unfortunately led you to follow me. Now, mark my words, if you will be guided by my advice, you will get all your money back this time next year. You saw Mr. Watt’s Memnon win the Champagne

the day before yesterday. He is quite certain to win the next St. Leger if well on the day."

"That was nice consolation," added Payne, "for a young fellow who had to pay £24,000 next day; but I took his advice all the same, and got back £12,000 when Memnon won the St. Leger in 1825."

"But how did you get the money for the settling day after Jerry's easy victory?"

"Oh! that was all right!" he exclaimed. "In those days I always posted down to Doncaster with a money-lending fellow of the name of Hitchcock. Until the St. Leger nothing was good enough for him. 'Hitchcock, let me give you some more venison fat;' 'Waiter, bring a bottle of that champagne which Mr. Hitchcock liked last year;' 'Hitchcock, I have kept a fine fat partridge specially for you, let me give you the breast.' It was lovely to watch him writing cheques like a lamb when things went wrong. But if the St. Leger came off all right, and no money was wanted, the devil a bit of venison fat did he get, or anything else except the partridge drumsticks."

On the Turf George Payne was notoriously unlucky with his own horses, though he was sometimes fortunate in backing those of his friends. When he and Charles Greville, Clerk of the Council, whose "Memoirs" have now passed into a classic, put their heads and their horses together some very good *coups* were landed. But Mr. Payne's first racing confederate was Mr. Bouverie of Delapré Abbey near Northampton. Mr. Bouverie's colours were all black, while those of his friend were all white. It was suggested that the confederates should amalgamate their colours. They did so, and hence the famous "magpie jacket" and the

pattern of that wonderful neckerchief, dubbed by his intimates the "Payne tartan", which Mr. Payne wore to the end of his life.

But popular as those colours were and often as they were seen at Newmarket, Epsom and Ascot, Goodwood and Doncaster and on every other race-course in England, not excluding even the most petty and insignificant, they were never associated with any greater Turf success than the occasional winning of a good handicap. The best horse Mr. Payne ever owned was Musket, one of the horses bequeathed him by Lord Glasgow, who left him at the same time a legacy of £25,000, but Musket never carried the magpie stripes, for the slashing son of Toxopholite was always ridden in the Glasgow white and crimson, as a compliment to the memory of his former owner, who perhaps never in his life-time ran so good a horse.

In the Oaks of 1840 George Payne was very nearly "hoist with his own petard", for he had a clipping filly, named Welfare, in the race, on whom he had only a paltry hundred whilst he stood to win thousands on Lord George Bentinck's flying mare Crucifix. Imagine his horror when he saw his own filly challenge the favourite and for a second or two look uncommonly like winning, for the jockey had no instructions not to ride Welfare for all she was worth, and was within an ace of upsetting his owner's apple cart. George Payne vowed afterwards that it was almost with terror that he looked into the first mirror he came across, expecting to find that his hair had turned grey in that moment of agony.

His betting, as I have already said, was of the

most reckless description. He would sometimes back two dozen horses in a race for a big handicap and then miss the winner. Some of his *coups*, however, were well-judged. Twice he only failed by a hair's breadth to pull off an immense stake. The first was in Lord Lyon's year when he stood to win £60,000 on Savernake and the horse only lost the Derby by the shortest of short heads. Indeed, there are sportsmen to this day who maintain that the race ended in a dead heat. The second was in Cremorne's year when Pell Mell which Mr. Payne had backed to win him £40,000 got up to the winner of the Derby but failed by a head to get past him.

In conjunction with General Peel Mr. Payne for some years managed Lord Glasgow's stud at Enfield, and those paddocks brought him luck, though not till some years after the "grim earl's" death, for thence came Sefton by whose victory in the Derby of 1878 Mr. Payne won £20,000, little dreaming that it was the last race for the Blue Riband he was ever to witness.

But though Mr. Payne owned race-horses without intermission from 1840 to 1878 he was singularly unlucky in being unable to get hold of a really first-class animal. He never won the Derby, Oaks, St. Leger or Two Thousand Guineas, and his solitary victory with Clementina for the One Thousand was achieved with a filly which he bought reluctantly, at the instance of Mr. Francis Villiers, from the fifth Earl of Jersey. He was under the impression that a fine colt of his, named The Trapper, would have won the Derby had he not hit his leg just before the race when quoted at 8 to 1, but then he was equally sanguine about Glendower,

who never did anything better than running second for the Two Thousand. Indeed, considering his large and varied experience, Mr. Payne was never a good judge of racing, and Nat Flatman, his favourite jockey, used to make his hearers roar with laughter as he told in his own dry way how Mr. Payne and Mr. Greville when they stood together, representing the winning post at the end of a trial, would wrangle for half an hour, each holding a different opinion as to which horse had won.

"I could tell you," says an intimate friend of George Payne's, "dozens of stories of which Payne was the hero. Nothing was more droll than his management of Charles Greville, his life-long confederate. Do you remember our old friend Drumlanrig executing a heavy commission for Greville on Adine for the Goodwood Stakes, which she won very easily? Next day Greville had a great pot, in Muscovite, for the Goodwood Cup, and thought, after Adine's victory on Wednesday, that Muscovite could not be beaten on Thursday. The Muscovite commission, however, he kept secret from Drumlanrig, denying to him, when questioned, that he himself was backing that horse. Upon discovering the truth, Drumlanrig went up to Greville in great dudgeon, and told him his mind. He ended by throwing down the list of bets which he had taken for Greville about Adine, and told him to collect them for himself. Greville was in great perturbation about the affair, partly from consciousness that he had acted shabbily, and partly because he knew Drumlanrig to be one of the most courageous and impetuous of men. Several messengers were sent by Greville to Drumlanrig, but nothing would soften him: so Payne took

him in hand. Approaching him with a *bonhomie* peculiarly his own, he said,

"Well, Drum, I hear that old Charles Greville has been doing by you what he sometimes does even by me, who am his confederate. At times I feel inclined to kick him round the course, especially so at this moment, when I have a bone to pick with him about a matter with which I need not trouble you.' Having thus spoken, away he went, and returned to the charge after a couple of races had been run, exclaiming.

"Well, after all, Greville is very contrite for his misconduct to us both, and I have consented to forgive him. It all comes of illness: he has had a terrible fit of gout coming on, which makes him miserable. Indeed I think it is through grizzling about you that the gout is sent to punish him. There he stands, dying to speak to you, but afraid to do so, knowing what kind of man you are. After all, there is not a warmer-hearted fellow in existence, but when his gout is coming on he is not accountable for what he does.'

"At this explanation Drumlanrig was mollified, and Greville, having been beckoned up by Payne, hobbled up, shook hands, and was duly forgiven. How it would have ended had Muscovite won the Cup, instead of being almost last for it, I will not undertake to say."

I have said that Mr. Payne was an infatuated gambler, not only on the Turf but at the card-table. For upwards of fifty years he spent more nights at play than any man that ever cut a pack of cards, and one eventful incident in his card-playing experience led to a very disagreeable result. In the year 1837 occurred

the celebrated trial of "Lord de Ros v. Cumming" which threw the light of publicity upon one of the biggest Society scandals of the century. Lord de Ros had been a constant player, chiefly at whist and écarté, at the West End Clubs and was so steady a winner that in the winter of 1836 rumours began to circulate that his play was not fair. Hints were given him which he declined to take. "The best efforts," says Thackeray in his "Four Georges," "were made to screen him. One greenhorn, who had observed his foul play, asked an old hand what he should do. 'Do,' said the Mammon of Unrighteousness, '*back him, you fool.*' People wrote him anonymous letters and warned him, but he would cheat and they were obliged to find him out." He was closely watched on several occasions and he was detected in the act of marking the cards and performing also the sleight of hand feat known as *sauter la coupe*. He had many accusers but the chief among them were Mr. Payne, Mr. Brooke Greville, Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Cumming.

Lord de Ros, who was abroad when the scandal was first set rolling, returned to England as soon as he heard of it, and having traced the accusations to their source, was ill-advised enough to bring an action for libel against Mr. Cumming which was tried before Lord Denman and a special jury on the 10th of February 1837. The sensation produced by the trial was profound, and remained unparalleled until a recent scandal of a similar character created an almost equal commotion. The Court was crowded with ladies and gentlemen moving in the highest circles of fashion and the *Times* gave a full *verbatim* report of the proceedings.

A great many witnesses were put into the box, especially for the defence. Mr. Payne's evidence was very important, and in order that it might have its full effect on the minds of the jury he was put into the box last, for in those days no second speech was allowed to the defendant's counsel. When all that could be elicited in favour of Mr. Cumming and in direct proof that Lord de Ros had cheated at cards on the specific occasions named, had been got out of Mr. Payne by Counsel for the defence, he was cross-examined by Sir William Follett on behalf of the plaintiff, as follows.

"You have been a good deal connected with gambling transactions, Mr. Payne, have you not?"

"Yes, I have."

"Spent a great deal of money on the race-course and also been connected with betting proceedings and with cards?"

"Yes, a great deal."

"Have you been in the habit of playing with Lord de Ros?"

"Yes."

"In the early part of your career, Mr. Payne, you were very unfortunate, I think?"—"Very much so."

"And lost a considerable fortune?"—"I lost a considerable sum of money certainly."

"You lost, I believe, the whole of your patrimony?"—"My lord, am I bound to answer that question? And yet I do not see why I should not. Yes, sir, I lost a considerable part of it."

"You have been more fortunate since though?"—

"No, my old luck has continued pretty much throughout."

In this frank and manly fashion Mr. Payne answered all the searching questions put to him. Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Chancellor and author of "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" which Lord Brougham declared to have added another terror to death, one of the bitterest and most sarcastic men of his day, replied on the whole case for the plaintiff in a slashing speech in which he spoke of "Payne the professional gamester", accused him of having conspired with Brooke Greville to get up this charge against Lord de Ros and amongst other aspersions on the character of the witness whose evidence he sought to discredit, used one phrase which especially exasperated Mr. Payne. Sir John said, that "having started as a dupe he soon crystallized into something worse." So angry was George Payne at the imputation conveyed in these words that he waited for Sir John Campbell for several afternoons outside Westminster Hall, horse-whip in hand, with the firm intention of giving the eminent Counsel a sound trouncing, but the canny Scotchman got notice of the intended onslaught, and slipping out each afternoon by a back way, allowed sufficient time for Mr. Payne's wrath to cool, when he offered an apology through the medium of Colonel Anson who was, like Charles Greville, a sort of general peace-maker, and Mr. Payne at once good-humouredly forgave him. Lord de Ros lost his case, and being thus branded as a convicted cheat, hid himself and his shame in an obscure continental town where he died in poverty and disgrace.

✂ Of the card-playing stories in which Mr. Payne figures as a hero there is no end. Here are a couple of the best of them. At a time when *écarté* was the most fashionable private game of the day, Mr. Payne

was one of its most infatuated votaries. It is a tradition of Limmer's Hotel, then the head-quarters of the fastest sporting set about town, that he and Lord Albert Denison, afterwards the first Lord Londesbrough, sat up all night at that famous West End hostelry, and that when they separated in the morning, Lord Albert, having lost about £30,000, proceeded to the adjoining Temple of Hymen, St. George's, Hanover Square, to be married to his first wife, Miss Henriette Maria Forester, the sister of Lady Chesterfield, Mrs. Anson and Lady Bradfort.

With the same antagonist and playing the same game Mr. Payne once set out from London in a post-chaise to pay a visit to a country house in the New Forest. They played all day, and when night fell a lamp in the roof of the chaise was lighted, and they proceeded to deal and propose without intermission. George Payne was in the midst of a capital run of luck with £100 staked on each game, when both players became aware that the chaise had stopped and that the bewildered post-boy, who had lost his way, was tapping lustily with the butt end of his whip at the window of the post-chaise to attract the attention of the occupants. "What do you want?" said Mr. Payne testily, lowering the window. "Please, sir, I've lost, my way." "Well, go and find it then, and when you've found it come and tell us." Up went the glass, the players resumed their game and the post boy had to find his way as best he could. The amount of money, by the way, which George Payne spent on travelling in post-chaises was enormous, and some one once calculated that if capitalized it would have produced an income of something like £1000 a year.

During many years of his life Mr. Payne was in the habit of getting up, after two or three hours in bed, to attend to his speculations in the City. There was nothing in which he would not dabble, and he loved, in his own inimitable fashion, to tell a story at his own expense in connection with what he called "a shot in tallow" in which he once indulged. During the Crimean War a friend advised him that tallow was sure to go up, and recommended him strongly to buy a lot of P. Y. C. or "prime yellow candle". He was then living at Steven's Hotel in Bond Street, and acting upon his friend's advice, he went early into the City and betook himself to a broker's in Mincing Lane, whose address had been furnished to him. Having given instructions that ever so many tierces of tallow should be bought for him, he added the information that his address was at Steven's Hotel, and was asked by the clerk whether the purchase was "for delivery". Not understanding the question Payne answered thoughtlessly, "Yes, certainly," and forgot all about the matter until, a fortnight later, he was astonished, while breakfasting in the Hotel, at having a greasy document put into his hand with an announcement from the waiter that "the men had come with the tallow". Going to the door to ascertain the meaning of this mysterious message, he found a cart full of tallow standing before the entrance to the Hotel, and as far as his eye could reach a string of similar carts behind it. "Never trust me," he exclaimed to a knot of friends whom he found at the Turf Club, "if Bond Street was not choked with tallow carts up to Oxford Street." "That," he used to add drily, when telling the

story, "was my first and last transaction in tallow."

Another story which he used to tell against himself was the following. Going to Goodwood one day he was taking his ticket at the Railway Station when through the crowd there was thrust a hand which tapped him on the shoulder. "Take me one, George," said a tall man, well-dressed, in costume rather horsey than elegant. Mr. Payne took the ticket and handed it over to the free-and-easy speaker who said, "Thanks, George, settle at Goodwood," and disappeared in the crowd for ever and aye. Never from that moment did George Payne set eyes again on that hardened welsher, and he was never tired of telling the story and laughing over it. "You see," he used to add, explanatorily, "more people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows. I did not know him from the dead but thought I must have met him abroad somewhere. Clever rascal! He is welcome I am sure to his fraud and the proceeds."

Whilst emphasizing Mr. Payne's connection with the Turf I must not, however, omit to mention that there was another great sport of which he was also for some time a distinguished ornament, and that was the Chase. He was a most accomplished Master of Foxhounds and when, by the universal suffrages of the sportsmen of Northamptonshire, he was elected Master of the Pytchley Hunt, his term of office was marked by a magnificence and splendour unsurpassed even in Lord Chesterfield's time. When he resigned the Mastership, the whole of the Pytchley country united to present him with a suitable testimonial, which took the form of a silver epergne 3 ft. 6 in. in height and 600 ounces in weight, with a representation at its base of Mr. Payne

as Master of the Hounds running into a fox at the foot of a tree. It bore this inscription: "Presented to George Payne Esquire, of Sulby Hall, by upwards of six hundred farmers, tradesmen and others of Northamptonshire as a testimonial of their high esteem for him and their gratitude for his unceasing efforts to promote the manly and healthy sports of the county."

George Payne was, as I have stated, an inveterate gambler—he ran through two, if not three, fortunes: he wasted on the Turf and at the card-table abilities which might have secured him a high and honourable fame. Yet for all that, when he died on the 10th of August 1878 his loss was keenly felt and sincerely mourned by thousands, from the Queen herself to the humblest Northamptonshire tradesman. And the reason is not far to seek. George Payne was a true English gentleman, large-hearted, high-spirited, the pink of chivalry and the soul of honour—a man of a most lovable nature—for whom I can think of no more fitting epitaph than the words of Chaucer. "He was a very parfit, gentil knight."

THE EARL OF JERSEY.

THE name of Jersey has been rendered more notorious in history by the women than by the men who have borne it. The first Countess of Jersey was Barbara Chiffinch, daughter of William Chiffinch, Keeper of the Closet to Charles II, a person whose confidential relations with the Merry Monarch were of the most scandalous nature. The fair Barbara inherited the paternal talent for intrigue and, like the virtuous woman eulogized by Solomon, was, if not a Crown, at all events a Coronet to her husband, for she helped largely towards securing him the Earldom of Jersey from William III, whom he faithfully served. Her intrigues, however, were political, and left no stain upon her character as a wife. Then there was the fourth Countess, "the beautiful Miss Twysden", daughter of the Bishop of Raphoe, who wrought such havoc with the domestic peace of our Fourth George, and treacherously poisoned his mind against his unhappy spouse Caroline. Lastly there was Sarah Sophia Child Fane the fifth Countess, the brilliant Queen of Society, who could twist the Iron Duke round her little finger and reigned for forty years as a very Zenobia of fashion. These two last ladies were intimately connected with

the subject of my sketch,—the one was his mother, the other his wife.

George Child Villiers, 6th Earl of Jersey, who has left his name imperishably stamped upon the records of the Turf, was the eldest son of George Bussey Villiers, 4th Earl of Jersey, and was born on the 19th August 1773. His father, who held the post of Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Buckhounds, during the reign of George III, was a man of stainless honour and chivalrous spirit, and the son fortunately inherited the paternal qualities and owed little except his handsome face to his mother. His commanding stature, his aristocratic air, his high sense of honour, his fearless nature, his sporting instincts, his skill in horsemanship, were all derived from his sire. Young Lord Villiers soon made his mark as a daring horseman among the first flight of the bold riders who were then the wonder and the pride of the Midlands. Everyone who knows anything at all about hunting has heard of the famous Billesdon Coplow Run, which took place on the 24th of February 1800 and has been immortalized in song as the greatest event in the annals of Leicestershire sport. Foremost among the heroes of that memorable run was George Child Villiers, and there must be many old sportsmen still living who can remember him as Earl of Jersey, an old man of seventy odd, riding to hounds with Squire Drake in Oxfordshire and retaining even then that "grand air" in the saddle which had made him the admired of Leicestershire men and women in the hunting field forty years before.

Lord Villiers became Earl of Jersey in 1805 and in the previous year he had married Lady Sarah Sophia

Child Fane, daughter of the Earl of Westmorland, who brought her husband a princely dowry which enabled him to gratify his passion for the Turf. The circumstances under which Lady Mary Fane became an heiress were romantic. In the year 1782 the tenth Earl of Westmorland eloped with the only daughter of old Mr. Child, the famous banker. The pair of fugitive lovers, after the good old fashion, fled as fast as post-horses could carry them to Gretna Green. But the old man, mad with fury at being robbed of his daughter by a man whom he detested, was soon on their track, and by lavish, reckless expenditure of guineas gained upon them rapidly. In vain Lord Westmorland urged his postboys to ply whip and spur. Swiftly and surely the pursuer closed upon the luckless fugitives. The Border was within sight when the post-chaise of the enraged father galloped up alongside the runaways. Lord Westmorland leaned out of the window pistol in hand, and shot one of Mr. Child's leaders dead. Before the traces could be cut from the dead horse, another leader procured, and the chaise started again, the Border had been crossed, the blacksmith had tied the knot, and the wedded pair were locked in the bridal chamber when the old banker arrived, furious and fuming, upon the scene. His wrath at finding himself too late to stop the marriage was fearful. He cursed his daughter and swore she should never have a penny of his money. He relented, however, before his death, and bequeathed her the whole of his large fortune, but with this proviso attached, that not a farthing was to go to any of the male issue of the marriage. Consequently the whole sum went to the eldest daughter, who brought it as her dowry to George Child Villiers.

But Lady Jersey had more than money to recommend her;—she had beauty and talents of a high order. She was one of the most remarkable women of the century, and her influence over the world of fashion was on the whole a healthy one.

It was not, however, till some years after his marriage that the Earl of Jersey started breeding and training race-horses at his ancestral seat, Middleton Stoney in Oxfordshire. And when his name began to appear in the stud-book there were those who recalled an historical fact,—that his ancestor George Duke of Buckingham, the madcap favourite of Charles II, had been the owner of one of the great pedigree sires of the day, the Helmsley Turk, a horse bred by Oliver Cromwell's stud-master, Josiah Place, who, like the Protector himself, was an excellent judge of horseflesh. The first notable success gained by Lord Jersey was in 1818, when his Cannon Ball won the Jockey-Club Plate. Then for a while the Earl was in confederacy with Sir John Shelley. But it was in 1824 that Lord Jersey's stud commenced that extraordinary series of triumphs which, considering the limited number of horses in training, is almost unparalleled in the history of the Turf. His wonderful mare Cobweb won for him the One Thousand Guineas, and the Oaks in 1824, and did him even more signal service at the stud, for she was the dam of such splendid offspring as Nell Gwynne, Bay Middleton, Achmet, Cæsar, Glenorchy and Clementina,—the last named, foaled when Cobweb was three-and-twenty years of age, won for Mr. George Payne the One Thousand Guineas in 1847, the only classic race ever placed to the credit of the Magpie Jacket.

Thrice Lord Jersey won the Derby; in 1825 with Middleton, in 1827 with Mameluke, in 1836 with Bay Middleton. The Two Thousand fell to him five times; first with Riddlesworth in 1831 and then for *four consecutive years*, 1834—1837, with Gencro, Ibrahim, Bay Middleton, and Achmet. His Lordship was even more successful in the Riddlesworth Stakes, which he took six times;—with Riddlesworth in 1831, Lucius in 1833, Gencro in 1834, Bay Middleton in 1836, Phoenix in 1838, Ilderim 1839.

It was a curious circumstance that Lord Jersey's first Derby winner, the chestnut colt Middleton, had never run in public till he won the Derby, and never ran again. It was his first and last appearance as a racer. I can only recall one similar instance, that of Amato who lies buried beneath an imposing tomb among the beautiful woods of the Durdans.

There were, in fact, remarkable, I may almost say sensational circumstances surrounding all Lord Jersey's Derby winners. One of the finest horses that ever came from the Middleton-Stoney Stud was an own brother of Middleton named Glenartney. How the name recalls the charming picture with which the "Lady of the Lake" opens,—

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

Now Glenartney was unquestionably the best horse of his year, and could not have lost the Derby of 1827 if he had been allowed to run free. But Lord Jersey had another crack in the race, Mameluke, and Mameluke won. There was a general outcry from the public,

who would not be persuaded that Glenartney had not been deliberately pulled to enable his stable companion to win. For Lord Jersey it was contended that he had never declared to win with either horse, and that the jockeys of both had orders to run to win. But the public would have it that Glenartney was pulled and I think there was very good reason for holding that belief, though I do not say for a moment that Lord Jersey was privy to the pulling. He was not a betting man—seldom had a shilling on a race—but Glenartney's jockey was a notorious bettor, and it is quite conceivable that he disobeyed orders and pulled Glenartney in order that Mameluke, on whom he had staked his money, might win. It was a significant fact that Lord Jersey sold Mameluke to John Gully for 4,000 guineas at the ensuing Ascot, whilst he refused 5,000 guineas for Glenartney, a proof that *he* at any rate believed Glenartney to be the better horse of the two.

Well, then there was Bay Middleton, whose career was full of romantic incidents. I should state here that Lord Jersey *never ran his horses as two-year-olds* and this fact may account for their remarkable success as three-year-olds, though any argument deduced thence against two-year-old racing is somewhat discounted by the curious circumstance that, with one or two notable exceptions, none of Lord Jersey's horses were good stayers at four years old and upwards.

To return to Bay Middleton. He was trained by James Edwards at Mickleham in Surrey, and they still show you down there "Bay Middleton's Gallop", which is indeed a puny exercise ground compared with those at Newmarket and most other famous

training quarters. The horse's temper was so savage that it seemed probable he would distinguish himself first by killing his jockey. When he first turned out in public to run for the Riddlesworth Stakes at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1836 there was, therefore, considerable apprehension lest his temper should prove so ungovernable as to endanger his prospect of success. Barring this, the race was at his mercy, and betting was 6 to 4 on him. He ran kindly and won by four lengths. For the Two Thousand, Bay Middleton's only formidable rival was Lord George Bentinck's Elis. The race lay between them, and a very ticklish task Jem Robinson had that day to steer Lord Jersey's horse to victory. Bay Middleton had shown signs of being fractious before the start, and Robinson hardly dared to move in his saddle lest the horse should resent it. The finish was a grand one—old John Day was riding Elis and was only beaten by a neck. For the Derby Elis was not entered, but the field was a strong one. Lord Wilton's Gladiator, John Day's Venison, Colonel Peel's Slane, all of whom were placed by the judge, were a very formidable trio to face, but Bay Middleton showed his heels to the lot and romped in two lengths ahead of Gladiator, his nearest opponent. It was remarked at the time as an instance of singular generosity on Lord Jersey's part that he presented Jem Robinson with £200 for winning the Two Thousand and a similar sum for winning the Derby. It was but ten years before that the Duke of Grafton thought he was behaving very handsomely to John Day by making him a present of £20 for winning the One Thousand and Two Thousand for him in the same week!

That Derby of 1836 was marked by a tragic incident which caused as much excitement at the time as the death of the Marquis of Queensberry under similar circumstances in 1858. The Hon. Berkeley Craven, a well-known figure in the world of sport and fashion, blew out his brains in desperation at finding himself unable to meet the losses he had incurred.

The great sporting "sensation" of that year was undoubtedly the meeting of Bay Middleton and Elis, the winners of the Derby and St. Leger, in the Grand Duke Michael Stakes at Newmarket. Lord George Bentinck was the owner of Elis, though the horse ran the race in the colours of Lord Litchfield, and he fondly hoped that Elis would avenge his defeat in the Two Thousand. But the Newmarket Flat suited the grand stride of the Derby winner, and for the second time Elis had to acknowledge his master in Bay Middleton. Immediately after the race Lord George Bentinck offered 4,000 guineas for Bay Middleton, and Lord Jersey, who at times was as careless of owning a splendid horse as the Duke of Westminster, sold his third and last Derby winner, the greatest race-horse he ever had, for that sum. But the Fates had decreed that Bay Middleton was never to run under any other colours than those of the Earl of Jersey, for one of his fore-legs gave way and he was never again able to stand a course of training.

As Bay Middleton was the most celebrated horse owned and bred by Lord Jersey, I think the following sketch of the close of his career by a writer whose graphic style renders him always worth quoting, will not be deemed out of place.

"Bay Middleton was a most frantic subject to

begin with; and became so bad that when Lord Jersey met Robinson by chance in London in the February of his Derby year, he begged him as an especial favour to go back and ride him. Jim accordingly booked himself by 'The Magnet', and knocked up Edwards immediately on his arrival. He put his night-capped head forth from his lattice and said, 'Oh, dear! I'm so glad you've come. He's bolted with everybody. We'll gallop at the Cambridge Gap in the morning.' Before mounting, Robinson had some fearful admonitions from 'Paddy Carey', as the head boy was called. He asked him to stick to his head for a minute, till he was settled in the saddle, but—'My flesh! I'd better hold the hack—we'll all be killed together,' was his prompt counterproposition, and he let him go almost before Jim had time to lick his fingers.

"In his first canter he went very uneasily, as the martingale was far too short, and tearing at the girths. 'My flesh!' was then called to let it out or take it off; and when by a series of nervous dashes he had succeeded in partially doing the latter, the horse trod upon it, and, feeling his head loose at last, went off like a gunshot. Edwards in vain tried to lead him on Sepoy; but he had no notion of following anything, and dashed up the hill right across the Cambridge Turnpike, into the Links. This was his first essay, but Robinson gradually brought him under, and when a few horses had been pulled up, to teach him to leave them on the long hill, he went away from Muzzin at 13 lbs. in a match, with his ears pricked. He was not a quick beginner, and at half a mile many would have scrambled away from him, but whatever distance the race or the sweat might be,

for they never tried him, Robinson never heard him blow. He was rather short in his back ribs, and weak in his loins but his brisket, thighs, and hocks were as good as they could be, and his plump hind quarters (in which the Cows follow him), his wicked style of head, and his arched neck, which was so beautifully set on from the withers, may be traced in many of his descendants, especially in the mares. It is a rule which holds good 990 times out of a thousand, that the length of the head multiplied by three gives the length of the horse, and we believe that in Bay Middleton the measure answered exactly. Lord Jersey remarked on the length of his head, when Mr. Herring was painting the bay after the Derby; but—'Yes, my lord, if he hadn't had so long a head, you would not have had so long a horse,' was the reply. His shoulders were thin and well laid back, and good ones to correct Touchstones with. None of his sons really resembled him, to our mind, except Ruby, and he only did so when he was drawn quite fine for the Ascot Meeting, and then the likeness struck no one more than Lord Jersey himself.

"The old horse was ill all the summer of '56, and died on November 3rd of the following year. His heels had been very bad, and kept in perpetual turnip poultices, and for the last three or four days he lay down and tossed in great pain. Matter seemed to come from every part of him, including his eyes, and the mysterious off forefoot enlarged considerably, but there was no *post mortem* upon it. He was buried within ten yards of his stable door; but a few days after they had to dig down to him, as Lord Jersey sent to beg the near forefoot."

In my sketch of Lord George Bentinck I had occasion, of course, to mention his famous mare "Crucifix", and as an appropriate pendant to the foregoing picture of Bay Middleton, I may give the following.

Bay Middleton's old mate, Crucifix, who just survived him a year, is now buried just beside him, inside the rustic paling of a small flower plot, and John and Alfred Day each planted a cedar to their memory. The spot was all blooming with hollyhocks when we passed it in October '58, to take another glance at old Crucifix. There she stood, quite wasted and listless, under the wall of a loose box, with withers as sharp as a knife. She had kept in pretty blooming condition till her wonted Stockbridge race levee was over, and then she began to fail very fast. Since Challice in 1852 she had bred no foal, and always broke at the end of a fortnight. Her great peculiarity was the narrowness of her chest, and hence in her training she perpetually suffered from speedy cut.

Her legs went within a week after the Oaks race, but the secret never fairly oozed out till the Saturday before the St. Leger. Looking thinner than she was in her "sky-blue and white cap" days, and with her great hips and deep brisket more prominently marked than ever, she seemed like the last Turf relic of Lord George, whose heart was at one time never far from the Danebury Paddocks. He spent no less than fifteen hundred over them in three years, in bone-dust alone, and spread some of it himself with his coat off, while John Day Junr. wheeled the barrow. A neighbouring parson espied him at his labours, and said that he could "blow off such top-dressing with his pocket-handkerchief". Of course some one was kind enough

to repeat it to his lordship, and at a dinner party in the neighbourhood shortly after, he told with great glee how the church had been touting him through the hedge, and, little thinking that the very man sat right opposite him, asked the lady of the house—
"Who is this parson?"

Lord Jersey was in his sixty-fourth year when he saw Bay Middleton win the Grand Duke Michael Stakes and thus worthily close a brilliant three-year-old career unsullied by a single defeat. From that day till his death in 1859 the tall stately figure and handsome face of the fifth Earl of Jersey were very seldom seen on a race-course. He seemed to lose his zest for racing as he grew old, though to the last his interest in breeding blood stock was keen. And yet despite all his splendid successes Lord Jersey lost heavily by racing. From first to last he must have been something like £400,000 out of pocket by his stud. For as I have said he scorned to recoup himself, like Lord George Bentinck, by heavy betting. I don't suppose he ever won more than £500 on a race and very often did not back his horses for a farthing. He raced for the love of the sport and for the pride it afforded him to see his judgment in breeding vindicated by success on the race-course. There was no mercenary taint about his patronage of the Turf, and for that reason his career as a sportsman claims our respect and admiration.

The later years of Lord Jersey's life were clouded by domestic sorrow. One after the other his children died before him till only one of seven was left—his beautiful daughter Lady Clementina—one of the loveliest women of her day, and when death took her too

in 1858, the shock broke the hearts of both father and mother—they never recovered from it, and within a twelve-month George Child Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey, was laid in the family vault beside the children who had gone before him. I can fancy the sorrowing old man in that last year of bereavement saying with Edward Burke: "I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors."



Ben

GENERAL PEEL.

IT would be hard to find a family more thoroughly English in its characteristics than that of the Peels. The first Sir Robert Peel was one of those solid, weighty, sensible men of business who have ever been the backbone both of the politics and the commerce of England, and the baronetcy which Mr. Pitt conferred upon him in the year 1800 was but an inadequate reward for the services he had rendered to the State. He had contributed £10,000 to the "Loyalty Loan" for assisting the Government in their life and death struggle with Napoleon; he had raised and equipped at his own cost a regiment of Volunteers among the workmen in his own cotton mills; and at a time when the national finances were in a parlous state, it was largely through his wise advice that the means were adopted which prevented a most disastrous crisis.

His celebrated son, the second Sir Robert Peel, was the most thoroughly English Premier that the country had seen since Sir Robert Walpole, though he represented a far higher and nobler phase of the national character than the fox-hunting, hard-drinking Minister of the first two Georges.

And what the father was in commerce and the eldest son in politics, Jonathan, the fifth son, was in sport. The same stern honesty, the same strong sense, the same high code of honour which had made the cotton spinner and the statesman trusted and respected were conspicuous, mingled with more genial qualities than either his father or brother possessed, in the fine character of the sportsman.

The Right Honourable Jonathan Peel, better known to fame as General Peel, was born on the 12th of October 1799. His eldest brother, the future Prime Minister, had been educated for a political career, and the other three brothers had already embraced different professions when Jonathan, the youngest, joined the army as ensign in a marching regiment. He was but a boy of fifteen when he received his first commission in the memorable month of June 1815, just three days before the battle of Waterloo. The peace which followed prevented him from seeing service and his subsequent steps in the profession were obtained by purchase. But in 1854 General Peel repeatedly applied to Lord Panmure, then Secretary at War, for permission to join the British army before Sebastopol; his applications, however, were coldly refused on the alleged ground of his age, though he was still a hale and vigorous man in his fifty-fifth year, far better fitted by his iron constitution for enduring the hardships of a campaign than hundreds of younger men. Few frequenters of Newmarket five-and-thirty years ago will fail to remember the General's erect figure, unprotected by even the lightest great-coat, though the keen October blasts were sweeping across the Heath with a cutting force that made the ulster-clad sportsman

often shiver—a sufficient test of hardihood one would think—and the man who could do that at sixty-five could surely have faced with impunity even a Russian winter at fifty-five.

Jonathan Peel was early entered to sport, and his audacity as a bettor in his youth was a remarkable contrast to the sober and moderate speculations of his maturer age. There is an amusing story told, of the way in which the young subaltern startled General Sir John Byng, grandfather of the present Lord Strafford, in this connection on the first occasion they met. Sir John Byng, who was as fond of the Turf as the rest of his sporting race, took his seat one day at the head of the mess as Colonel of the Regiment. Conversation turned upon the Doncaster St. Leger, which was close at hand, and Sir John being anxious to back a horse belonging to Lord Fitzwilliam, opened his negotiations by offering to take £5,000 to £100 about another horse in the same stable. From his long acquaintance with the officers of his own regiment Sir John thought it extremely improbable that his offer would be accepted, but his consternation may be imagined when from the lower end of the table, a voice exclaimed, "Done, sir, I will lay you 50 hundreds to one."

The speaker was a young officer from another regiment, whose presence as a guest had not been noticed by the Colonel. The bet was booked with a wry face by Sir John Byng, who had made the offer purely out of brag with no expectation of being snapped up in this unceremonious fashion, but could not well back out of it in the presence of his brother officers. The layer of the odds was Lieutenant Peel, and this was the commencement of a friendship between

Sir John Byng and himself which lasted till death severed it.

General Peel commenced his turf career in 1821 when, with the Duke of Richmond and Lord Stradbroke, he was part owner of some horses which were trained at Goodwood by John Kent. In that year, as he told Lord Rosebery's Select Horse Committee in 1873; he bred Fille de Joie, who, if she did not do much herself, won renown through her offspring. In 1823 Captain Peel, as he then was, won three two-year-old races, and in 1824 he was within an ace of securing the Oaks with his filly who ran second to Lord Jersey's Cobweb. It was not till the year 1830, however, that Jonathan Peel's name first appeared in the Calendar, when he raced in confederacy with his relation General Yates. Two years later he took a leading position on the Turf through the victory of his horse Archibald in the Two Thousand Guineas, and his good fortune culminated with the triumph of his Orlando in the Derby of 1844, for which race his Ionian also ran second.

That Derby of 1844 was without question the most sensational on record, and will be always associated with the exposure of the most impudent and audacious fraud that has ever disgraced the Turf. A horse entered on the card as "Mr. A. Wood's Running Rein, by the Saddler out of Queen Mab by Duncan Grey", ridden by Mann, came in first. Now Running Rein in the previous October had won a two-year-old race at Newmarket by which his trainer Levi Goodman was known to have netted a big stake.

There were suspicions even then that the horse was really at least a year older than the age stated, and the Duke of Rutland entered an objection which,

however, was over-ruled for want of direct evidence, though all bets were paid under protest. When, however, Running Rein came in first for the Derby, Colonel Peel, as owner of the second horse, Orlando, not only promptly lodged an objection but obtained an order of the Court of Queen's Bench prohibiting Messrs. Weatherby from giving up the Stakes until the case had been decided at law.

Colonel Peel's contention was that Running Rein was not the three-year-old described in his entry, but a four-year-old named Maccabæus by Gladiator, dam by Capsicum, bred by Sir Charles Ibbetson in 1840. Lord George Bentinck took the case up with extraordinary energy and enthusiasm. He travelled from London to interview Mr. Thomas Ferguson, the well-known Irish Turfite, at Rossmore Lodge on the Curragh of Kildare, as to his knowledge of the circumstances under which the substitution of a four-year-old for a three-year-old had taken place; he went here, there, and everywhere in search of evidence and he welded each little link into a long chain of proof with such consummate skill that even the bewigged critics of Westminster Hall had to admit that the astutest member of the profession could not have done the thing more cleverly and successfully. The result was that the Jockey Club disqualified Running Rein and awarded the race to Orlando.

Messrs. Weatherby paid the stakes into the Court of Exchequer and left Mr. Anthony Wood, the owner of Running Rein, and Colonel Peel to fight out the question between them.

The great *cause célèbre* of Wood v. Peel was heard before Baron Alderson and a special jury at West-

minster on the 1st of July 1844, and created an immense sensation in the sporting world. The issue to be tried was "whether a certain horse called Running Rein was a colt foaled in 1841, whose sire was the Saddler and dam Queen Mab?" The Plaintiff's case was that his horse was three years old and no more, and that the pedigree he gave was the true one. The defendant's case was that the colt Running Rein which came in first for the Derby was not what he was represented as being, but a bay colt by Gladiator, dam by Capsicum and bred by Sir Charles Ibbetson in 1840.

The judge on the first day, after hearing the opening of the case for the plaintiff, said, "Produce your horse, that's the best answer to the whole question. Let the jury see your horse examined by experts." The plaintiff promised that the horse should be produced next day. But when the trial was resumed on the second day plaintiff's counsel stated that though Mr. Wood was most anxious to produce the horse after his lordship's observations, it was put out of his power to do so, as the animal had been removed by some parties without his knowledge or consent, and he did not know where it was to be found. Whereupon Baron Alderson said sternly, "This is horse-stealing—a case for the Central Criminal Court and if I try the parties and they are convicted I'll transport them for life to a dead certainty."

Mr. Wood, the Plaintiff, then asked to be allowed to withdraw his action; he said that he was now quite satisfied that a gross fraud had been practised upon him, but as he had in perfect *bona fides* bought the horse with all his engagements he hoped no imputation

would rest upon *him*. The jury then returned a formal verdict for the defendant, and Orlando was duly and legally declared winner of the Derby of 1844. Mr. Wood was held blameless, but his rascally trainer "Levi" Goodman, and his confederates made themselves scarce and so escaped.

This, however, was not by any means the only scandal associated with that memorable Derby of 1844. Ratan, the second favourite, one of the finest horses ever seen on the Turf, was "made safe" the evening before the race by some cunningly devised bolus which effectually put him *hors de combat*. This dastardly crime broke the heart of old Crockford, the owner of Ratan, who had backed his horse to win him an immense stake, and he died on the morning of the Oaks. Moreover, there was another four-year-old in that Derby, Leander, whose fetlock was broken by a kick from Running Rein just at the start. The horse was shot and buried, but a party of sportsmen who suspected that this was another fraud, dug up the body at dead of night only to find that the *head*, where alone the incriminating evidence could have been discovered, was *gone*!

In recognition of Lord George Bentinck's strenuous and indefatigable exertions in checkmating this gang of robbers, a subscription was started to present him with a public testimonial. Upwards of £2,000 was subscribed and this sum, at Lord George's request, was made the nucleus of the now popular Bentinck Benevolent and Provident Fund for Trainers and Jockeys.

But to return to a pleasanter aspect of that sensational Derby. It gave Colonel Peel an opportunity of conspicuously displaying his high sense of honour. He had

laid his friend Lord Glasgow £10,000 to £100 against Ionian. When he tried the latter horse in the spring, he was surprised to find that the colt was nearly as good as his stable companion Orlando, and owner, trainer, and jockey came to the conclusion that if anything went wrong with Orlando Ionian must win. Under these circumstances Colonel Peel got his money covered at some sacrifice and then told the Earl of Glasgow to give his own orders to the jockey who was put upon Ionian. No one could better appreciate such a chivalrous act than the gallant Glasgow, himself, with all his crotchets, the soul of honour. "Let them fight it out", said he, and they did, with the result that the Earl's judgment proved correct.

It was a similar spirit too, which prompted the reluctance of Colonel Peel to declare to win with Taffrail, when he had the Cambridgeshire of 1848 at his command either with her or Dacia. He was one of those who held that the public were entitled to consideration, and in that instance he nobly showed his consideration for them—in a fashion which few owners of the present day would bind themselves to imitate.

But let me here give an anecdote illustrative of the General's lighter vein. I have already said that he possessed far more genial qualities than either his respected father or his honoured elder brother. One had only to glance at the shrewd and kindly face to feel certain that there was an element of genuine fun in the man, which could flash gleams of merriment from those humorous twinkling eyes. As a matter of fact he was full of fun, which sometimes found vent in real schoolboy fashion, as in the following incident which Sir William Gregory narrates.

"If ever you have occasion to deal with Nat or Captain Tommy Gardner, pray remember that they, General Peel, and I formed a band of devoted rat-hunters, who betook themselves after the races to their favourite pastime on a fine evening after the July or First October Meetings. Our *champ de bataille* was generally some oat stacks scattered here and there just outside the little town, on the Cheveley estate, which belonged to the Duke of Rutland. As evening began to fall, Nat, the famous jockey, would ride up to Peel, and touching his cap, would remark, 'We shall have a sure find to-night, Colonel, if convenient to you to come.' Not much difficulty was generally experienced about getting the Colonel and all of us to acquiesce. Accompanied by a professional rat-catcher, plentifully supplied with ferrets, and with several terriers at his heels, Nat led the way. Scarcely had the ferrets been turned into the ricks before the rats came tumbling out, and men and dogs were soon engaged in hot pursuit. One afternoon Tommy Gardner was standing underneath the rick with his mouth wide open, when a huge rat jumped down, and fell on the gaping orifice. 'Bless my soul, Captain,' exclaimed Nat, 'I thought it was old Squire Thornhill jumping down your throat?' After dinner we used to recount our exploits to the old Duke of Rutland, whom Colonel Peel treated with a mock gravity which it was impossible to witness without a painful effort to restrain one's own laughter. His Grace took much interest in our sport, exclaiming, 'I am deeply indebted to you, gentlemen, and to Flatman, your fogleman, for extirpating the rats which were destroying my ricks.' He would not probably

have been so grateful had he been aware that one day I asked Nat how he found out the stacks that were most infested with rats. 'Between you and me, sir,' he replied, 'there is not much difficulty about it. After the Second Spring Meeting I turn down a few rats to stock a rick with, and by the First October, if not by the July Meeting they are quite ready to be drawn.'

The Nat here referred to was of course the famous Jockey Elnathan Flatman, a grand horseman, who was a great favourite of General Peel's. Indeed there was only one other jockey who rivalled Nat in the General's estimation, and that was little Arthus Pavis, the fashionable light weight. The General's high opinion of Flatman I can understand, but how he should have thought so much of Pavis, a finnikin rider and conceited fop, I am at a loss to comprehend.

The General had two trainers during his long career on the Turf, Coope who trained Orlando and Tadmor for him, and Joseph Dawson, from whose stables came the horses which cast lustre on the later days of the Peel stud down to the last that bore to victory the purple jacket and orange cap, which for nearly sixty years had been familiar to English race-goers. It was Peter the Son of Hermit that won for General Peel his last Turf triumph in the Newmarket Second October Meeting of 1878. The horse was happily named, for his name was not only appropriate to his lineage but it also commemorated his owner's life-long friendship with that grand old sportsman Lord Glasgow, who was always known to his intimates on the turf by the sobriquet of "Peter."

Four months after Peter's victory at Newmarket on

the 13th of February 1879 General Peel passed peacefully from the world at his beautiful seat, Marble Hill, Twickenham, in the 80th year of his age. By his death the turf lost one of the most upright and popular of its patrons. Whilst such men as he and his life-long friends Admiral Rous, Lord Glasgow and George Payne gave their enthusiastic support to horse racing, it indeed deserved its proud title "the Sport of Kings". Personally General Peel was the kindest, gentlest and most amiable of men. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1826 to 1868 and during that long period he never made an enemy. Indeed, it was said of him, when he was Secretary of War under Lord Derby's administration, that he was far too amiable to make a good Cabinet Minister. But it was as the honest, straightforward, sterling English sportsman that he won the hearts and will linger longest in the memories of his countrymen. There must still be many veterans who can recall the erect figure and kindly face of the General as they have often seen them at Newmarket in those palmy days of the early sixties, which a brilliant sporting writer, still living, has thus graphically pictured: "In those days a well-known group of horsemen—among whom General Peel, Admiral Rous, Lord Glasgow, Lord Exeter, Mr. Greville, and, until he gave up riding, Lord Strafford, were the most conspicuous figures—might have been seen together upon the Heath, as they watched the issue of many an exciting race. The station selected was the rolling swell which runs like a wave across the famous plain—

'.....quam Ditis nomine dicta
Fossa secat.'

In days when Newmarket was anathematized by north-country trainers, and especially by John Scott, as being unfit to train a donkey upon, General Peel elected to keep his stud there, and he lived to see the arrival of a time when half the race-horses in England take their gallops in the neighbourhood of the little town where so many of his happiest hours were spent. The knoll upon which he often stood, gazing with an eye that nothing could escape, upon the struggling horses as they streamed "Across the Flat", no longer affords an unbroken view of the many races which finish at the end of the Rowley Mile. A huge stand, strangely out of harmony with the traditions of Newmarket as the General knew it, now intercepts the gaze of the spectator and excludes him from a sight of the finish. But it will be long before the memory of the conversations in which, after a great race, the General loved to indulge, will pass out of the minds of those who were privileged to hear him. It was often said by those intimately acquainted with the late Dr. Arnold that "a great general was spoiled when he took holy orders" and became a school-master; and in like manner an incomparable describer of races and their salient incidents was lost to such fame as the pen, ably wielded, can bestow, when General Peel was born to the possession of a fortune which enabled him to become the owner of Slane, Vulture, Tom, Orlando, Tadmor, and Peter.



THE EARL OF EGLINTON.



THE EARL OF EGLINTON.

THERE will not, I imagine, be found anyone to deny that for five-and-twenty years—from 1835 to 1861—the most popular man in the United Kingdom was Archibald William Montgomerie, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton. Scotsmen loved him because he was the “doucest lad” and “bonniest Scot of them a’”; Englishmen loved him because he was a model sportsman and a chivalrous, knightly gentleman; Irishmen loved him because he was the most amiable, the most sympathetic, the most princely, the most open-handed and generous-hearted Viceroy they had ever known. To be so universally beloved is given to few men, and where such affection is won we may safely surmise that it is by the gift of a great heart rather than that of a great head. His dearest friend would not have claimed for Lord Eglinton any brilliant intellectual powers, his bitterest enemy, if such a man could possibly have had an enemy, must have admitted that he possessed every physical and moral quality which fascinates and endears. It is as a sportsman, as a bright ornament of the turf, that I am mainly concerned with Lord Eglinton here, and a brief sketch of his career will leave the reader in no doubt as to the causes of his popularity.

Archibald William Montgomerie, thirteenth Earl of Eglinton and first Earl of Winton in the peerage of the United Kingdom, was born on the 29th of September, 1812, at Palermo, his father, Major-General the Hon. Archibald Montgomerie being then quartered in Sicily. When the young Archibald was but sixteen months old his father died, and a year later his mother married Sir Charles Montolieu Lamb. Whilst he was a boy at Eton he succeeded to the Eglinton title by the death of his uncle without issue, and very early gave proof of his sporting tastes. The family colours, the Montgomerie tartan, which Blue Bonnet, Van Tromp, and the Flying Dutchman made famous on the Turf, were first brought out by the young Earl at the Ayr races of 1831. Those were the good old days when the Ayr Cup was regarded by Scotsmen as the first race in the world, and its winners—such heroes and heroines as Lanercost, Inheritor, the Doctor, and Myrrha were deemed to have acquired a more lasting and glorious fame than Epsom or Newmarket could confer. The Earl of Eglinton always had a strong affection for the old Ayr Race-course, for it was there that the first good animal he owned, the beautiful grey mare Bathsheba, won him his first prize on the Turf, the Ayr Plate, in 1831. At that time his lordship's modest stud consisted but of three, but Bathsheba's success whetted his appetite for the sport, and three seasons later he had ten horses in training at Bogside near Eglinton Castle, under old George Dawson, father of the four famous brothers Tom, Mat, John, and Joseph. In St. Benet and St. Martin Lord Eglinton, between 1838 and 1840, had two excellent horses, who would have carried his colours more often to

victory than they did had not the mighty Lanercost barred the way. With such a Sir Launcelot in the lists there was no chance for knights of lesser prowess. St. Benet however, by his dashing triumph in the Liverpool Cup for 1838, put in Lord Eglinton's cap the biggest feather that had yet adorned it. A terrible day that was for the crowds of enthusiastic Irishmen who had crossed the Channel to see their own big horse, Mr. Thomas Ferguson's Harkaway, win the Cup. That Harkaway could possibly be beaten by any horse breathing never entered their heads. But grand and game racer though he was, Harkaway could not give 15lbs. to the Scottish Earl's crack, who won after a desperate finish by a neck.

In 1839 the famous Tournament at Eglinton Castle eclipsed all other exploits of Lord Eglinton, and made his name known throughout the civilized world. It was the most ambitious attempt ever made to revive the romantic glories of the days of chivalry. A passionate admirer of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Eglinton had early had his imagination kindled by the splendid romance of "Ivanhoe" into a fervent sympathy with the sentiments and the pastimes of the golden age of chivalry. He had himself the spirit and the temperament of an ideal Knight, and he set his heart upon showing the world that it was still possible to reproduce some of the colour and romance which make the times of the troubadour and the *preux chevalier* so fascinating to the poetic student of the past. He threw himself heart and soul into the organisation of this magnificent revival. The elaborate preparations involved two years of constant labour and thought, and cost him £50,000. For all Europe was ransacked for

costly suits of armour. But he had his reward in the world-wide fame he attained. No less than 200,000 persons flocked from all parts of the United Kingdom, from France, Germany, Holland, and even from distant Yankee-land, to witness the great pageant. Everything that could make the spectacle brilliant and imposing was there—beautiful women, picturesque costumes, superb decorations, gorgeous pavilions, splendid horses, athletic figures in glittering armour: only one thing was wanting—fine weather.

The old chroniclers of the Middle Ages make no mention of weather when they describe "a joyous passage of arms"; the romancers who have made that period their own, also ignore that important element, and would lead one to believe that the sun always shone in the most obliging manner on such occasions in the good old days. But the poor Eglinton folks found it otherwise. For, oh! how it rained! In short space all the finery was dragged, the spectators drenched, the performers compelled to resort to the most humiliating devices to shelter themselves from the pitiless downpour, the arms and armour tarnished and rusty, the Queen of Beauty (Lady Jane Seymour) in the sulks, as well she might be, at having to wrap herself up in a plaid shawl and hold up an umbrella!

But there was some tilting when the weather on the third day brightened a little. The knights, sixteen of them, rode at one another with lances which had been sawn half through near the head, so that they splintered directly they came in contact with the shield or helmet of an opponent. This precaution was rendered necessary because it was found that tilting at full gallop on modern thoroughbreds was very different

from charging on the slow, clumsy, carthorse-like *destriers* which mediæval knights bestrode. The impact of two horsemen armed with undoctored lances in the former case must have resulted in serious and perhaps fatal injuries to one or both of the combatants. Hence the safe if somewhat farcical process of sawing.

The Earl of Eglinton, as handsome and gallant a knight as ever put lance in rest, resplendent in a suit of steel armour inlaid with gold (said to have cost £1,000) acquitted himself with such grace and skill that he was awarded the Prize of Valour, and was duly crowned by the Queen of Beauty and of Love. In a *mêlée* with swords, the Marquis of Waterford and Lord Alford distinguished themselves by losing their tempers and laying on to each other with such vigorous and lusty strokes that had they not been separated by the marshals, one or both of them would probably have been maimed for life, for both were exceptionally powerful and athletic men. Among the performers in a foot-tournament indoors was Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards the Emperor Napoleon III., who had just taken a house in Carlton Terrace and was going the pace among the fastest men about town and on the Turf. His swordsmanship in a series of encounters with Sir Charles Lamb was greatly admired. But on the whole the tournament was a most mortifying failure, and universal sympathy was expressed with the Earl whose boldly conceived and carefully elaborated pageant had been utterly spoiled by the weather. If the sun had only shone, the Tournament would have been one of the most beautiful and gorgeous spectacles ever witnessed. But the Clerk of the Weather is not to be bribed.

The Tournament, however, undoubtedly added to Lord Eglinton's popularity, for it must be remembered that all who came to see it were not only admitted free, but were treated with princely hospitality. Moreover it gained him the attention of his political chiefs. Hitherto he had been only regarded as a genial, frank, open-hearted nobleman. Now the heads of the party suddenly discovered that they could make capital out of his popularity, and they tried to persuade him that he had political talents of a high order. With all his excellent qualities Lord Eglinton was undoubtedly susceptible to flattery, and he allowed himself to be cajoled into entering political life. Into the arena of politics I shall not follow him. But in regard to his susceptibility to flattery I may give here an amusing anecdote narrated by the late Lord Lamington, better known to fame, perhaps, as Mr. Baillie-Cochrane. It must be understood that Lord Eglinton himself was as simple-minded as he was large-hearted and was quite unconscious of the incense of adulation that was offered up to him in his own Castle—but for all that the fragrant burnt offering was grateful to his nostrils.

"It was," says Lord Lamington in his 'Days of the Dandies,' "an article of the Castle faith that no one could beat his lordship at billiards, rackets, or tennis—indeed, at any game. A young officer—one of the Mundy family—arrived there, and, in ignorance of the Eglinton infallibility doctrine, had the audacity to offer to play his host at billiards, and to announce his superior skill by giving Lord Eglinton so many points. The general indignation was intense, especially amongst those *habitués* who never left the Castle, and who, if they were ever called away for a day or

two, locked up their rooms. These offered to prove their belief in their host's superior skill by backing him for large amounts. In the evening we adjourned to the billiard-room, and the great match commenced. It was evident from the first strokes that Lord Eglinton, who was really a very good player, had found his superior. There was a calm confidence about the new-comer that was very exasperating; he seemed so perfectly at his ease; there was a smile on his countenance that would have entirely disconcerted a less gentle nature than Eglinton's. As the game went on, and the result was foreseen, the excitement of the Eglintonians could scarcely be suppressed—it almost amounted to a tempest of indignation. The game ended, and the young Guardsman collected his bets. However, we all looked forward to the morrow; the racket-court would recover the honours of the day, and the losses of the previous evening were to be retrieved. But meanwhile the successful rival was regarded with eyes of jealousy and treated with scant courtesy by many of the backers of the Castle against the world—not by our host, who, with his perfect tact, only showed more than usual warmth and kindness in his greeting. I was much interested in this specimen of the gay *fleurs des poix* of the day; he was the beau ideal of a Lord Foppington. After the billiards, I went to his room, where I saw all his equipment, worthy of a dandy of the last century. Amongst other articles was a long box for his neck-ties, of which he had several dozen. I asked him why he required so many, and he explained that he never wore a white tie twice. 'Do you ever wear a washed tie?' he asked me, in the young-

exquisite style. The next day the racket-court became the centre of attraction. 'Here there was a large gathering of spectators, for all the establishment were present. Alas for the courtiers! the result was the same as at billiards. Lord Eglinton had no chance against his youthful antagonist. At last even his lordship looked disappointed and annoyed. As for his supporters, they seemed to consider themselves shamefully treated, that anyone should dare to snatch the laurel from their patron's brow; and they were not appeased when the victor offered to run a race or ride a race against anyone present. No one took his bet, so he was left alone in his glory."

But to return to Lord Eglinton's career on the Turf. His first great triumph was in 1842 with Blue Bonnet, who won him the St. Leger under circumstances which may well be termed romantic. The mare had never before run in public. She had gone amiss for her engagements at Goodwood, Liverpool, and half-a-dozen other places. Hundreds of miles she had travelled but never once faced the starter. His lordship had given her up as a hopeless case, and when in company with his friend Mr. Newcomen he came down from his grouse-moors to Doncaster on the Saturday before the St. Leger of 1842, he had not the remotest idea that he possessed a horse fit to carry his colours in the great race. It was about five o'clock in the evening, so Mr. Newcomen told the story to the Hon. Frank Lawley, that Lord Eglinton and his friend looked in at the stable of Tom Dawson, his trainer. The latter ushered them into a loose box containing a mare in the most perfect condition, with a coat that shone "like burnished rose-wood."

"What have we got here?" asked Lord Eglinton, who had no notion that the animal was his own property.

"The winner of the St. Leger," said Tom Dawson proudly and confidently.

"If your lordship," added Dawson, "will accompany me into the house I will tell you what the mare is and how I have tried her."

In Dawson's parlour the story was told, and the astonished Earl learned that this beautiful filly which looked fit to run for a king's ransom, was his own despised Blue Bonnet, the source of so many disappointments. The trainer went on to say that he had tried her twice against Charles XII hero of the dead heat with Euclid for the St. Leger of 1839, then six years old and the best horse in England. On each occasion Blue Bonnet, in receipt of 2 stone, had beaten "The Swedish Madman," and Tom Dawson was perfectly certain that there was not another three-year-old in the kingdom could rival that feat. On this point Lord Eglinton agreed with him, and so impressed was his lordship with Blue Bonnet's chances for the Leger, that he went after dinner to the Doncaster Betting Rooms to back his mare. The first bet he made was £10,000 to £150 with old William Crockford, the famous book-maker and hell-keeper, who when he booked the wager said,

"If your lordship wants any more and will take 50 to 1 I can get it for you without difficulty."

Before he left the rooms that night Lord Eglinton had booked another bet of £10,000 to £200, and the next day took yet another of £10,000 to £300. Blue Bonnet won by a length, and most cruelly she was

punished by her jockey, Tommy Lye, who having backed her severely on his own account to win him a small fortune, spurred her savagely in his excitement till her flanks were flecked with blood. So for an outlay of £650 Lord Eglinton gained the handsome stake of £30,000.

In 1844 Lord Eglinton decided for the future to train privately and, withdrawing his stud of ten from Tom Dawson, entrusted them to Fobert at Spigot-Lodge. In the following year his lordship made a lucky bargain which was destined to have a remarkable effect upon his Turf career. He was induced to take a brown yearling by Lanercost out of Barbelle on trust. A twelvemonth later Colonel Anson and Mr. Charles Greville were called in to appraise the value of this colt which had been christened Van Tromp. They valued the horse at £300, with the proviso that an additional £500 should be paid if he won the Derby. Van Tromp soon showed what stuff he was made of by winning the Mersey Stakes at Liverpool, the Lavant Stakes at Goodwood, and the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. These two-year-old feats attracted the attention of Lord George Bentinck to the colt and he backed Van Tromp for the Derby to win him £20,000.

There was a mystery about that Derby of 1847, for Van Tromp only ran third to Cossack and War Eagle, whilst in the St. Leger he showed his heels to Cossack and won in a canter. Job Marson rode Van Tromp in both races, and Lord Eglinton was firmly convinced that the jockey had deliberately pulled his horse in the Derby. Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Charles Greville were also of opinion that if the horse had been fairly ridden he must have won the

Derby. The consequence was that Job Marson was dismissed from Lord Eglinton's service. Marson always maintained that this was a gross act of injustice, inasmuch as he had ridden the horse in strict obedience to orders. Marlow, too, who succeeded Marson as the Eglinton jockey, was wont warmly to repudiate the idea of any foul play on Job's part. Marson may have been harshly treated, it is impossible now to decide, but if he was he had ample vengeance later on when he steered Voltigeur to victory for the Derby and St. Leger of 1850, and thus rivalled the feats of Lord Eglinton's mighty Dutchman.

After Van Tromp had proved himself the best two-year-old in England Lord Eglinton made a bargain with Mr. Vansittart to take every perfectly formed foal dropped by Barbelle at 1000 guineas a-piece. It was a lucky bargain, for in 1846 it gave Lord Eglinton the immortal Flying Dutchman, with whom his name is inseparably associated in the annals of the Turf. The Dutchman won all his five two-year-old engagements, including the coveted Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, and thus stamped himself as the best horse of his year. As a three-year-old he did not run till he faced the starter for the Derby of 1849. There was a good field both in quality and quantity against him. Recent rains had made the ground sticky and the going heavy—long before the finish every jockey was plastered with mud from head to foot. One by one all the Dutchman's more formidable competitors were beaten, but one despised and unknown outsider, Hotspur by name, clung to the favourite with desperate tenacity and would not be shaken off. There was a terribly anxious moment for Lord Eglinton, for it

really looked possible that his horse might have to succumb to a rank outsider. But the Dutchman in his last stride stalled off his game opponent and won by half a length. Hotspur, I may add, never before or after came within measurable distance of the marvellous form he exhibited that day.

The St. Leger, of course, fell to the Dutchman, and he maintained his unbroken career of victory until that for ever memorable day when he met Lord Zetland's Voltigeur for the Doncaster Cup of 1850.

Voltigeur's career had been as phenomenal as the Flying Dutchman's. Bred in 1847 by Mr. Robert Stephenson of Hart, he was got by Voltaire out of Martha Lynn by Mulatto. When first offered for sale at Doncaster no one could be found to bid the reserved price of 350 guineas, but shortly afterwards Lord Zetland, at the instigation of his brother-in-law Mr. Williamson, purchased the colt. The Yorkshiremen went clean mad about him for the Derby of 1850, which he won in brilliant style. For the St. Leger it need hardly be said that Voltigeur was made a tremendous favourite, and indeed so great a certainty was it thought for him that only eight horses faced the starter, and the other seven were looked upon as a ragged lot, Bolingbroke being the only one who was thought to have even an outside chance. But to the horror and dismay of the Yorkshiremen, within a hundred yards of the goal, when all the other horses were hopelessly beaten, one unknown despised outsider (just as in the case of the Dutchman's Derby) was seen to creep up, stick gallantly to the girths of Voltigeur and refuse to be shaken off. Neck and neck they came on together and neck and neck they passed the judge's box.

There was a moment of terrible suspense, and then it was known that an Irish horse named Russborough, had made a dead-heat with the mighty Voltigeur. Then the dead-heat was run off. Poor Bobby Hill, Volti's trainer, whose love for the horse was something extraordinary, was almost beside himself, and the great seething Yorkshire crowd was almost equally agitated.

"For actual excitement during a race," says "The Druid," "we never saw anything equal to the deciding heat in Voltigeur's St. Leger, when the crowd pressed on the course from the Red House bend, and left to all appearance scarcely a four yards' space for the two horses. Poor Bobby Hill's state of mind was wondrous to mark. He had been dreadfully put out because some of the crowd had ironically advised him to put brandy into the water which he had brought for his horse from Richmond, and had even gone so far as to allude to the honoured cow which had been specially put into the Turf Tavern box to air it overnight. Burning for revenge, he had stationed himself close by the Judge's chair to hear his doom, and even then his admiring friends would not let him alone. 'He's beat, Mr. Hill,' exclaimed one of them, as the vast crowd closed in behind the competing twain below the distance, and the roar of a hundred and fifty thousand iron lungs rent the air. 'Is 'er beat?' retorted the little man, skipping frantically upwards to obtain a good line of sight—'Ye maun't tell me; ye maun't tell me! I knows 'im better—Job's a-comin', Sure enough Job was coming with a vengeance; and Bobby's yell of 'Which wins noo? Ar tauld ye so!' might have been heard at Bawtry as he dashed through the crowd, butting his way like a bull, to get to his

favourite's head. Everywhere Voltigeur-spotted handkerchiefs were waving aloft; hats were recklessly flung away into mid-air, as if their owners intended to trust to a natural growth or a wig for life; and it was all poor Leadbitter (the famous Bow Street Runner) could do to keep order among countless enthusiasts, who would persist in trying to wipe some of the sweat off the winner with their handkerchiefs, and keep it as a toilet memento."

But the culminating excitement of that eventful week was yet to come; for Voltigeur and the Flying Dutchman, the two great unbeaten champions of the Northern and Southern stables, were to meet in contest for the Doncaster Cup. Never has there been such a "Coop Day" before or since. The race between the two giants was a magnificent one. Betting was 11 to 2 and 6 to 1 on the Dutchman, but Marlow who was not strictly sober, made the pace so terrific from the start that when Nat Flatman crept up on Voltigeur there was nothing left in the Dutchman to respond to the jockey's call, and Lord Zetland's horse won by a neck. The scene which followed is thus graphically described by a writer who was present.

"After the Dutchman's defeat the crowd seemed to be quite paralysed, and utterly unable to believe that such a giant had fallen at last. His backers wandered about pale and silent as marble statues, and Marlow stood near the weighing house in a flood of tears, with Lord Eglinton, himself as pale as ashes, kindly trying to soothe him. The pace at which the Dutchman flew over the hill was such as we have never seen, and the only animal that ever seemed to us to

go as fast as the Duke of Richmond's Officious, in the early part of an Ascot Vase race. The Richmond men became quite alive, as evening drew on, to the greatness of their victory. Such a night of jollity was never witnessed in Doncaster before, and the inns were overflowing to the very kitchens. Strolling into one of the latter at midnight, we espied a large group of grave clothiers: one or two of them smoking pipes, to which the monster cigar at the exhibition seemed a trifle in length; while others, with eyes solemnly fixed ceiling-wards, insisted on waltzing with the cook and other female domestics. We are bound to state that the former seemed by no means to dislike this pleasing recognition of the close of her labours. 'Aren't you going to bed?' we asked of an enthusiastic double event Richmond man. 'Gor to bed, indeed! You aren't 'alf a mon! Wha'd gor to bed when Voltigeur's woon t' Leger and t' Coop?' was the scornful reply."

The race, however, was such a close thing that opinion was even yet divided as to the merits of the two horses. At last Lord Zetland and Lord Eglinton agreed to "fight their battle o'er again" at the York Spring Meeting of 1861, for 1000 guineas a-side, two miles over the Old Course. Admiral, then Captain, Rous was commissioned to handicap the horses, and he made the four-year-old give the three-year-old 8½ lbs. It was the "race of the century," throwing into the shade even the great historic match between Hambletonian and Diamond. "The pair," says a well-known sportsman who witnessed the contest, "were at even betting almost from the period when the race was publicly announced up to the day on which it was run, and as they went to the post there was not a

shade of odds one side or the other. When the flag fell Voltigeur went off with the running at the top of his pace, taking a lead of at least three lengths and making very severe play, the heavy state of the ground being taken into account. In this way they rounded the last turn, when Marlow called upon the Dutchman with a request very pointedly urged. As they passed the Stand it was stride for stride and a struggle of desperate effort. It was too much for the young one—he tired the sooner and the Flying Dutchman passed the winning-chair first by a short length. Both horses showed marks of the keenness of the contest.”

The next day Lord Eglinton declared that his horse was withdrawn from the Turf for ever, having lost only one of the sixteen races in which he had been engaged. In the successes of the Flying Dutchman Lord Eglinton reached the high water mark of his Turf Career. That great horse swelled his lordship's winnings in 1849 to no less than £19,500, the largest sum, I believe, credited to any owner in a single year until Lord Falmouth appeared upon the scene. Lord Eglinton had warned his trainer and jockey that his stud would be sold at once if Flying Dutchman did not win the Derby; when the horse pulled off the Leger as well his lordship presented each of them with £1000.

Fortune seemed to desert the Eglinton tartan after the Dutchman's retirement to the stud, and in a fit of petulance and disgust, akin to that which prompted Lord George Bentinck to a similar act, Lord Eglinton abruptly sold his brood mares and horses in training to Mr. John Massey Stanley (afterwards Sir John M. Stanley Errington, Bart.) for the ridiculous sum of

2500 guineas. Perhaps he was bitten with the craze for politics, perhaps he was disgusted with his ill-luck, though he had not much cause to complain of fortune's gifts, seeing that his winnings in stakes alone throughout his turf career averaged quite £4,000 a year, whilst his wagers brought him in at least £80,000 besides.

Lord Eglinton died suddenly of apoplexy at Mount Melville House, St. Andrews, the residence of Mr. J. Whyte Melville, father of the novelist, on the 4th of October 1861 in the fiftieth year of his age. His connection with the Turf had ceased some years before, but the announcement of his death caused universal regret in all circles of society. I have already indicated the reasons for his widespread popularity in the world of politics, fashion, and sport, and I will content myself with giving in conclusion an anecdote told by Sir William Gregory which illustrates the lighter side of Lord Eglinton's character.

"When I first visited Eglinton Castle, not long after the celebrated tournament, which was completely marred by incessant torrents of rain, the parties assembled there were more renowned for freedom of manners than for feast of reason and flow of soul. Lord Eglinton never drank any wine except champagne, which he consumed in abundance, *ab ovo usque ad mala*—that is to say, from the beginning of the first course at dinner until the end of dessert. I remember to have been present at dinner one evening at the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket, and to have heard Lord Eglinton declare that he could drink more champagne without inconvenience than any other man in the United Kingdom. General Peel, always full of

fun, and ready for every kind of frolic, avowed that he knew a novice whom he would produce next day at dinner, and would back for a pony to drink more champagne than the Scotch Earl, if the latter would accept the challenge. Nothing loth, Lord Eglinton took up the glove, and next day at 7.30 p.m. in walked General Peel, accompanied by a tall, thin, wiry, long-legged customer, who looked for all the world like an elongated pair of tongs. 'Let me introduce you to my brother-in-law, Sir David Baird,' exclaimed the General.

"Most of the guests who were about to dine, did not know Sir David by sight; others had heard of his feats across country, and some two or three were aware of his prowess at the dinner-table. Few, however, anticipated that the owner of the invincible Dutchman would have to lower his colours that night to his brother Scot. The match was to be bottle against bottle—that is to say, when one man's bottle was empty, the other was required to finish his, and then each had to begin a new one. Lord Eglinton took the lead at a tremendous pace, hoping to choke his antagonist before the first three bottles were consumed. Simultaneously he kept on chatting merrily, and laughing as was his wont, while the novice held his peace, but stuck steadfastly to his task. Soon the ominous silence preserved by the latter, and the perfect ease with which he held his own, 'without turning a hair,' began to tell upon his more loquacious antagonist who was evidently going in difficulty.

"At last Lord Eglinton turned as pale as death, and rose slowly from his chair, exclaiming, 'I can do no more.' The struggle was at an end, and the

defeated champion retired to bed, while the novice played billiards with Osbaldeston, winning two games out of three against that accomplished player. Next morning I had occasion to be out early on horseback, in order to see my two-year-olds gallop. The first sight that met my eyes on the heath was Sir David Baird, with a short black pipe full of cavendish between his teeth, cantering about the course on a hard-pulling hack, with his face as stolid as usual, and with obviously unclouded brow. Meantime the unhappy Eglinton was walking about in front of The Rooms, without his hat, which he confessed was too heavy for his poor head. Let no one suppose, however, that Lord Eglinton was merely a guzzler of champagne, and an idle man of pleasure. In general he was a man who gave way to no excesses. Not endowed with brilliant talents, he was gifted with strong natural good sense and good humour, and was a first-rate man of business; as true as steel to his friends and dependants, and of an unimpeachable honour."

SIR TATTON SYKES.

THERE have been many North country sportsmen who have played a greater part on the Turf than Sir Tatton Sykes, but none of them has had a purer love of horse racing for its own sake, or has gained a wider and more lasting popularity among all classes than the famous old Yorkshire baronet of Sledmere, whose name is never mentioned even now amongst Yorkshiremen without a hearty tribute of respect and affection. For not only was he a man of the kindest and most lovable disposition, but it could be said of him, with more truth perhaps than of any other Englishman of his time, that

"He bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman."

I need therefore make no further excuse for including him among Kings of the Turf, and indeed I am sure that no Yorkshireman would forgive me if I omitted from such a muster roll the honoured name of Sir Tatton, one of the finest specimens of an English sportsman and gentleman that even his own great county ever produced.

Sir Tatton was born at Wheldrake, where his father, Sir Christopher, then resided, on the 22nd of August,



THE LATE SIR TATTON SYKES.



1772, and was educated at Westminster School and Brasenose College, Oxford. His father deemed it advisable that he should have some knowledge of the Law, and Tatton was accordingly articled to Messrs Atkinson and Farrar, Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was whilst he was in their office, that Sir Tatton, whose predilections for sport were early apparent, walked from London to Epsom to see Eager's Derby in 1791, starting at four in the morning, and getting back to his lodgings in Lamb's Conduit Street at eleven at night. In the following year he rode down to see Frank Buckle win the Blue Riband on John Bull, and strange to say, never went again to Epsom.

Having acquired a fair rudimentary knowledge of the Law, young Tatton was next set to learn the business of a country banker at Hull, and mightily astonished his fellow clerks on his first Saturday there, by walking home to his father's seat Sledmere, two-and-thirty miles, after the day's business was done, and repeating the feat on the Monday morning, arriving early in Hull, to all appearance as fresh as if he had merely strolled to the Bank from his lodgings in the town.

But a year or two later he performed a more remarkable pedestrian feat than this. From his earliest years to the end of his life he loved a good sheep almost, if not quite, as well as a good horse. He had set his heart upon having some pure "Bakewells" from the famous flock of that great breeder of Leicesters, Mr. Sanday, of Holmepierrepont, and after selecting half a score at 20 guineas a-piece, he met them subsequently at Lincoln, and drove them home on foot, a three days' journey to Barton.

The following amusing anecdote is told in connection with this passion of Sir Tatton's for the best breed of sheep. At Catterick races on one occasion, Mr. Baker, of Elemore, was beaten by Sir Tatton Sykes for a Hunter's Stake owners up; as the Baronet passed the Stand an easy winner, he gallantly raised his whip to the ladies—a simple act which Mr. Baker absurdly construed into an expression of triumph over himself, and resolved to be avenged upon the insolent victor. Accordingly at the great sheep sale of Mr. Robert Collings, a noted breeder, Mr. Baker made things very hot for Sir Tatton by bidding up for every lot which he knew the baronet was anxious to purchase, and in this way the shearling Ajax, on whom the Master of Sledmere had set his heart, was run up to 156 guineas.

It will be gathered from what I have already stated that Sir Tatton was as hardy and simple in his tastes as the Iron Duke himself. It was his custom all his life to be up with the lark in the summer, and long before sunrise in the winter. His favourite breakfast was an apple tart and a hearty draught of new milk, and after he had partaken of that humble meal, he would often relieve a stonebreaker of his work at the roadside, and keep himself warm by breaking stones until the man, who had been sent to the Manor House, to be served with a pint of ale and a crust of bread, returned. A great deal of healthy exercise, on horseback or on foot, always intervened between Sir Tatton's early breakfast and his luncheon. The latter meal was most often a crust of brown bread, Yorkshire cream cheese—of which he was very fond—and a pint of the famous Sledmere homebrewed. He had an enormous faith in the virtues of good ale, like the late

George Borrow. Sir Tatton's brewage was renowned not only over the shire of Broad Acres, but throughout all the North of England, and it was dispensed with a liberal hand. No one—not even the most villainous looking of tramps—was ever known to leave that hospitable roof without at least a substantial "crust" and a pint of that "generous malt" over which every wandering beggar in the Kingdom had smacked his lips in ecstasy.

In physique Sir Tatton was a good specimen of a fine, straight, upstanding Englishman. In many respects Tennyson's picture of Sir Walter Vivian might stand for a portrait of the Yorkshire sportsman.

"No little lily-handed Baronet he,
A great broad-shouldered genial Englishman,
A lord of fat prize oxen and of sheep,
A raiser of huge melons and of pine,
A patron of some thirty charities,
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,
A Quarter-Session Chairman, abler none;
Fair-hair'd and redder than a windy morn."

A pamphleteer Sir Tatton certainly was not, though I doubt not he knew more about guano and grain than most of those who did emit pamphlets on the subject. A "genial Englishman" he was most emphatically, but the epithets "great, broad-shouldered" do not suit Sir Tatton, for though over 6 feet he never in his prime exceeded 11 stone. He was wiry, muscular, sinewy, without that beef and brawn which the English squire usually puts on after he passes his thirtieth year. Few men of his time could hit harder with the boxing gloves than Sir Tatton. Indeed, neither "Gentleman" Jackson nor Jem Belcher, from

both of whom he had lessons in the noble art, ever had an apter or more formidable pupil. In proof of which, let me give the following anecdote.

Once, when Sir Tatton was out on one of his sheep-buying expeditions, he ordered "a pitcher of ale" at the bar of an inn. There were a couple of big, truculent drovers lounging in the tap room, and one of them coolly took up the pitcher and drank the ale. Sir Tatton said not a word, but in his mild, quiet voice ordered another; it was placed before him, but before he could put his lips to it the second drover, with a laugh and a coarse oath, laid hands on the pitcher and tossed off the contents. Still Sir Tatton took no notice, but called for a third supply and when he had quaffed it, quietly buttoned up his coat and turning to the first drover told him to stand up if he was a man. The big, brawny fellow, nothing loth, stood up, and *very* soon found that he had caught a Tartar. In five minutes, bruised, bleeding, and utterly licked, he was sitting ignominiously on a bench mopping his gory visage. Then Sir Tatton turned to the second drover, the bigger of the two, and asked *him* to come on, which he promptly did, for he was quite as much enraged as surprised at the discomfiture of his mate. But he, too, miscalculated the strength of that slender, well-knit, sinewy frame and was soon glad to cry "enough" after the worst hiding he had ever had in his life. The story got wind, and I don't think any drover ever attempted to take liberties with Sir Tatton again.

Many years afterwards, when he was considerably over seventy, Sir Tatton showed that he had not forgotten his lessons in the London sparring schools. In

company with Mr. Richard Tattersall, the then head of the famous firm, he went to the Theatre at Doncaster. They were sitting in the back row of the boxes, when a big, blustering person came in with a cigar in his mouth. As there were ladies in the box he was asked to put it out. The fellow refused, and Mr. Tattersall, who, though lame, was very powerful, opened the door with one hand and swung the objectionable intruder out with the other. He stormed and blustered and threatened to punch Mr. Tattersall's head, but Sir Tatton immediately jumped up, buttoned his coat and said, "Leave him to me, sir, if he tries to come back, leave him to me." There was something in the clear eye, resolute face and alert active figure of the baronet, white though his hair was, which cowed the cad. He made no attempt to re-enter the box.

It is not too much, I think, to say that no one in his day could equal Sir Tatton in the saddle across country and he invariably headed the field with his own hounds, which he hunted without subscription for years. His exploits as a jockey were numerous. He won his maiden race in "the orange body, blue sleeves and cap," the Sledmere colours on his brother Mark's Sir Pertinax at Beverley. Sir Tatton had on that occasion to ride 13 stone, but 11 stone was his regular racing weight and he scaled 10½ stone at a pinch. No one ever loved a mount in a race better, and he rode till he was *upwards of sixty* for any one who asked him, without a thought of fatigue or distance. On one occasion, after riding 63 miles from Sledmere that morning, he was second to Mr. Lindlow in the Four Mile Macaroni Stakes at Pontefract, slept at

Doncaster that night and was beaten in another four-mile heat race at Lincoln next day.

Another time, in 1817, he journeyed on horseback from Sledmere to Aberdeen, with his racing jacket under his waistcoat and a clean shirt and razor in his pocket, for the sake of a mount on the Marquis of Huntley's Kutosoff (in Sir Tatton's opinion the best horse he ever mounted) when the Welter Stakes was the greatest race in Scotland, and without stopping to dine, went back to sleep that night at Brechin, eventually reaching Doncaster after a six days' ride, just in time to see Blacklock beaten for the St. Leger. This remarkable ride of 720 miles was done principally in the forenoon on a little blood-mare, and with the exception of a slight stiffness she seemed none the worse for the feat.

Caller Ou's St. Leger in 1861 was the *seventy-sixth* Sir Tatton had seen, with only one break from illness, in 1839, when Charles XII and Euclid ran their memorable dead-heat: and he lodged *for forty years* on his St. Leger visits to Doncaster with a cow-keeper in Sheffield Lane, whom he had once met by accident and who good-naturedly offered him a shakedown when he arrived late at night and there was not a bed to be had for love or money in the town. When his old huntsman, Tom Carter, died in 1854, Sir Tatton ceased to ride to Doncaster; but when Tom was at his side, they used to meet at Pocklington, come through between four and five, and sleep at Booth Ferry on the "Cup" evening. Could you have a more delightfully English picture than that of the master and his faithful old servant riding along, side by side, over moorland and lea to the races, sleeping under

the same roof, dining at the same table, equals in their love of sport and yet always tacitly, tactfully, mindful of their social difference!

Twice in his life Sir Tatton rode from Sledmere to London. The first time was in 1805 when he went up to sit for his portrait to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who painted him in the scarlet coat, buff waistcoat and black silk breeches which formed the evening costume of the Castle Howard Hunt. It was in Christmas week that he travelled, and how wintry the weather was may be gathered from the fact that the little blood-mare required "frosting" twice a day!

The second time was three-and-forty years later, with a similar object. But this time it was to Sir Francis Grant that he sat, the month was June, and it was his well-known black horse Colwick that carried him over the long ride.

It is no doubt more as a great agriculturist and fox hunter than as a Turfite that Sir Tatton Sykes is best remembered. But still it must not be forgotten that he was one of the largest breeders of blood stock in England. At the time of his death his stud numbered upwards of 200 horses and mares and it was no small feat for one man to have bred Grey Momus, The Lawyer, St. Giles, Gaspard, Elcho, Dalby, and Lecturer, whose names are enrolled among the mighty victors of classic races, to say nothing of a host of minor winners. Sir Tatton's actual connexion with the Turf, however, as a racing man, was not extensive. His name first appears in the Racing Calendar as an owner of race horses in 1803, when his Telemachus ran at Middleton. In 1805 he rode his own horse, Hudibras, at Malton, and won. In 1808 he matched his mare,

Theresa, over a four-mile course at Doncaster for 500 guineas a side, owners up, and won. For twenty years after this date Sir Tatton, from time to time, kept a few horses in training at Malton, chiefly for the purpose of mounting them himself in races for gentlemen-riders. His colours were orange and purple, and the last time he wore them on a winning horse of his own was in 1829, when he won the Welham Cup at Malton. The name of the horse, as someone said at the time, suggested the quality of the owner, it was—All Heart and No Peel!

Some years before he succeeded to the Baronetcy Sir Tatton became M.F.H. and continued Master of a pack of foxhounds for forty years. Some writers on hunting have pronounced him to have been equal, if not superior, to the best masters ever known, to such heroes as Forester, Farquharson, Meynell and Assheton-Smith. But fiery sportsmen who loved a good rattling gallop called him slow and pottering, and I can well conceive that men accustomed to brilliant runs over the Leicestershire pastures would have found hunting with Sir Tatton's but dull sport. It was a nobleman of this class who once provoked from Sir Tatton one of the very few retorts bordering upon rudeness ever known to pass his lips. The nobleman in question spoke out his mind pretty freely to Sir Tatton on the slowness of his hounds, and wound up by saying "Next time, by Jove, I'll come out on a donkey." "Do, do," exclaimed Sir Tatton in his high-pitched voice, "and then there'll be a pair of you."

But whether the hunting were slow or fast, no one could deny that Sir Tatton's hunt-servants were always splendidly mounted, as well they might be, seeing that

their master among his 120 brood mares had all the best blood of the English Stud Book. There was no more constant frequenter of Messrs. Tattersall's sales of blood stock at York and Doncaster than Sir Tatton. In September 1861 he had bidden 3,000 guineas for Fandango, but was so anxious to get the horse that he sprang another hundred, and when Mr. Richard Tattersall reminded him that he had made the previous bid as well, Sir Tatton merely pulled out his watch and said, "Knock him down, Mr. Tattersall, knock him down. We want to go to the races." It was just after that scene in the sale ring that another most interesting one was witnessed on the race course, when "The Druid" (Mr. Henry Hall Dixon) and John Gully presented Tom Sayers to Sir Tatton. The venerable white-haired baronet, then in his 90th year, the pupil of Jem Belcher and "Gentleman" Jackson shook hands warmly with the famous gladiator who then had all the blushing honours of his fight with Heenan thick upon him, and laying his other hand upon John Gully's arm said: "I shall not forget this day when I have seen you two together, the two bravest men in England."

It was said of the lion-hearted Admiral Pocock, the hero of Havannah and Pondicherry, that no one had ever heard him swear, and this at a time when the language of the quarterdeck was indescribably coarse and foul. Sir Tatton Sykes, though he mixed all his life with sporting men, who as a class have never been famed for mealy-mouthedness, had a similar reputation. Not only did he never swear himself, but he cordially disliked the fault in others, thereby shewing himself a pattern gentleman. Let me give an illustration of this peculiarity of the Grand Old Yorkshireman.

When that eccentric hot-tempered jockey, Bill Scott, (brother of the immortal John, the Wizard of the North) was mounted for the St. Leger of 1846 on the horse which bore Sir Tatton's honoured name, a noble lord whose knowledge of the merit of Iago led him to think that Frank Butler would do the trick upon the latter horse (as he very nearly did by the way), said to Scott, "You won't win to-day, Bill." "You be damned!" was the rude reply of the spoilt jockey. Sir Tatton was standing close by and called out in his own mild way, "Don't be rude, William, and don't swear, and I will lead your horse back if you win." The horse *did* win, and how the lusty Yorkshiremen cheered as the fine old sportsman, then in his 75th year, led his namesake back to the weighing house! From that hour till the day of his death every jockey that rode a St. Leger winner, claimed as one of the rewards of victory, a shake of the hand, and a word of congratulation from the Yorkshire patriarch.

The reverence with which Sir Tatton was regarded in his native shire fell not far short of idolatry, "To see him," writes one who knew and loved him, "riding out to the Eddlethorpe paddock after a September ram-letting on his Colwick black, accompanied by the clergyman of Sledmere, returning right and left the greetings of friends and tenants, and to hear the half whispered, 'God bless him! How hearty he is! He'll put in for a hundred,' is like reading a chapter out of the Spectator."

And indeed, in many aspects of his character, Sir Tatton strongly resembled Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley. In his modesty, his generosity, his hospitality, his courtesy and kindness to high and low—

in the affection he inspired, in the simplicity of his habits, in his hearty love of outdoor life, the Master of Sledmere was almost a facsimile of the Knight of Coverley Hall. But there was a keenness, and shrewdness about Sir Tatton that was lacking in Sir Roger.

"How is Sir Tatton looking?" was one of the first questions asked as each York and Doncaster meeting came round, and strangers would hustle their way in excitement through the mob to have a glimpse at the old sportsman, as umbrella in hand, he stood there, dressed in the garb of old Yorkshire—the long, straight-cut black coat, the ample frill, the beaver gloves, the drab breeches and the mahogany tops.

He was suspected of a strong secret wish to reach the age of a hundred years, and it is possible that he might have done so but for an act of imprudence in his 89th year! The wood between Sledmere and Fimber was being lowered, and he had worked very hard in his shirt sleeves at breaking stones. His faithful old servant Richard brought him his ale and sandwich for luncheon, and Sir Tatton sat down on a tree-root in the plantation to eat it, and there fell fast asleep. He woke chilled to the bone, and from that chill he never recovered. Yet he still kept to his old habits, rose at five in the winter, shaved himself with cold water, sluiced his head with the same, and then paced the long library till he had covered a good four miles before breakfast. Two years later, in the March of 1863, he was attacked by gout which only left him to be succeeded by a deadlier enemy—dropsy. Eight days later, on the 21st of March, he sank into his last sleep, and the sad words, "Sir Tatton is dead" sent a throb of genuine sorrow to

every Yorkshire heart. A happier life, a more peaceful death, no man could desire; he had:

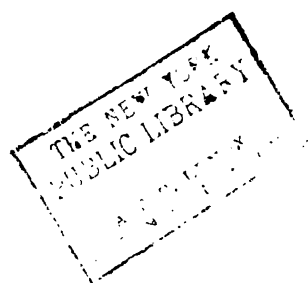
"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

All Yorkshire loved him and was proud of him, and what higher tribute can I pay him than to say that he was worthy of that love and pride.



SEDMER

Chambers



THE EARL OF GLASGOW.

ROBERT HERRICK, in one of his best known lyrics, tells how he "quaffed the mighty bowl" with Ben Jonson and other valiant toppers among the brotherhood of poets

"At those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad."

There must have been some similar virtue in the "clusters" of claret which the hard-headed school of drinkers to which Lord Glasgow belonged, drank by the hogshead. For "nobly wild" they were in their cups, and heroic were the feats of sportsmanship which they performed under the influence of the "rosy god." Where now among this modern race of milksops would you find any one with grit to undertake such an after-dinner exploit as that which Captain Horatio Ross records of two of Lord Glasgow's contemporaries and intimate friends, and which I make no excuse for quoting as a fitting introduction to my biographical sketch of one of the grandest of all that grand old breed of sportsmen?

"A large party," says Captain Ross, "was assembled at Black Hall in Kincardineshire, which then belonged to Mr. Farquharson; time, the end of July or beginning of August. We had all been shooting snipes and 'flapper' ducks in a large morass on the estate called Lumphannon. We had been wading amongst bulrushes up to our middles for seven or eight hours, and had had a capital dinner. After the ladies had gone to the drawing-room I fell asleep, and about nine o'clock was awakened by the late Sir Andrew Leith-Hay who said,

"'Ross, old fellow! I want you to jump up and go as my umpire with Lord Kennedy to Inverness. I have made a bet of £2,500 a side that I get there on foot before him!'

"Nothing came amiss to the men of that day. My answer was 'All right! I'm ready,' and off we started, then and there in evening costume, with, as was the custom then, thin shoes and silk stockings on our feet! I am afraid to say how far it was to Inverness, but it must be between 90 and 100 miles. We went straight over the Grampian mountains. I called to my servant to follow with my walking shoes and worsted stockings, and Lord Kennedy did the same. They overtook us after we had gone seven or eight miles. Fancy my disgust! My idiot brought me certainly worsted stockings, but instead of shoes a pair of tight Wellington boots! My language, I am afraid, was more expressive than elegant. His excuse was that my shoes were damp from wading in the day-time; so that I had to make the best of it with the Wellingtons. The sole of one boot vanished twenty-five miles from Inverness and I had to finish barefooted.

We walked all night, next day and the next night --it was raining torrents all the way. We crossed the Grampians, making a perfectly straight line, and got to Inverness at 6 a.m. We never saw or heard of Sir Andrew Leith-Hay (he went by the coach road via Huntley and Elgin, thirty-six miles further than we, but a good road) who appeared at 10 a.m. and who was much cast down at finding he had been beaten."

A mad freak, no doubt, but the men who could gaily undergo such hardships for the mere love of sport were a race of heroes, and it was to that race that James Carr Boyle, fifth Earl of Glasgow, belonged. Touchy, crotchety, headstrong, and full of eccentricities as he was, he nevertheless held a warm place in the hearts of his contemporaries. His wayward and uncertain temper and his rough tongue were condoned by the intrinsic worth of the man, who was an embodiment of honesty and honour, albeit in about the grimmest shape those admirable qualities could well have shown themselves.

Born in Renfrewshire on the 10th of April 1792 Viscount Kelburne, for that was his title before he succeeded to the Earldom, went to sea at an early age, and, like Admiral Rous, he never lost the salt flavour. To the last he was a true descendant of the old Norsemen in his manner and in his blood. The young lieutenant, however, soon became seasoned to life ashore, under the auspices of his one-armed tutor "Sir Wolly"—a nickname, not, as the Hon. Frank Lawley strangely asserts, of Sir David Baird, but of Sir William Maxwell of Menreith the owner of Filho da Puta, who won the St. Leger in 1815, an event

which the eccentric baronet celebrated by thrusting his walking stick through all the pier-glasses of the Reindeer Inn at Doncaster and expressing his regret that there were no more to smash as a relief to his feelings.

Tutor and pupil, "The Druid" tells us, would sit at the window of the "Black Swan" at York with magnums of claret before them after midnight, and hand it out in tumblers to the passers-by. Old racing men of thirty years ago used to tell how they could remember the pupil jumping on the table at "The Star" in Stonegate, Doncaster, when Mr. Gully entered, and offering 25 to 1 in hundreds against Brutandorf for the St. Leger of 1823, and repeating the offer in thousands. Having once begun to plunge, he won £17,000 on Jerry for the St. Leger of 1824, and lost £27,000 over Mameluke for the same event in 1827. The boldness, not to say recklessness, of his betting was enough to take the breath of old stagers away. There is a story told of how Lord George Bentinck looked in at Crockford's on the eve of the Derby of 1843 and expressed his readiness to take 3 to 1 about his horse Gaper.

"I'll lay it you," said Lord Glasgow.

"Yes," said Lord George, in his rather mincing way, "but then I want to do it to money."

"I'll lay you £90,000 to £30,000," was the immediate response, and then it was Lord George's turn to look foolish.

Those who remember Lord Glasgow when the betting frenzy was upon him, and there are not many now living, describe him as having something particularly determined in his manner at such times. He

would lean his back, says one veteran sportsman, against a post in the Stand or the Rooms, rubbing his neck with his hand, apparently from some nervous habit, and ready to lay odds almost to millions when once in the vein. It was dangerous for a trainer or jockey to advise his lordship to put £100 on a horse, as he was sure to multiply the advice by 10, or 20, or even 100. Very often he would take no advice; and with a colt at least 2 stone better in his stable he characteristically enough backed Dare Devil to win him £50,000, and put his first jockey on him for the St. Leger. But, be the issue what it might, no one could tell by his features whether he had won or lost.

As Lord Kelburne, when his racing aspirations did not range further south than York and Doncaster, he lived a good deal in Scotland, at his seat of Hawkhead, near Paisley, devoting himself to hunting, racing and shooting, which his enormous fortune enabled him to indulge in to the utmost extent of his desires. There he gathered round him such congenial spirits as the late Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Kennedy, Sir William and Sir John Heron Maxwell and Sir James Boswell, and the county-side rang with the fame of their wild orgies and adventures. Claret was then the fashionable liquor for gentlemen, and had Dr. Johnson seen the effects which it produced upon these stalwart Scottish sportsmen he would certainly have rescinded his famous dictum that "claret is the liquor for boys." There was not one of these hardy Norsemen who could not stow away half a dozen bottles under his belt after dinner, and then be ready for any mad freak or adventure or feat of athletic prowess that perverted ingenuity could suggest. I have already mentioned

that wild Berserker spirit Lord Kennedy, and given an example of his intrepid eccentricity. And in Lord Kelburne Kennedy found a foeman worthy of his steel, with a courage as dauntless, a brain as wild, a purse as long, a physique as athletic as his own:—ready to shoot, walk, ride, drive against him, or indulge in any other contest for any conceivable sum at any hour of the day or night. The later the hour, of course, the wilder the wager, for the claret had then quickened the naturally reckless, devil-may-care disposition of both into fiery impulse.

One night, so runs the story, after the magnum had been in strong force, a warm dispute arose between Lord Kelburne and Lord Kennedy over their respective merits as coachmen. Of course a match of £500 was the only means of settling the question, and although it was "past twelve o'clock and a stormy night" as the old Charleys would have said, two coaches and teams were ordered out from the neighbouring Hotel, and the pair started on their journey. The night was as dark as Erebus, but their Lordships rattled off as if it were daylight. The vehicles swayed about as if they would topple over every minute, the road was barely wide enough to allow two waggon to pass: they had frequent collisions but no upsets. Lord Kelburne was winning easily when he arrived at the top of a hill where two roads met, one leading to the sea, the other to the town of Ardrrossan, where the match was to terminate. Unfortunately, with that ill-luck which followed him through life, he chose the wrong road, lost his wager, and with difficulty stopped the coach and horses from being upset into the bay.

Lord Kennedy was a keen sportsman and a fascin-

ating companion but his temper was as hot and hasty as Lord Kelburne's. And it was this irritable impatience of his that cost him his life. For when his health was in a very critical state and he had been warned that any chill might be fatal to him, his lordship, just because his medical attendant did not turn up at the appointed hour, recklessly went off salmon fishing. When the doctor arrived and learned what his patient had done he exclaimed, "If he's in the water he's a dead man." When the doctor came up to him he *was* in the water up to his middle, and a few days later he was dead. Lord Kennedy was but a comparatively young man when he thus killed himself. He was heir to the Marquisate of Ailsa with a rent-roll of £40,000 a year, but he never came into the title and in a brief career of 16 or 17 years squandered two large fortunes which came to him through his mother and his wife.

But Lord Kelburne had a longer purse and a stronger frame than his ill-starred friend. In due course he came into possession of the Earldom of Glasgow, by the death of his father, but the accession of dignity made no difference to him, he was still the same original, eccentric, irritable character he had always been, and still as passionately and waywardly fond of sport as ever. As the Master of the Renfrewshire Hounds, he distinguished himself by his liberal management: but if anything went wrong with the sport, he would immediately turn upon the huntsman and chase that hapless man, thong in hand, half a league over hedge and fallow.

But it was on the Turf that Lord Glasgow was most familiar to the people of England. For upwards

of fifty years he figured as an owner of racehorses. During that period he spent hundreds of thousands of pounds upon breeding and training racehorses, and yet only once did one of the classic races fall to his "white body, crimson sleeves, and cap". The greatest victory of his Turf career was in the York Subscription Purse in that memorable year when Harry Edwards on his Lordship's Acteon defeated by a head the terrific rush of Sam Chifney on Memnon. The best horse Lord Glasgow ever possessed was General Peel (so called after his dear old friend), who in 1864 won the Two Thousand Guineas and ran second to Blair Athol both for the Derby and the St. Leger.

Lord Glasgow's fickleness was proverbial,—he was perpetually changing his trainers and jockeys. No one was so wayward and difficult to please or so munificent when he was pleased. His trainers "came and went like the Simoom", till at last men of standing in the profession would not engage themselves to him without a guarantee for at least three years. When he had gone the round he would come back to the old ones, although he had vowed by all his gods that they had ruined his horses. Every trainer according to his account did that. Still his cheque was always there to the moment, and that was like balm in Gilead to the wounds his rough tongue inflicted.

Above all things, Lord Glasgow hated naming his horses, a peculiarity which I think distinguishes Mr. Hamar Bass in the present day. A horse, his lordship maintained, should not be named till he had earned a name by winning a race, and as his horses rarely, considering their number, achieved that distinction,

they were for the most part shot unnamed. Half the evenings at the Jockey Club, when Lord Derby led the revels, with the Earl of Strafford, General Peel Admiral Rous, Mr. Greville, and Mr. George Payne—friends who could always touch the right chord in the testy old Scot—were spent in trying to name his horses for him. Once and once only they succeeded in getting Lord Glasgow to name three of his horses himself, and the result was the registration with Messrs. Weatherby of the following names:—"He—has—a—name", "Give—him—a—name", and "He—isn't—worth—a—name". The last was too true of most of his stud, for no man, probably, in the history of the Turf brought out so many bad horses.

A strange cross-grained character was James Carr Boyle, fifth Earl of Glasgow, not exactly, as Aytoun said of Lord Eglinton, "one of the heroic stamp of Montrose and Dundee", but still a grand Turf patriarch whose spirit no defeat could quench; and when he died on the 11th March 1869 at his Renfrewshire seat, Hawkhead, the whole sporting world missed and mourned him sincerely, for there were none who did not know that beneath his rough rind there beat a kindly and generous heart, and that the cloak of surly, snarling pride covered a piece of genuine manhood. Even in his very dress one could trace the prevailing eccentricity of his character—like his old friend General Peel, he never wore an overcoat even in the wettest and coldest of weather until within a few years of his death. He had a particular contempt for such modern innovations as ulsters and knickerbockers. But when a master hand has limned the portrait of the grand old Scotsman what words of mine can do ought but

weaken the picture? It is thus that "The Druid" in one of his happiest moments, portrays the Earl of Glasgow :—

"To the last he stood by the side of the cards with low shoes a world too wide, white trowsers in which T. P. Cooke himself could conscientiously have danced a hornpipe, and not infrequently in a blue coat with gilt buttons. See him when you might, there was the same nervous irritation, which ruined all natural rest and made his span of seventy-seven years, eked out as it was nightly by chloroform or laudanum, very little short of miraculous . . .

"The more they jeered at his stud tribes the more he stuck by them, and the more assiduously he matched the produce. He cared nothing what he spent out of a reputed £60,000 a year. If a privileged queen of the card-women (sellers of race cards) hit him a little too hard with her chaff, he would rub his neck or back, as was his nervous way, a little more vigorously than usual, and throw her a sovereign to get rid of her. He liked having his racing blood to himself and therefore he put the fees of his sires at a pretty prohibitive figure. In fact, he would sooner lend than let, and infinitely sooner shoot than sell. He has been known to go down to Middleham out of the season, summon out a few resident jockeys overnight, to ride a score or more trials for him the next morning, and finish up by shooting half a dozen of the worst twos and threes without benefit of clergy. Stern of mood as he might be when crossed, 'his hand was ever open', 'his heart was ever warm'. It was said that he once fed half Paisley in a time of distress, and that yet not even a bailie dared to thank

him on behalf of his brother townsmen for fear of being assaulted. A tenpound-note or a 'pony' was the very least he would pull out of his pocket, if the hat went round, and good cause was shown for some Turfite who had fallen behind the world. For forty years after their connection had ceased, he would send some of his earliest jockeys a £50 note if he had won a good event, simply for 'auld lang syne'. With all his foibles he was a glorious old landmark to the Turf, and while he was still among us defying the roll of the ages, with his quaint garb and blunt speech, some may perchance have felt that his presence was a wholesome corrective to the modern spirit, which has lowered 'the sport of kings' into a doubtful trade, a contest for honour into a lust for long odds."

SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY.

"IT is better to be born lucky than rich," says the old proverb. But what shall be said of the man who is born *both* lucky *and* rich! Surely in such a combination we may look for the acme of human happiness. This was the lot which Fortune assigned to Sir Joseph Hawley, and yet I am not aware that he was any happier than the ruck of mortals to whom both luck and wealth have been denied. Certainly his appearance never gave me the idea of a man who was supremely happy.

The heir of one of those long settled families for which Kent is famous, Joseph Hawley came into possession of the paternal title and acres when he was but a youth of seventeen. The young master of Leybourne Grange by his position and abilities seemed marked out for a distinguished career in politics, and everybody expected that he would, as many of his ancestors had done before him, enter Parliament as a representative of the Shire of Hops and speedily win his spurs as politician. But these expectations were doomed to disappointment. To the surprise and regret of his friends and neighbours young Sir Joseph deliberately turned his back on the House of Commons



Joseph Henry



and all its allurements and struck out a path for himself, or rather I may say, two paths: for Sir Joseph Hawley, throughout his career, led two curiously distinct lives, and doubtless many of those who knew him on the Turf as "the lucky baronet" will even now be surprised to hear that he was a man of profound learning, of great scientific attainments, and of undoubted literary capacity. He was, too, a pronounced bookworm and the library he collected at Leybourne Grange was probably the largest, the most complete and the most valuable in the County of Kent. But not as a man of science or letters does the name of Sir Joseph Hawley retain its hold on the memory of his countrymen: he is remembered as the owner of such Stars of the Turf as Teddington, Beadsman, Musjid, Blue Gown, Aphrodite, and Mendicant with her splendid progeny, and it is with Sir Joseph in this character alone that I have here to deal.

Born in 1814, Sir Joseph entered the Army at the age of seventeen, and served as a subaltern for a short time in the 9th Lancers. The life of a soldier in a crack regiment, however, was not much to his taste, and, quitting the service, he devoted himself, like Lord Wilton, to yachting. In his schooner, the *Mischief*, he cruised for some time in the Mediterranean, visiting Greece, Morocco, Italy, and finally taking up his abode in the last-named country, where he revelled in the "cultivation of the fine arts and the *belles lettres*," as he himself put it in writing to a friend. It was in Italy, too, that his taste for the Turf was developed, mainly through his intimacy with that inveterate Turfite Mr. J. M. Stanley (afterwards Sir J. Massey Stanley Errington, Bart.) with whom he was brought a great

deal in contact whilst both of them were residing in Florence. The two friends there formed a confederacy to run a few platers against the Italian horses.

On Sir Joseph's return to England the confederacy was renewed, and in 1844 the famous Hawley colours "cherry and black cap" were registered in the Calendar. Little success, however, attended Sir Joseph's venture, until Sim Templeman, in 1847, secured him his first important prize by riding Miriam to victory in the race for the Oaks. It was at this time, too, that the Kentish baronet was guilty of what all his friends declared to be the egregious folly of purchasing Mendicant, winner of the Oaks in 1846, from John Gully for 3,000 guineas, a *mistake* (save the mark!) which years afterwards put into Sir Joseph's pockets the sum of £100,000 in a single year, for her son Beadsman in 1858, by his Derby victory, enabled his owner to net upwards of £80,000 in bets in addition to the unusually rich stakes.

The Lord of Leybourne had not long to wait before securing a greater triumph than Miriam's. None who were present are ever likely to forget the Derby of 1851, the year of the first Great Exhibition, of which the Crystal Palace still stands as a memento, and, take it altogether, perhaps the most brilliant anniversary of the great race on record. Never before had there been so vast a concourse upon Epsom Downs, and though possibly the railways of late years may have conveyed larger numbers to the course, yet never has there been witnessed such a crush upon the road or such a splendid array of equipages on the classic race-ground. Every Englishman seemed determined to aid in adding to the imposing spectacle prepared for the myriads of

foreigners from every corner of the globe who were bent upon assisting at our great national holiday. All the surrounding circumstances, too, were favourable. The weather was charming and the field for the Derby was the largest up to that time recorded, and indeed has only once since been surpassed, namely in 1862—curiously enough the year of the next Exhibition, when Caractacus stole his victory for Mr. Snewing from a field of thirty-four. In 1851 there were thirty-three starters, and the winner, as all the world knows, was that magnificent son of Orlando, Teddington, who, though run in Sir Joseph Hawley's name and colours, was really the property of his confederate, Mr. J. M. Stanley.

It was one of the heaviest betting Derbys ever known, and Davis, the "Leviathan" bookmaker, who was then at the height of his glory, received a blow that may be said to have struck him "between wind and water." The "Leviathan," however, although his losses were estimated at £100,000 paid them with as much indifference as the Bank of England would have done, and, to prevent any grounds for sinister gossip, without waiting for settling-day, gladdened Mr. Charles Greville's eyes with a cheque for £15,000 twenty-four hours after the numbers had gone up.

On this occasion, to the horror and indignation of Admiral Rous, who, as I have already stated, had a very strong objection indeed to the growing practice of making large presents to jockeys, Sir Joseph Hawley and his confederate presented Job Marson, who rode Teddington, with £2,000, whilst the other *douceurs* which the fortunate jockey received, made the ride worth upwards of £3,000 to him.

Sir Joseph had already obtained the *sobriquet* of "the lucky baronet", and so strong was the public faith in his luck, that in the following September, when he went to Doncaster to do battle with the powerful stables of the North in the St. Leger, every owner, trainer, jockey, stable-boy, and backer hailing from the south of the Trent, put his money on Job Marson and Aphrodite, the beautiful filly with which Sir Joseph had won the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. But with fierce glee the Yorkshiremen accepted the challenge. John Scott was then indeed the Wizard of the North, and the many-acred shire believed in him to a man. Not often has there been so exciting a contest between the equine Champions of the North and South. But this time the North had it. Aphrodite went down before Newminster, who was destined subsequently to become the sire of one of Sir Joseph's Derby winners.

But, despite this blow to his hopes, the Master of Leybourne could not complain of his luck that year. Besides his victories with Aphrodite and Teddington in the One Thousand and Derby, he had won the Great Metropolitan with The Ban, the Ascot Stakes with Vatican, the Great Yorkshire Handicap with the Confessor, the Doncaster Cup with The Ban, whilst Teddington pulled off his great match for 1000 guineas against Mr. Osbaldeston's Mountain Deer; in addition to which a whole multitude of minor races had been credited to Sir Joseph's account. Indeed it is doubtful whether any Turfite had ever previously won so large a sum in stakes as Sir Joseph Hawley did in 1851, though the amount of course was far short of Lord Falmouth's winnings in 1877, or the Duke of Portland's in 1889,

but then it must be remembered that, unlike the owner of Silvio and Donovan, the Kentish Baronet betted very heavily. There was a romance, by the bye, attached to the history of Teddington. Sir Joseph first saw him as a three months' foal at the side of his dam, and was so struck with his action that he bought him, with the mare, from a blacksmith at Stamford, for 250 guineas and £1000 contingent on his winning the Derby, for which he was already entered. It was a marvellous bargain, for Teddington gloriously wound up a brilliant racing career by winning the Emperor's Plate at Ascot as a five-year-old.

Another of Sir Joseph's lucky years was 1858. He opened the ball by winning the Two Thousand with Fitz-Roland, like Teddington a son of Orlando, and followed this up by carrying off the Derby with Beadsman, "Tiny" Wells being in both cases the jockey, and thus brilliantly inaugurating the long series of successes he was destined to achieve in the "cherry and black".

In the following year Sir Joseph again won the Derby with Musjid, the son of Newminster, to whom I have already referred. Then there was a lull in the whirlwind of success, and Sir Joseph had to be content with a less sensational list of victories, till in 1867 and 1868 he again carried all before him. In the first of these years, among other successes, he was first and second in the Middle Park Plate with Green Sleeve and Rosicrucian; won the Criterion Stakes with Rosicrucian; ran a dead heat for the Cambridgeshire with Wolsey; took the Clearwell with Blue Gown, the Prendergast with Green Sleeve, and when he sent his horses to their winter quarters must have

felt that, in spite of the Marquis of Hastings, the Duke of Newcastle, and Mr. Henry Chaplin, he was really master of the situation for the coming year.

He began badly, however, as Green Sleeve could only get fourth for the two Thousand: but Blue Gown won the Derby, as his father Beadsman had done before him, thus the son and grandson of Mendicant justified Sir Joseph's derided purchase, and on this race the followers of the "lucky baronet" won so enormously as to pretty well break the Marquis and the rest of the young plungers. Indeed, Blue Gown (who died in 1881 on his way over to America), is the horse with which Sir Joseph Hawley's name will always be most closely associated in the public's memory. For he was emphatically the public's horse, though his owner preferred the chance of another of his string and never appears to have appreciated the colt's merits, for he let him go in March 1870 for £5,000 to the Prussians. Sir Joseph ran Blue Gown out of pure sportsmanlike feeling. When he knew in the winter that the public were on the horse to a man, he said, "Then they shall have a run for their money", but he never liked the son of Beadsman, and did not win a shilling in bets by the success of his colt, though if Rosicrucian or Green Sleeve had won he would have netted a very large sum. The entire stakes, not far short £6,000, were presented to Wells, the handsomest present ever made to a jockey.

Blue Gown's Derby was called sensational, but the most exciting episode in the horse's career was at Doncaster, when as a two-year-old he carried off the Champagne Stakes. There were twelve starters, Mr.

Merry's horse was left at the post and Sir Joseph Hawley's colt came in first, but did not get the Stakes. Wells, no longer the "Tiny" of old days could not ride the weight, other jockeys knew this and when he returned to scale he was watched. John Doyle, who hated Wells, seized the beam and appealed to Mr. Chaplin, who was one of the Stewards. That gentleman ordered Wells to sit in the scales till the Admiral could be summoned. Then followed a *mauvais quart d'heure* for Sir Joseph and his jockey. Admiral Rous came and pronounced against the winner for *over-weight*. Mr. Chaplin inquired what impost Blue Gown had carried. "No, no," replied the Admiral, "this is bad enough. The public need not know how much Hawley's horse really carried." As a matter of fact Blue Gown had won *carrying as nearly as possible 9 stone* and this marvellous performance was never forgotten by the public, who stuck to him through evil report and good report.

Among other races which Sir Joseph ran in that eventful year 1868, were the Criterion and Middle Park Plate with Pero Gomez, the Royal Hunt Cup with Satyr, the Ascot Cup with Blue Gown, the Champagne Stakes with Morna, and the Liverpool Cup with The Palmer, whilst it should not be forgotten that Blue Gown struggled into second place for the Cambridgeshire under the crushing weight of 9 stone. In 1869 Pero Gomez only got second to Pretender for the Derby, but turned the tables on the Northern horse in the St. Leger, another memorable contest between North and South, which was decided this time in favour of Sir Joseph and the Southerners, and so Aphrodite was avenged.

"Dangerous Sir Joseph" the lucky baronet was now dubbed, and dangerous he proved not only on the Turf but off it, as Dr. Shorthouse of Carshalton found to his cost. For that eccentric journalist, the original founder of the *Sporting Times* which his successor Mr. John Corlett has transformed into the most popular of sporting journals, was convicted of libelling the Kentish baronet, and sentenced to undergo three months' imprisonment in addition to paying a fine of £50. It was a most outrageous libel, accusing Sir Joseph Hawley of pretty nearly every malpractice known to the Turf, but Dr. Shorthouse personally had nothing to do with the penning of it, though he chivalrously took upon himself the whole responsibility. The writer, whom I knew well, was Alfred Geary, long since deceased, an accomplished journalist and a most amiable man, but sadly wanting in discretion. He dashed off the article in his reckless, impetuous, thoughtless way, and Dr. Shorthouse never saw it till his eyes fell upon it in horror in the published paper. In vain he apologised. Sir Joseph was inexorable. Alfred Geary was quite ready, and indeed eager, to give up his name as the writer, but Dr. Shorthouse would not hear of it. *He* as editor and proprietor was the party responsible, and he would allow no one to share his burden. Perhaps if the Doctor had not, in the *Sporting Times* the week before the trial, hinted at some *racy* revelations which would come out in the cross-examination of the plaintiff, the latter might not, after all, have proceeded to extremities, or at any rate the sentence might have been less severe, but the Doctor imprudently courted his fate, and I never could quite see why Sir Joseph Hawley should

have been blamed for not joining in the request for a remission of the sentence, though asked to do so by many influential Turfites.

In the year 1870 Sir Joseph Hawley came forward in a new character, that of a trenchant Turf reformer, advocating most strenuously the abolition of two-year-old races and preaching most eloquently against the immorality of "plunging". These two evils together, he foretold, would infallibly destroy the Turf as a sport, if not nipped in the bud. It was a prophecy which came somewhat incongruously from a man who had won the Middle Park Plate twice in the first three years of its existence, and who had probably secured as much of the plungers' money as any half-dozen book-makers put together. Nay more, at the very time he was urging these reforms, the "cherry and black" was being carried at Northampton and other meetings by his two-year-olds, and Sir Joseph himself had in the winter taken £40,000 to £600 apiece about each of his five fillies in the Derby! So much for consistency! Yet, despite the conflict between the practice and doctrine of the preacher, it must be admitted that there was much truth in his arguments, and that it would have been well if the heads of the Jockey Club had taken them into earnest consideration, for they are more or less the panacea prescribed by all genuine and honest Turf reformers. In the Senate of the Turf, however, they were successfully opposed and the general opinion was that the reforms suggested were either impracticable or inconvenient. That Sir Joseph was disappointed at the rejection of his proposals there can be no doubt, though it seems to me that they would have come with better grace

from almost any other man living than himself, but there was nothing to show that his interest in the great sport, to which he had devoted so much of his life, abated on that account. He was to the last as keen a lover of the Turf as on that proud day when Miriam first made him the winner of a great classical race.

Sir Joseph Hawley died on the 20th of April 1875 in the 62nd year of his age, and, having no issue, was succeeded in the title and estates by his brother. I can hardly say that he was personally popular. He had not the gifts and graces which endear a man to those who are brought constantly in contact with him. But the public liked him because he always treated them in a sportsmanlike spirit. And indeed he was at heart a true sportsman. He was a man, too, whom the Turf could ill afford to lose, for though rather a fortunate than a scientific breeder, he spared no pains in the selection of his stud, and thus did much to improve the grand race of English thoroughbreds.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

A GLANCE at Lord Chesterfield's portrait will, I think, enable even an amateur physiognomist to arrive at a pretty accurate estimate of his character. The pose of the hat, the expression of the face, indicate that reckless, dare-devil spirit, that utter contempt for thrift and the conventional virtues, which were his chief characteristics. He was not gifted with wisdom or prudence, but he managed to get a good deal of enjoyment out of life, at any rate in the early part of his career, and if in the end he thought the game was not worth the candle, he never showed it.

Few men have entered the world with fairer prospects than George Stanhope, sixth Earl of Chesterfield. For thirty years his father had longed in vain for an heir, and when at last his hopes were realized, on the 23rd of May, 1805, his delight knew no bounds. The christening of the son, whose arrival had been almost despaired of by his parents, was a function worthy of the occasion. The King and Queen, good old George the Third and his homely Consort Charlotte, consented to be sponsors. His Majesty himself held the precious infant whilst the Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony; not only Chesterfield House but the

whole of South Audley Street was gorgeously illuminated (the christening took place at night) and lined with Life Guards. Never, perhaps, was any but a Royal infant ushered into the membership of the Church with such pomp and pageantry.

At the age of eight, by the death of both his parents, George Stanhope was left an orphan and possessor of the title and estates. During his minority his revenues accumulated till they brought in a princely income which might have well satisfied the desires of any man, and which it seemed impossible that anything but absolutely insane extravagance could exhaust. But as soon as he was emancipated from Eton discipline and went up to Christ Church, the young Earl made it apparent that Nature had endowed him with a marvellous gift of squandering money. He soon left the University, and entered the great world with every advantage that could ensure him success there. He burst upon the scene at a time when such a gay spirit was particularly welcome. One who knew him well has thus described his début and its opportuneness,

“Relieved from the incubus of the Great Napoleon, Great Britain awoke from her protracted nightmare, and Lord Chesterfield was the Coryphaeus to lead her along the gladsome path of flowers, for a return to which she had long been sighing. The hunting-field, the road, the Turf, and the dramatic world, with the fascinating Mrs. Honey as its bright particular star, offered their combined attractions to one whose wealth was then deemed enormous, who showed every disposition to squander it, and who was nobody's enemy but his own. Pleasure clashed her gay cymbals at his feet, and he was nothing loth to drain

her intoxicating cup to the dregs. He was the first to astonish the town by the unprecedented prices he gave for such superb race horses as Zinganee, and Priam; nor were his four-in-hand teams, his Stanhopes—a vehicle to which he gave his own name—and his hunters one whit less perfect than his lavish expenditure and his knowledge of horse-flesh entitled his contemporaries to expect.”

Lord Chesterfield made his first appearance as a Turfite under the auspices of Mr. Charles Greville, best known to the present generation by his popular “Memoirs”, with whom he trained his horses at Newmarket under Prince. Fortune, however, was niggardly in her favours to the young Earl until his purchase of Zinganee, which was made under peculiar circumstances. The horse belonged to the Chifneys, who were then training for the King (George the Fourth). His Majesty had set his heart upon winning the Ascot Cup with Colonel for whom he had given 4,000 guineas. Lord Chesterfield had made an offer for Zinganee after the horse had won the Oatlands, and the same evening not only mentioned the negotiation to the King, but gracefully expressed his readiness to break it off and not be in any way the instrument of depriving His Majesty of a trophy on which he had evidently set his heart.

“My dear Chesterfield,” was the frank, jovial answer, “buy the Chifneys’ horse by all means: if you don’t beat me with him Gully will: I don’t mind being beaten by you.”

So for 2,500 guineas Zinganee passed into Lord Chesterfield’s hands and bore off the Cup from Royalty’s representative, the Colonel. That the Chifneys were

well aware they were parting with the almost certain winner of the Cup is proved by a letter written by William Chifney to Lord Darlington some days before the sale, in which he says, "I have the best horse in England at this moment in Zinganee, and if the race is desperately run I shall be very much surprised and greatly disappointed if I do not see him win the Cup on Thursday without the slightest degree of trouble."

The King, however, could not rest until he had Zinganee, and Lord Chesterfield let him have the horse for the price he had paid for it. But Zinganee was past his prime and did no good afterwards, though he ran for the Ascot Cup of 1830 in the Royal Colours when he came in a "bad last". So that Lord Chesterfield had no reason to repent of selling him.

The success of Zinganee encouraged his lordship to make another bold speculation. He bought from the Chifneys for what was then thought a very big price—3,000 guineas—the famous horse Priam, winner of the Derby of 1830. But, big as the price was, Priam was worth it, and far more. The Chifneys always declared that he was the best horse they ever owned, and he proved his worth both on the Turf and at the stud. Amongst his great triumphs in the Chesterfield colours was his famous match against Sir Mark Wood's grand mare Lucetta at the Newmarket First-Spring Meeting, 1831. Lucetta was a five-year-old, Priam a year younger but they ran at even weights. Sam Chifney rode Lord Chesterfield's horse and Jem Robinson, one of the finest horsemen that ever sat in the pigskin, had the mount on Lucetta. Chifney lay behind and let the mare, who was in far better condition than Priam, make the running till they reached the ropes—then came

the terrific "Chifney rush" which sent Priam first past the post by a couple of lengths.

Priam won the Goodwood Cup for Lord Chesterfield in two consecutive years, 1831 and 1832, and on the memorable 2nd of October 1831 gave Lord Exeter's crack, Augustus, winner of that year's Two Thousand, 16lbs. and a beating across the Flat at Newmarket.

Nor was this splendid horse less successful when he left the Turf for the stud. He was the sire of Industry, who won the Oaks for Lord Chesterfield in 1838, and among his latest progeny were Letty, an Oaks winner, and Lord George Bentinck's wonderful mare Crucifix, who won 11 good races for her owner as a two-year-old, and as a three-year-old in 1840 placed to Lord George's credit the Two Thousand, One Thousand, and Oaks.

In 1839 Lord Chesterfield, who had then run to the length of his tether, sold Priam for 3500 guineas to an American Syndicate, and the great horse went across the Atlantic, where, however, he was not so successful as in this country.

The confederacy between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Greville had been dissolved in 1832, when his lordship removed his horses from Newmarket to John Scott's stables at Malton. Under the training of "The Wizard of the North", Industry carried the Chesterfield colours to victory in the Oaks, and Don John in the St. Leger of 1838. The latter used, for many years, to be spoken of by good judges as the best horse they had ever seen win the great Doncaster race. But Lord Chesterfield was by this time too hard up to profit by the victories of his horse. He had gone the pace with such reckless extravagance that he was at the end of his resources

and had not the courage to plunge, or, perhaps, knowing that he had not the wherewithal to pay if he lost, was restrained from plunging by motives of honour. His conduct provoked the contempt of that Napoleonic bettor, Lord George Bentinck. Writing to a friend just after Don John's St. Leger Lord George said, "I am just about to address myself to the weary task of making out my book, upon which I have not won a single bet. And yet—I would rather be in my position than in that of Lord Chesterfield who, with such a horse as Don John in his possession has only won £1,500 upon the Leger. Had Don John been mine I would not have left a single card seller in Doncaster with a coat to his back."

Don John, like many another good horse, had been picked up by Lord Chesterfield at a bargain. The price was only 140 guineas, a mere song for a horse that won the Champagne Stakes as a two-year-old and the St. Leger and Doncaster Cup as a three-year-old. What further triumphs he might have achieved had not one of his fore legs gone wrong after the Doncaster Cup it is impossible to guess.

By this time I have said Lord Chesterfield was in "Queer Street". His princely fortune had been squandered, partly in extravagant living; partly by reckless gambling at Crockford's and Bond's. For three seasons he had been Master of the Buckhounds which he hunted with royal magnificence. For three seasons, too, he had been Master of the Pytchley, where his princely hospitality will long be remembered. He kept open house at the George Hotel, Northampton, which he took for the season, and spent his money with a lavish hand that would have exhausted "the

wealth of Ormus or of Ind!" He drove the finest horses that money could procure. In the days of the Benson, Bedfont, and Richmond Driving Clubs, when all the gilded youth of London vied with one another in the splendour of their equipages, Chesterfield distanced all rivals in the perfection of his team and the elegance of his coach and its appointments.

His banquets at his noble paternal mansion, Chesterfield House, were such as would have made Apicius and Lucullus die with envy. Dolesio, the famous Chesterfield *Chef*, had a European reputation and the salary of an ambassador. His dinners and suppers were the very acme of the *cuisinier's* art. But Lord Chesterfield's resources would have stood even this drain had there been no other call upon them. It was not extravagant living nor betting on the Turf that ruined him, it was the cards and dice at the fashionable gaming-hells. There is a story told of a singular and not very creditable encounter with his lordship and the Messrs. Bond—Ephraim and Joseph. Ephraim Bond who has been immortalized in Lord Beaconsfield's "Henrietta" as the Prince of moneylenders, had a palatial gaming establishment in St. James's Street. Lord Chesterfield had one night lost there £5,000, for which he gave the Bonds his cheque; but, when it was presented at his lordship's bank, they were informed that Lord Chesterfield had given instructions that it was not to be paid. The Brothers Bond went promptly to Chesterfield House, and, by dint of heavy bribing, obtained admission to the ante-room adjoining his lordship's bed-chamber. The unsuspecting Earl sauntered out of his room, and to his intense surprise and indignation found himself confronted by the two Bonds.

He turned white with rage, and exclaimed fiercely, "How dare you take the liberty of coming to see me here? I'll have you kicked out without a moment's delay." And with that he furiously rang the bell. But Ephraim Bond, a bold, powerful, and determined man, who in his time had fought in the Prize Ring, sprang forward and cried, "By Heaven, my lord, unless you tell the servant when he answers that bell that you only rang for a glass of water, you shall yourself find your way through that window into the court-yard below."

Ephraim Bond was not a man to be trifled with, and he would certainly have been as good as his word had the Earl attempted to carry out his threat. Chesterfield was completely cowed, and the Bonds got their money.

It was not long after this that Lord Chesterfield let Chesterfield House to the Duke of Abercorn, and for the future contented himself with hired lodgings or a suite of rooms in an hotel when he was in London; but from 1845 to 1866 he spent the larger portion of his time at Bretby Park, a wild, straggling, unkempt estate, where on the most execrable training ground in Christendom, Tom Taylor, father of Alec, tried hard to produce another Priam, Industry, or Don John to retrieve his master's fallen fortunes, but in vain. Luck had deserted the Chesterfield colours, though there was a glimmer of success for the red and blue jacket in 1849, when Lady Evelyn won the Oaks; and a good many minor handicaps fell to Lady Wildair, Mrs. Trant, Jacqueline, Typee and Barthilde; all mares, it will be observed, for the Earl never owned a good horse after Don John.

There was one pleasing feature about Lord Chesterfield's Turf career. He never blamed or abused his jockeys, and, consequently, Pat Conolly, Nat Flatman, and Frank Butler, who had most of his mounts, idolized him. No one dared to say an ill word of Lord Chesterfield in the presence of any one of these famous horsemen, for any one of them would have leapt like a tiger at the throat of the libeller of the generous master whom they loved.

It is possible that Lord Chesterfield might have lived to be an old man had he condescended to take any exercise. But for some years before his death he never took any exercise of any kind. He would lie in bed till dinner time, then drive in a cab to his club, sit there till the early morning, and then take a cab home. In the country at Bretby Park, he would just move from the dining-room to the terrace, where he would sit star-gazing half the night through a telescope which the butler manipulated for him. It was not surprising, therefore, that his vital powers decayed and that death overtook him at the age of 61. As the owner of Zinganee, Priam, Industry, Don John, and Lady Evelyn, his name is embalmed for ever in the Records of the Turf. But it can hardly be said that there was anything else in the life of George Stanhope, sixth Earl of Chesterfield, that is worth keeping in remembrance.

MR. JAMES MERRY.

THERE are certain aristocrats of the Turf, who resent the intrusion of the plebeian element into their favourite sport. Fortunately, for the popularity of horse-racing, they are few in number, and no one pays much heed to their petulant dissatisfaction with things as they are. The great mass of patrician Turfites recognise the inroad of democracy as inevitable, and condescend with lofty magnanimity to pocket the money of the public which they despise. They are of Vespasian's opinion, "non olet"—the odour of the unwashed, happily, does not cling to its coins. But, unfortunately, some of the ablest writers on Turf matters, have been, and are, tainted with this spirit of aristocratic exclusiveness, and display it when dealing with eminent racing men of plebeian origin, who have the misfortune to come "betwixt the wind and their nobility." Among the persons for whom these fastidious writers have professed their profound contempt, is the subject of my present sketch, Mr. James Merry, the great Scotch ironmaster and sportsman.

Now, I will not pretend to say that the manners of James Merry had "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere," or that he was either by birth or



JAMES MERRY.



education, what is conventionally known as "a gentleman," that name,

"Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled by all ignoble use."

But whatever Mr. Merry's defects in manners and education may have been, he was, undoubtedly, a genuine sportsman and a good patron of racing, and if the owner of Thormanby, Dundee, Buckstone, Macgregor, Doncaster, and Marie Stuart, have not a claim to be enrolled among "Kings of the Turf," then I do not know to whom that honour should be restricted.

Mr. James Merry was the eldest son of a wealthy Glasgow merchant. Born in 1805, he was nominally educated at Glasgow University, but, as I have hinted, his scholastic attainments were of a meagre description, and following in the footsteps of his father, he soon became a leading ironmaster and proprietor of extensive works in Lanarkshire and Ayrshire. He had been early imbued with sporting tastes, but did not commence his racing career until he was four-and-thirty years of age, when he made his debut at Stirling, not only as an owner, but as a gentleman jockey, riding Patriot for the Hunters' Stakes, for which, along with four others, he was beaten by Mr. Laing on Birthday. It was not, however, until the year 1842, that he really went in for racing in earnest.

At that time the little town of Gullane, best known to Englishmen as the spot where the four Dawsons were born and bred, and William I'Anson, of Blink Bonny and Blair Athol fame, had his home, was then the Malton of Scotland, where long strings of thorough-

breeds might be seen every morning, galloping over the crisp and springy turf—for the Lowlands teemed with owners of race horses. At Gullane, Mr. Merry had several good horses in training under old George Dawson, whose son Mat was destined to play so conspicuous a part in the racing career of the Glasgow ironmaster. But it was not till 1843, that the yellow jacket, for the first time, made its appearance on an English race-course, at Liverpool, when Mr. Merry ran Cable for the Liverpool Cup. The horse finished nowhere, but it was a great day for Scotland, for Mr. Merry's three fellow-countrymen—Mr. Meiklam, Mr. Bell, and Lord Eglinton—were first, second, and third with Aristotle, Eboracum, and Pompey.

The year, 1847, was an eventful one in Mr. Merry's life, for it brought him an excellent wife and a first-rate race horse. The former was Ann, daughter of Mr. J. McHardy of Glenboig, Lanarkshire. The latter was Chanticleer, the gallant grey son of Birdcatcher, to whom Mr. Merry was largely indebted for his subsequent successes on the Turf. In 1848, Chanticleer was certainly the most brilliant performer of the season—he won ten of the fourteen races in which he was engaged, among them the Northumberland Plate, the Goodwood Stakes for which he carried the crushing weight of 9st. 2lbs., and the Doncaster Cup, in which he won an easy victory over Lord Eglinton's crack Van Tromp, winner of the St. Leger of 1847. In stakes alone, Chanticleer won £3,460, for his owner that year, and what amount Mr. Merry netted besides, in bets, will probably never be known. But when it is borne in mind that the astute Mr. Frederick Swindells ("Lord Freddy") was his commissioner, that 7

to 1 was laid against the grey for the Northumberland Stakes, 6 to 1 for the Goodwood Stakes, and 3 to 1 for the Doncaster Cup, his winnings may safely be assumed to have been *not less* than £50,000.

There were, by the way, strange doings in the Turf market, respecting that race for the Goodwood Stakes, Chanticleer being the target against which such heavy shots were fired, that in the words of a well-known sporting writer in *Baily's Magazine*, "his winning was an extraordinary piece of luck, as for weeks before he had been in the 'dead meat market', although all connected with him were most sanguine, and I'Anson was in a terrible state of mind for what he could not account. But to 'Lord Freddy', who was then Mr. Merry's commissioner, the victory has been in a great measure attributed, for by his advice, the jockey was changed, whether rightfully or not, we do not presume to say. However, no sooner had Marlow's name been affixed to the telegraph for Chanticleer, than it seemed like the writing on the wall to the Assyrian monarch, the 'legs' fell out in groups, and he was first favourite before the weigher had completed his duties, and the result was, that an ex-member of the Jockey Club, now an exile, has never since recovered from the blow."

I have no wish to dwell upon a forgotten scandal, but I think I am correct in stating that the "ex-member of the Jockey Club" is no longer an exile, but is once more a figure of some prominence in the best circles of sport and journalism. This was not by any means the only time, as I shall show presently, when Mr. Merry's prospects of success were endangered by foul play. That there is plenty of roguery on the

Turf, even now no one who "knows the ropes" will venture to deny, but the rogues are less daring in their unscrupulous schemes to destroy the chances of a favourite than they used to be, perhaps because the risks of detection are greater. I may add that this was Mr. Fred Swindell's first big coup, and it made his reputation and his fortune.

The year 1857, saw Mr. Merry in a new light, as candidate for the Parliamentary Representation of the City of Glasgow. He was, however, unsuccessful, and at the general Election, which followed later in the same year, he was scarcely more fortunate, for although returned for the Falkirk Burghs, he was in the following July unseated on petition by his opponent, Mr. George Baird, another millionaire ironmaster. But Mr. Merry was compensated for his political reverses by the brilliant success which attended him on the Turf. He had in the year 1852 begun to turn his attention to the great two- and three-year-old races, and in that year he purchased from Lord John Scott, the famous Hobbie Nobb, for whom he gave the then unprecedented sum of 6,500 guineas, after the horse had won the New Stakes at Ascot and the July at Newmarket, in a canter. Many offers had before been made to Lord John for his colt, but he had refused them all. Hearing, however, that Mr. Merry was very anxious for him, and had a great stake on for Epsom, Lord John waived his objections, but on terms which made the purchase anything but a desirable one.

Hobbie was trained by Saunders at Hednesford, and was for a long while first favourite for the Derby of 1852, but, within a few days of the race, had to play second fiddle to Little Harry. The Derby Day

of that year was, perhaps, the wettest and most sensational on record, for the course was fetlock deep, and the issue was consequently left in the utmost uncertainty. Daniel O'Rourke, who perfectly revelled in the mud, under the skilful pilotage of Frank Butler, snatched the race from Hobbie, when it really appeared to be at his mercy, and in the final rush for places Barbarian and Chief Baron Nicholson also got before him.

In 1855, Mr. Merry achieved his first success in the great classic three-year-old races, winning the Two Thousand with Lord of the Isles, who, though he failed to win the Derby, was very lucky at the stud, for having been mated with Marmalade, in his very first year, he got the flying Dundee.

On removing his horses from Gullane in 1852, Mr. Merry entrusted the training of them to William Day at Woodyeates, and the latter, in his "Reminiscences", has a good deal to say about the Scottish ironmaster, who did not confine his patronage of sport to the Turf, but was, like Admiral Rous, and the twelfth Earl of Derby, an enthusiastic "cocker".

"I am told," says William Day, "by one likely to know, and therefore am more ready to believe, that at one time he possessed more game fowls than any other person in the world, keeping thousands of game cocks at a time, entirely for the purpose of matching them, and seldom had a less number. It was his singular fancy to breed all the birds the same colour—black-breasted reds.

"In his business, which he carried on with Mr. Cunningham as his partner, he accumulated an immense fortune, but, big as it was, it was increased, I believe,

in no despicable manner by his luck, or good management, at cocking. Many of the battles he fought, were for 50 guineas a side, and 500 guineas the main, and not a few were fought for much heavier stakes. On this sport, in those days, as on racing to-day, large sums were lost and won, and from all I hear Mr. Merry's balance was usually on the right side."

Mr. Merry had two notorious henchmen with whom he was on singularly confidential terms, though both were his inferiors in birth and station. They were Norman Buchanan, a Glasgow wine-merchant and Tass Parker, the well-known prizefighter. Buchanan was little more than a sponge and parasite, and an unscrupulous, tricky gentleman to boot, as the following anecdote will show.

Once whilst travelling to Doncaster races, Buchanan hit upon an ingenious scheme for adding to his revenues. Soon after leaving King's Cross Station, he carefully counted the number of the several cords or fringe forming the tassel at the end of the sash by which the carriage window was drawn up, and on arriving at the first stoppage, he left the carriage for refreshments. A gentleman, who had been watching his movements, and suspected his intentions, did the same, and, like him, left for the refreshment rooms. They returned together to their respective seats. Norman soon began dandling the tassel in a careless sort of way, and casually said to the gentleman who sat opposite him,

"How many ends are there on this tassel?"

To which his friend replied,—

"Perhaps there are sixty."

"Well," said Norman, "I bet I give the correct number nearer than any one else for a pony."

"I am a pretty good guesser generally," quoth the other, "and I don't mind, I will lay it you, and I will tell the number nearer than you if you will give the number first."

The bet was made. Norman said he should think there were forty-nine, fearing to give the exact number, lest it should have been looked upon as suspicious. The other said he would make it even, and say fifty, and, of course, won. At this Buchanan was furious. He appealed to his friends to know if he were called upon to pay, alleging that his opponent had been betting on a certainty, as he could not have guessed the exact number without knowing it. But it was a clear case of Biter Bit, and they were all against him. He had to pay, got well laughed at for his pains, and sought refuge in his ulster and "somnolency".

Tass, or Hazard Parker, whom I knew well, was a far more honest and respectable character than Buchanan. No one who saw Tass in his clerical suit of black, would ever have guessed that he had been a prize-fighter. Like Tom Spring, he looked more parsonic than pugilistic. Nevertheless, Tass had, in his day, been a renowned and formidable bruiser, though his science was always considered to be greatly in excess of his courage. He showed no lack of the latter quality, however, in Mr. Merry's service. He was a faithful and fearless guardian of his master's horses, and the terror of touts, whom he mercilessly thrashed whenever he could lay hands upon them.

After a spell with William Day, Mr. Merry came to the conclusion that it would be better to have his

horses privately trained, and accordingly took Russley on lease, installing John Prince as his major-domo. Prince continued in sole charge there till Mr. Merry, by the advice of Matthew Dawson, purchased Sir John Scott's stud of six horses in 1857, for which he gave 6000 guineas. Matthew Dawson was then associated with Prince in the management of the Russley Stables, and their combined talent rendered the yellow jacket the most popular as well as the most formidable on the Turf. The alliance was severed in 1859, when Prince resigned his situation in consequence of some remarks by Mr. Merry on Sunbeam (who had won the St. Leger in the previous year), when she was beaten by her old opponent Toxopholite, for the Port Stakes at Newmarket.

Thenceforward till 1870, when he became a public trainer, and settled at Newmarket, Mat Dawson reigned alone at Russley. His many triumphs during that decade I have not space to enumerate here, but I must content myself with allusion to the exploits of the mighty Thormanby who secured for Mr. Merry his first Derby, and with whom the name of the Scottish sportsman will be for ever identified in the annals of the Turf.

Strange to say it was by a mere accident that Mr. Merry secured him, for he had been hawked about as a yearling during the Doncaster week, without getting a bidder, when Mr. Plummer, his breeder, in despair, sent for Mat Dawson to come and look at him. The moment Mat saw the horse, he was smitten with him, and "Put him down to Mr. Merry," was the only reply he made to Mr. Plummer, when the latter somewhat diffidently named 350 guineas as his figure.

Thormanby, who was a son of Windhound, out of Alice Hawthorne, and perhaps the stoutest and gamest horse ever foaled, then entered on a career, which for sheer hard work has had few parallels in modern times, for he ran in fourteen races as a two-year-old, and won no fewer than nine. In his third year, by the advice of Mat Dawson, he was reserved for the great contest at Epsom. And when brought out for the Derby, the fruits of Mat's temporary seclusion from the world—for like a University man reading for honours, he had gone into the strictest retirement with his charge—were visible, for never was a horse stripped in finer condition than Thormanby. "His coat," says Argus, "was like a mirror, his muscle as developed as that of Heenan at the battle of Farnborough, and when he galloped past the Stand he hardly seemed to touch the ground." Little wonder then that he won in a canter. Never was there a more popular victory, and Mr. Merry netted £40,000 in bets, besides the stakes, which amounted to £6,200. Custance rode the winner, and received £1,000 for the cool and skilful manner in which he steered his mount through a field of thirty to the goal. Thormanby's triumph was celebrated with becoming rejoicings at Russley, where the poor of the parish were regaled with a good dinner, accompanied by rustic games of the good old Roger de Coverley sort, whilst every labouring man in the three adjoining villages had half-a-crown given him to drink the health of the horse and his owner.

In 1861, Mr. Merry was within an ace of winning the Blue Riband for the second time, with Dundee, an even better horse than Thormanby. But the gal-

lant son of the Lord of the Isles went wrong in the forelegs a week before the race, and though by careful management he was brought to the post, he broke down in the last few strides, and on two legs struggled in second, only a short head behind Kettledrum, the winner of the fastest Derby then recorded.

Another grand horse of Mr. Merry's was Buckstone, who though he could only get third in the Derby to Caractacus, and third in the St. Leger to the Marquis, was a finer horse than either of his conquerors, as he conclusively proved in the following year, by his dead beat with Tim Whiffler, for the Ascot Cup, and by his sensational match against Lord Glasgow's Knowsley for 500 guineas a side, the winning of which was but an exercise canter to him.

In 1864, Scottish Chief, who could only secure the barren honours of a place in the Derby, was backed for money enough to sink a ship, for, indeed, at that time, the yellow jacket had become so popular with the public, that whenever Mr. Merry had a fairly good horse in any of the weight for age races, they piled their money on him with almost insane infatuation, and the animal was soon to be made so hot a favourite and backed so heavily, that it used to be said, "Mr. Merry's victory would break the Ring". And there can be no doubt that more than once his horses did carry so much money that a financial catastrophe would have followed their winning, whilst it is almost equally certain on these occasions, in spite of all the vigilance of Mat Dawson and the trusty Tass Parker, the favourites were "got at" in some manner, notably in the case of Macgregor and Sunshine. The former, who had won the Two Thousand in 1870, in the

hollowest manner ever seen, was made a tremendously hot favourite for the Derby—the hottest on record probably. All the world piled their money on him. The colt went on faultlessly, and at starting 9 to 4 was laid on him, but to the intense surprise of owner, trainer, and jockey, Macgregor could not move, and the marvellous galloper finished fourth behind the three worst horses, probably, that were ever placed in the race for the Blue Riband of the Turf. There could be no shadow of doubt that the horse was poisoned for the day, and the bookmakers must have won hundreds of thousands by Kingcraft's victory. Fortunately the scoundrels were satisfied with temporarily disabling the favourite, who soon recovered, and lived to become a sire almost as famous as the mighty Stockwell himself. But this was not the only misfortune that befell Mr. Merry that year. Sunshine, too, was the victim of foul play, when the Oaks lay apparently as much at her mercy as the Derby at Macgregor's, and she was only a bad second when she ought to have been an easy first.

Mr. Merry's fortunes on the Turf culminated in 1873, when he won the Derby with Doncaster and the Oaks and St. Leger with Marie Stuart. Satisfied with thus crowning the long roll of his triumphs with three such glorious victories, and finding his health failing, Mr. Merry determined to retire from the Turf, and at the close of 1875 his stud was brought to the hammer. His horses in training realized 7,360 guineas at Tattersall's, but the two "cracks", Doncaster and Marie Stuart, were sold privately, the former to Robert Peck, (who had three years previously been installed as trainer at Russley) for 10,000 guineas, and the

latter to Mr. W. Stirling Crawford, for 3,500 guineas. A fortnight later, Doncaster was sold to the Duke of Westminster for 14,000 guineas, which still remains, with one exception, the highest price ever given for a race-horse.

Four years later, on the 3rd of February, 1877, Mr. Merry died at his town house in Eaton Square, in the 72nd year of his age. In 1859, he had been returned for the Falkirk Burghs, and in spite of all efforts to oust him, kept his seat till he retired a few months before his death. How popular he was among his constituents, the following anecdote will prove. A rumour had been circulated that he had allowed a horse of his to run in a French race on the "Sawbath Day", and he was forthwith summoned to the Town Hall to answer this horrible charge. He obeyed the summons. The hall was crowded, and one of the "meenisters" solemnly put the dreadful question. Amidst breathless silence, the accused rose to answer,—"It is quite true," he began, "that having sent a horse of mine across the channel, I did so far forget myself as to conform to the customs of the country, and allow him to start for an important prize on the Sabbath Day." (Direful groans from the Electors, and all the old women.) "But, gentlemen," he continued, "before I thought about the day on which the race was to be run, I had backed my horse very heavily, and I won the Frenchman's money, *and I brought it back to spend in auld Scotland.*" The mention of the siller won his forgiveness, the groans changed to applause, three cheers for Mr. Merry were called, and the indignation meeting dispersed in the best possible humour with him.

It was, however, as "the member for Thormanby", (as Lord Beaconsfield happily christened him) that he was best known, both in and out of Parliament, and it is creditable to the sporting spirit of Scotsmen, that they did not regard his victories on the Turf as a bar to his legislative capacity.

Mr. Merry, as I have already stated, was a singularly ill-informed man, on all subjects except the breeding and running of race-horses, and many stories are told of his astounding ignorance. One of the best authenticated is the following. On one occasion, he was "heckled" on the hustings, as to his opinions on the vexed questions of Church Rates, the Law of Hypothec and sundry other abominations in Scottish eyes. He had been previously coached by his secretary as to the answer he ought to give, and was just opening his mouth to reply, when a voice exclaimed, "An' hoo about the Decalogue, mon?" For a moment Mr. Merry looked perplexed, the word was unfamiliar to him, but supposing it must be one of the questions as to which he had been duly instructed what to say, he boldly avowed in his broad Lowland dialect, "I'm for abolishin' them a'," an announcement which caused mingled consternation and amusement among his hearers, till, thanks to the promptings of his secretary, he discerned his mistake, and clumsily rectified it, amid roars of laughter, in which he good-naturedly joined.

Lord Valentia, with whom Mr. Merry was intimate in his youth, used to say that when the "Glasgae body" as Merry called himself, paid his first visit to London "no workhouse child was more ignorant of the world and its ways." But he must have had a rich latent vein of shrewd, north-country common

sense in him even then, or he would never have developed into the sagacious and successful breeder of race-horses that he afterwards became, or have attained that high position among the worthies of the Turf which his contemporaries have assigned him, and which I do not doubt that posterity will endorse.

LORD FALMOUTH.

I THINK few who know anything of the annals of racing will cavil at me when I say that since the British Turf became an institution it has known no patron more honorable, more disinterested, or more devoted to the sport for its own sake than Evelyn Boscawen, sixth Viscount Falmouth. No one could by any possibility doubt the purity of Lord Falmouth's motives, his name was a synonym for chivalrous probity. He was absolutely incapable of anything that savoured of meanness or dishonesty. Nor did any patrician ever act more faithfully up to the grand motto of his order "Noblesse Oblige."

Although the title is not an old one, the Falmouths come of an ancient and distinguished Cornish family, the Boscauens of Boscawen Ros dating back as Lords of the Manor to the reign of King John. The first of the family to be ennobled was Hugh Boscawen, who held the post of Warden of the Stannaries in the reign of George the First, married a niece of the Great Duke of Marlborough, was sworn in a member of the Privy Council, and in 1720, as a reward for his admirable administration of the Stannaries, was created Baron of Boscawen and Viscount

Falmouth. The third son of the first Viscount was the famous Admiral Boscawen, whose portrait still looks down upon his descendants from the walls of Tregothnan, and who gained his nick-name of "Old Dreadnought" from the following incident.

One night the Officer of the watch went into the Admiral's cabin and, waking him, said,

"Sir, there are two large ships which look like Frenchmen bearing down upon us, what are we to do?"

"Do?" answered Boscawen, turning out and going on deck in his night-shirt, "Do? why, damn 'em, fight 'em!" And fight them he did, and beat them too.

Evelyn Boscawen was born on March 19th 1819, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. His father was a Canon of Canterbury, and Evelyn, the eldest of ten children, was entered at the Middle Temple, by which learned body he was called to the Bar. But in the year 1852, by the death of his cousin George Henry, he came unexpectedly into the title and estates. Two years later he married the Baroness le Despenser, a peeress in her own right, who brought him Mereworth Castle near Maidstone.

Not, however, till 1857 did Lord Falmouth become an owner of race horses. His first horse, Sichœus, was run in Goodwin's name, but after that he raced for several years in the name of "T. Valentine." It was at Newmarket that he made his quiet and unpretentious start, but he soon removed his stud to Malton and placed his horses under the care of John Scott at Whitewall. It was not until 1862 that Lord Falmouth made any mark upon the Turf, when with his bay mare Hurricane, a daughter of Wild Dayrell, the Derby winner of 1855, he took the One Thousand Guineas.

So delighted was her owner with this victory that he presented John Scott with a magnificent silver claret jug which cost 200 guineas.

Hurricane was promptly made first favourite for the Oaks, but, after the eccentric fashion of fillies at that season of the year, failed to come nearer to winning than third. That she was superior to her conqueror, however, was proved later on in the year at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting, when she was matched against Feu de Joie the winner of the Oaks, for 500 guineas over the same distance at the same weights and won by half-a-length.

In the next year, however, Mr. "Valentine's" ambition was gratified by having the Oaks placed to his credit through the agency of Queen Bertha who afterwards ran second to Lord Clifden for the St. Leger. The only bet that Lord Falmouth ever made was in connection with Queen Bertha, and it was in this way. The filly after her victory over Blue Mantle at the Newmarket Houghton in 1862, became a very hot favourite for the Oaks. But, being badly beaten in the spring, she was considered to have lost her form, and fell to zero in the betting market. Lord Falmouth himself said she had not a 1000 to 10 chance. John Scott, however, had great faith in the mare, and his confidence was fully shared by his wife, who knew nearly as much about horseflesh as "the master" himself. Between them they dissuaded Lord Falmouth from scratching her as he had fully made up his mind to do.

"I'll bet your Lordship sixpence she wins," said Mrs. Scott, laughing.

For once Lord Falmouth broke his rule never to bet, and exclaimed "Done, Mrs. Scott!"

So Queen Bertha, with Tom Aldcroft up, appeared at the post, and, thanks to the brilliant riding of her jockey, beat Marigold by a short head for the first place. Lord Falmouth paid his bet to Mrs Scott in noble fashion. He procured a brand-new sixpence from the bank, had it set round with diamonds and mounted as a brooch, and in that form presented it to the comely Mistress of Whitewall, by whose descendants it will no doubt be preserved as an heirloom from generation to generation, in commemoration of Lord Falmouth's first and last wager.

In 1864 the name of "T. Valentine" disappeared from the Racing Calendar, and that of Lord Falmouth took its place. But it was not until 1869 that the afterwards all-conquering "black jacket, white sleeves, and red cap" began to come to the front, and then commenced for Lord Falmouth that extraordinary series of triumphs which has had no parallel on the Turf. In that year his Lordship won the Chesterfield Stakes with Kingcraft, who, however, in the following year could only run third to Macgregor for the Two Thousand. But, nevertheless, it was Kingcraft who was destined to win for Lord Falmouth his first Derby, thanks to the breakdown of Macgregor, which I have described in my sketch of Mr James Merry. Kingcraft was but a poor specimen of a Derby winner, and his subsequent career was inglorious, but it was from this period that the "Falmouth epoch" may be said to have begun. He won a number of valuable prizes with the two-year-old Queen's Messenger in 1871. In 1873 he won the One Thousand Guineas with Cecilia; and in 1874 Atlantic carried off the Two Thousand Guineas. In 1874, with

Atlantic, a son of his first great winner, Hurricane, Lord Falmouth carried off the Two Thousand Guineas, and this was the first of the many winners of important races ridden by Fred Archer, whom Lord Falmouth was mainly instrumental in bringing before the public. Atlantic broke a blood vessel while running for the Derby, but during the same season of 1874, Spinaway, a daughter of Lord Falmouth's favourite mare, Queen Bertha, was winning a number of two-year-old races, and foreshadowing her double triumph in the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks—a triumph repeated by her own daughter, Busybody, nine years later. Two years after this Lord Falmouth may be said to have reached the zenith of his good fortune, for he won both the Derby and St. Leger of 1877 with Silvio, a horse which he subsequently sold to a French breeder for 7,000 guineas. During 1878 Wheel of Fortune, another daughter of Queen Bertha, won all her two-year-old engagements, and in 1879 she carried off the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, and the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot. This was the best race-horse Lord Falmouth ever owned; but she broke down at York, and was unable to run for the St. Leger. However, Lord Falmouth had scored a very unexpected victory in the Two Thousand Guineas that same year with Charibert, one of the last of the Thormanbys, while during the years 1880 and 1881 the two-year-olds Bal Gal and Dutch Oven carried nearly all before them. Their winnings, including a most sensational victory of Dutch Oven in the St. Leger of 1882, when she beat the two mares successful in the Derby and Oaks, amounted to £30,000; and the last of Lord Falmouth's "classic" winners was

Galliard, who in 1883 carried off the Two Thousand Guineas. Galliard failed to stand his training for the St. Leger, but during the same season Lord Falmouth had two brilliant two-year-olds in Harvester and Busybody, the latter of whom won for the Viscount his first and last Middle Park Plate.

In 1884 Lord Falmouth suddenly decided to sell off all his race horses, and break up the magnificent breeding stud at Mereworth near Maidstone. Some people believed that it was because he had his suspicions as to the way in which Galliard had run for the Derby the previous year. Others assigned the step to failing health, and as a matter of fact Lord Falmouth was not often after that event seen upon a race course. The twenty-four horses in training fetched 36,420 guineas, or nearly 1,350 guineas each, two of them making 17,400 guineas. One of these was Harvester, who, sold to Sir J. Willoughby for 8,600 guineas, ran a dead heat with St. Gatten for the Derby; while the other was Busybody, whom Mr. G. Baird bought for 8,800 guineas, and with whom he won both the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks. Two months later the second portion of his breeding stud, comprising twenty-five mares and foals, realised 50,200 guineas; sixteen yearlings 18,350 guineas; and five stallions 7,350; making a total of 75,900 guineas, which added to the sum received for the horses in training, amounted to over 110,000 guineas. He also received one third of the stakes won by the race-horses which he had sold when they ran in engagements made by him, and he had the further satisfaction of seeing nearly all the best animals retained for English Studs. Lord Falmouth had won in stakes since he first began to race, upwards

of £300,000, while from 1872 to 1883 he never won less than £10,000, the figures being £10,000 in 1872; £10,000 in 1873; £16,000 in 1874; £21,000 in 1875; £10,000 in 1876; £30,000 in 1877; £38,000 in 1878; £24,000 in 1879; £16,000 in 1880; £14,000 in 1881; £13,000 in 1882; and £18,000 in 1883; This is about £220,000, and the 38,000 credited to him in 1878 was the largest sum ever won by a single owner of horses until the monster stakes of modern days were introduced. After the sale of his stud he made a fresh start, but on a much smaller scale, and Seabreeze and Blanchland were the only two racers of any note owned by Lord Falmouth during his later years.

The names of Lord Falmouth and Fred Archer are inseparably associated, and, in illustration of the feelings of the latter towards his noble master, I may state that after his Lordship sold off his stud he was presented with a handsome silver shield bearing this inscription "Offered for the acceptance of the Right Honourable the Viscount Falmouth by his trainer and jockey, Mathew Dawson and Frederick J. Archer, as a token of gratitude and esteem to the best, kindest, and most generous of masters on his retirement from the Turf, January, 1884." The border of the Shield bore the names of the winners of the two Derbies, three Oaks, three St. Legers, three One Thousand and three Two Thousand Guineas, the Champion and Great Challenge Stakes, all trained and ridden by the donors.

As a breeder of thoroughbreds Lord Falmouth was remarkable for his leaning to the mare rather than the horse as the surer mode of getting good stock. He thought the dam had more to do with producing first-class racers than the sire. Consequently he filled his

paddocks at Mereworth with the best public runners and the choicest blood of that sex. The splendid success which attended his efforts seemed to prove beyond contention that his theory was correct, though it is possible to carry it to excess, and those who go so far as to maintain that the sire is comparatively a negligible quantity will certainly have bitter cause to rue their folly if they attempt to carry it into practice.

But it was not only as a breeder of race horses that Lord Falmouth did "the state some service." He was equally successful as a breeder of cattle and sheep down at his beautiful Cornish seat Tregothnan, to my thinking one of the most picturesque and charming of all "the stately homes of England." The approach to it as one sails down the Fal from Truro is unsurpassed for beauty of scenery by any spot in the three kingdoms, and nothing that even the lovely Dart can show is in my opinion equal to the first sight of Tregothnan Castle as it bursts upon the eye on rounding the glorious bend of the river at Port Kea. Here Lord Falmouth loved to live the life of a country gentleman, attentive, as became a great landlord, to the welfare of his tenants and the prosperity of his estate. He was a passionate lover of music, and both at Tregothnan and Mereworth it was his delight to get his sons and daughters round him, and, with his accomplished wife by his side, join in glees and catches with his fine bass voice for an hour or more every day before dinner. And when at last this wholesome, useful life was closed, there were many moist eyes and mourning hearts in Kent and Cornwall, and indeed all over broad England: for all who knew Lord Falmouth loved him. He died on the 6th of November 1889 in his 71st year.

And so long as the Turf remains a national institution his memory will be cherished, not only for his brilliant triumphs on the race course but also for the noble example of pure sportsmanship which his stainless character set to the world. He showed, what many opponents of the Turf could not and would not believe, that it was possible for a high-minded English gentleman to own and to breed race horses without being contaminated by the gambling spirit which some persons consider to be absolutely inseparable from horse-racing.

Betting was hateful to him, he wanted no such stimulus to the excitement and pleasure which the sport purely as a sport engendered. He never troubled his head about the state of the odds, but ran his horses on their merits and let the public know as much about them as himself. Everyone knew that his horses would run fairly and squarely, and that all the money in the Bank of England would not tempt him to sell a horse to anyone who might be less scrupulous than himself on the eve of a great race. He has left a fragrant and healthy memory behind him, and as I bid him adieu here I think of Shirley's noble lines,

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things.

* * * * *

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

PREMIERS ON THE TURF.

LORD PALMERSTON.

THE connexion between Politics and the Turf is older and stronger than most persons probably suspect. For at least two hundred years there have been eminent English statesmen who have found their principal recreation in horse racing. Sidney Godolphin, Lord High Treasurer under William III, was an inveterate racer. His brilliant contemporary Thomas Lord Wharton was the greatest Turfite of his day. "He had," says Macaulay, "the finest stud in England, and his delight was to win plates from Tories. Sometimes when, in a distant county, it was fully expected that the horse of a High Church Squire would be first on the course, down came, on the very eve of the race, Wharton's Careless, who had ceased to run at Newmarket merely for want of competitors, or Wharton's Gelding, for whom Lewis the Fourteenth had in vain offered a thousand pistoles."

The Marquis of Rockingham and the third Duke of Grafton, both Prime Ministers, in the last century, were conspicuous ornaments of the turf. Charles James Fox was quite as familiar a figure at Newmarket as in Westminster, and owned horses and wagered on them as heavily as Lord Foley or Colonel Mellish.



Palmerston



And the association between statesmanship and horse racing has been brilliantly maintained since by a trio of distinguished Premiers, whose careers on the Turf I purpose briefly sketching here, viz.: Lord Palmerston, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Rosebery.

I give the priority to Lord Palmerston for purely chronological reasons, for as a Turfite he can only be assigned third place in the trio, though had he possessed the means of Lord Derby or Lord Rosebery I daresay he would have raced on as grand a scale as they. It was his poverty and not his will that limited the extent of his stud.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, the most universally popular Premier, perhaps, that England has ever had, was born on the 20th of October, 1784, and entered Parliament as Tory member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, in 1807, the year in which Byron, like himself a Harrow boy, published his first poems, "Hours of Idleness", and for nearly sixty years he continued to be not only a member of Parliament but the hardest working member in the House. His capacity for work, indeed, was unlimited, and he literally died in harness. He had been in the House of Commons for thirty years when the Queen came to the throne. During all his long political career he was only out of office for rare and brief seasons. He was a Lord of the Admiralty when he was three-and-twenty, Secretary of War (a post he held for ten years), at five-and-twenty. Then for four years he was Foreign Secretary under Earl Grey's Administration, and was only a year out of office when he was again Foreign Secretary in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet for six years, and subsequently in Lord John Russell's Ministry for

five years. He was Home Secretary in Lord Aberdeen's short-lived Coalition, and finally attained the goal of his ambition by becoming First Lord of the Treasury in 1855. Three years later he resigned the Premiership, after his defeat on the Foreign Conspiracy Bill. But he was not much more than a twelvemonth out of office, and then he came back again as Prime Minister for life. Until his death he held that office with the full approval of Conservatives as well as Liberals. Both parties felt that the honour and the interests of the country were safe in the strong hands of a Minister whose principles were moderate, and who represented better than any man living the views of the average Briton. His policy was just what John Bull loves. He could bluster and brag with the best of his foreign rivals when England was threatened with insult. He would stand no nonsense when the honour and dignity of the British flag were at stake. It mattered not whether it were Louis Napoleon, egged on by his fiery French colonels, or Uncle Sam with his furious Anglo-phobists yelling to him to twist the lion's tail, "Old Pam" stood up to all of them, and let them know in very plain language that there were certain things for which John Bull was ready to fight to the death when his blood was up. Whether this game of bluff would succeed nowadays it is difficult to say, but it certainly succeeded then, and Palmerston reaped therefrom much *kudos*. Everything about the man smacked of British pluck. When he was shot at and nearly killed by a mad lieutenant in 1818, he took the matter as coolly as if to have bullets whizzing past his ear was one of the ordinary occurrences of daily life. His famous word combats with the bellicose butcher of Tiverton

at Election time are still remembered with delight by his old constituents. And no one appreciated pluck in others more than Palmerston. After the great fight between Tom Sayers and Heenan, while the Home Secretary, Sir George Cornwall Lewis, was solemnly explaining and admitting the illegality of prize-fighting in the House of Commons, a well-known sporting M.P. was going round collecting subscriptions for a testimonial to the gallant English boxer. Lord Palmerston stepped into the Lobby and was instantly greeted with the request.

"My lord, I want a sov. for Tom Sayers."

"A sov. for Sayers!" exclaimed Pam. "I'll give you five with pleasure. He's a splendid fellow!"

"Thank you, my lord, but the subscription is limited to a single sovereign."

"Well," said the Premier regretfully, "here it is, but I wish you'd let me give five to show my appreciation of his pluck."

But it is time to get to Lord Palmerston's racing career, which, after all, is the *raison d'être* of his appearance in "this galley." The first race horse he owned was Mignonette, trained by "Grandfather" Day at Stockbridge. But it was another filly, Enchantress, that won him his maiden race in 1817. "Pam" made his first big hit with Luzborough, a cast-off from Newmarket, which he bought on his own judgment at Tattersall's for 75 guineas. For three years this horse was the Champion plater of the West Country, and fairly swept the board. Lord Palmerston eventually sold him to Dilly, the American agent, for shipment to the United States. For many years Luzborough was the most popular sire in Virginia, and

the capital cavalry chargers of the Confederate Army at the opening of the Civil War owed their excellence mainly to the strain of his blood in them.

In Greyleg and Conquest, too, Lord Palmerston possessed two extremely useful platers who carried all before them at every race meeting in the West. But his luckiest horse was undoubtedly Iliona whom he bought for 65 guineas out of a draft of Lord George Bentinck's, intending to utilize her as a brood mare, but old John Day was so taken with the filly's looks that he persuaded Lord Palmerston to let her be trained. In 1840 she ran six races and won them, and in 1841 she made herself famous not only by winning the Cesarewitch cleverly with 6st. 11lbs. on her back, but also through the dispute which arose over the pronunciation of her name. Lord Maidstone, afterwards Lord Winchelsea, who should have known better, said the "o" was short, Sir William Gregory maintained that it was long, and heavy bets were made by the supporters of each theory in maintenance of their respective opinions. I have never been able to understand how the dispute could have arisen—for a reference to Homer and Virgil, both of whom make the "o" short, should surely have settled the matter at once. However, it was formally relegated to William Whewell, the omniscient Master of Trinity, Cambridge, for decision, and he of course pronounced in favour of the short "o".

Perhaps his lordship's most brilliant triumph on the Turf was the victory of Buckthorn in the Ascot Stakes of 1853, when by superb riding Alfred Day got the horse home first by a rush with 100 to 1 wagered against him. But Lord Palmerston thought he had a

still greater prize within his grasp in 1859 when with Mainstone fit and well he was fully convinced he must win the Derby. It is in connection with this event that the following story is told by Mr. Samuel Sidney in his "Book of the Horse."

"In 1859, when the fate of the Conservative Government was trembling in the balance, Lord Palmerston had Mainstone and Lord Derby Cape Flyaway in the coming Derby, both being prominently named in the betting. The day after the Derby Cabinet had been beaten in the House of Commons in a division upon the Address, the rivals in politics and friends in society met at Tattersall's, in the paddock attached to the old 'Corner' which the subscribers to the present sumptuous clubhouse regret so much. 'Well, Palmerston,' said the Earl, 'you don't expect to win the Derby, I hope? Two wins in one week would be too much!' 'I don't know,' answered Lord Palmerston; 'Mainstone's a good horse.' In the race Mainstone and Cape Flyaway were both unplaced, and the former descended eventually to the useful but humble position of a farmer's stallion in Essex."

The collapse of Mainstone was a bitter disappointment to Lord Palmerston. The horse broke down unaccountably in his training a few days before the race, under circumstances which suggested foul play, and which led to his lordship's removing his horses from the Days and confiding them for the future to Henry Goater. This was not fair to the Days, who were certainly not to blame in the matter, but his lordship's old and petted pad groom, Ward, was at loggerheads with the Days, and Lord Palmerston allowed himself to be biassed by the opinion of his prejudiced

old servant. But no luck attended the change of trainers, and Lord Palmerston never had another horse of any merit except Baldwin, the last racer he owned, of whom he disposed in the manner indicated in the following letter:—

94 Piccadilly, July 31st 1865.

“ MY DEAR LORD NAAS,

“ I have been obliged to throw my horse Baldwin out of training in order to prevent his becoming regularly lame.

“ I wish him to devote the rest of his days to the production of good horses, and if you like to accept him as a stallion for the Palmerstown breeding establishment, I will gladly make him a present to you, on the single condition that if at any time you find he does not suit he shall be returned to me. Baldwin is a chestnut horse, rather more than fifteen hands three inches high, and now five years old. He is by Rataplan out of Austrey by Harkaway, and Austrey's dam was Zeila by Emilius. He is well bred enough to get good running horses, but I think his shape and make, his good action before and behind, his perfect temper and his stoutness, would make him a valuable sire for hunters and riding horses generally. If you take him, you should send some trusty person to Broadlands to take him over to Ireland, and the sooner the better.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ PALMERSTON.”

During his long connection with the Days Lord Palmerston was on such friendly terms with them that William Day in his “Reminiscences” has much inter-

esting gossip about "Old Pam" from which I select the following.

"Lord Palmerston was abstemious in his eating and drinking. A glass or two of sherry at dinner was all that he generally partook of. When the dessert came on the table he would retire to his library or study, leaving her ladyship to do the honours of the table. He read or wrote from ten o'clock at night until two in the morning, standing at a high desk, as he thought such a position preferable, for the sake of his health, to leaning over a low one. He rose early, and, in the country, breakfasted at nine o'clock, reading before doing so. He was fond of many sports, though he seldom indulged in any except racing. He was extremely proud and vain of his person, which, possibly gained him the *sobriquet* of 'Cupid.' He considered himself, and indeed was, a thorough ladies' man, and only married late in life.

"When at Broadlands, his seat in Hampshire, he used to ride over to Danebury, to see his horses, mounted on a thoroughbred hack, and his groom on another; and starting from his own front door, gallop all the way till he reached his destination. Indeed, on arriving at Danebury he would go round the yard once or twice, gradually reducing the pace until he could pull up. This may seem ludicrous, but it is no exaggeration, for I have seen him do so myself. He used to wear dark trousers, and a dress coat of the same hue, the latter unbuttoned, and of course flying open, which gave him a strange appearance in riding so fast. I never knew him partake of any repast at Danebury, not even a glass of sherry or a cup of tea; and very much doubt if he ever entered the house.

Immediately after seeing the horses and chatting matters over with my father, he would ride back just as fast as he came. The reason he gave for riding so furiously was that it was, as he said 'such capital exercise.'

"The story of my father meeting him in the House of Commons has been so often and so erroneously told, that it may be well to put it in its real shape. This is its true form. My father, wishing to see his lordship, would have gone into the House and called him out, had he not been stopped by the policeman on duty. Not exactly understanding the police regulations, he felt annoyed in being interfered with, and on being asked for his card replied :—

"'I don't carry cards. Give me a piece of paper and I will write my name.' Whilst he was in the act of doing so Sir William Codrington came out, and spoke to him.

"'What brings you here, John,' he said, 'and can I do anything for you?'

"'Yes, Sir William, I want to see Lord Palmerston and this man won't let me pass.'

"On his being assured that it was the regulation of the House, he was satisfied ; but was vexed when Sir William told him that he did not for a moment expect he would see his lordship, as the Irish debate was on, and he would be too much engaged to leave.

"'But,' he added kindly, 'I will go and see.'

"To everyone's surprise the Premier got up, and came straight out to my father. After shaking hands, my father congratulated him on his being Premier ; to which his lordship heartily replied.

"'Oh, thanks, John ; I have won my Derby,' and then inquired how he could serve him.

"The business which had brought my father to town to see him was to obtain his interest in getting my brother made Coroner. His lordship said it should be done, and shortly after my brother was appointed to the Coronership of Hertfordshire, which he retained to the day of his death in 1883."

Throughout his fifty years' career as a Turfite Lord Palmerston seldom betted, but raced from an innate love of sport and horses. He usually bred his animals himself and named them after his farms. A visit to his three paddocks at Broadlands made his favourite Sunday afternoon walk. To the very last he was extremely fond of exercise in the open air, either on foot or in the saddle, and he preserved his activity and vigour in a most surprising manner at an age when most men are falling into decrepitude.

His latest biographer, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. thus reveals the secret of the octogenarian Premier's virility. "Lord Palmerston was endowed with an excellent constitution, and was very temperate both in eating and drinking, but he maintained his freshness of mind and body to a great degree by the exercise of his will. He never gave up anything on the score of age. At any rate he never owned to that as a reason. He used to go out partridge shooting long after his eye-sight was too dim to take a correct aim, and persevered equally in his other out-door pursuits. Twice during the year 1864, which saw him reach his eightieth birthday, he started at nine o'clock in the morning from Broadlands, not getting back until 2 p.m. and rode over to the training stables at Littleton to see his horses gallop upon Winchester race course. He rode down in June of the same year

to Harrow speeches, and timed himself to trot the distance from Piccadilly to the head-master's door, nearly twelve miles, within the hour, and accomplished it. On his eightieth birthday he started at half past eight of an October morning from Broadlands, taking his horses by train to Fareham, where he was met by some Royal Engineers officers, and rode along the Portsdown Hill line of forts, getting off his horse and inspecting some of them, crossing over to the Anglesey forts and to Gosport, and not reaching home till six in the evening—an instance of such combined energy of mind and body as cannot, in the nature of things, be very common at fourscore."

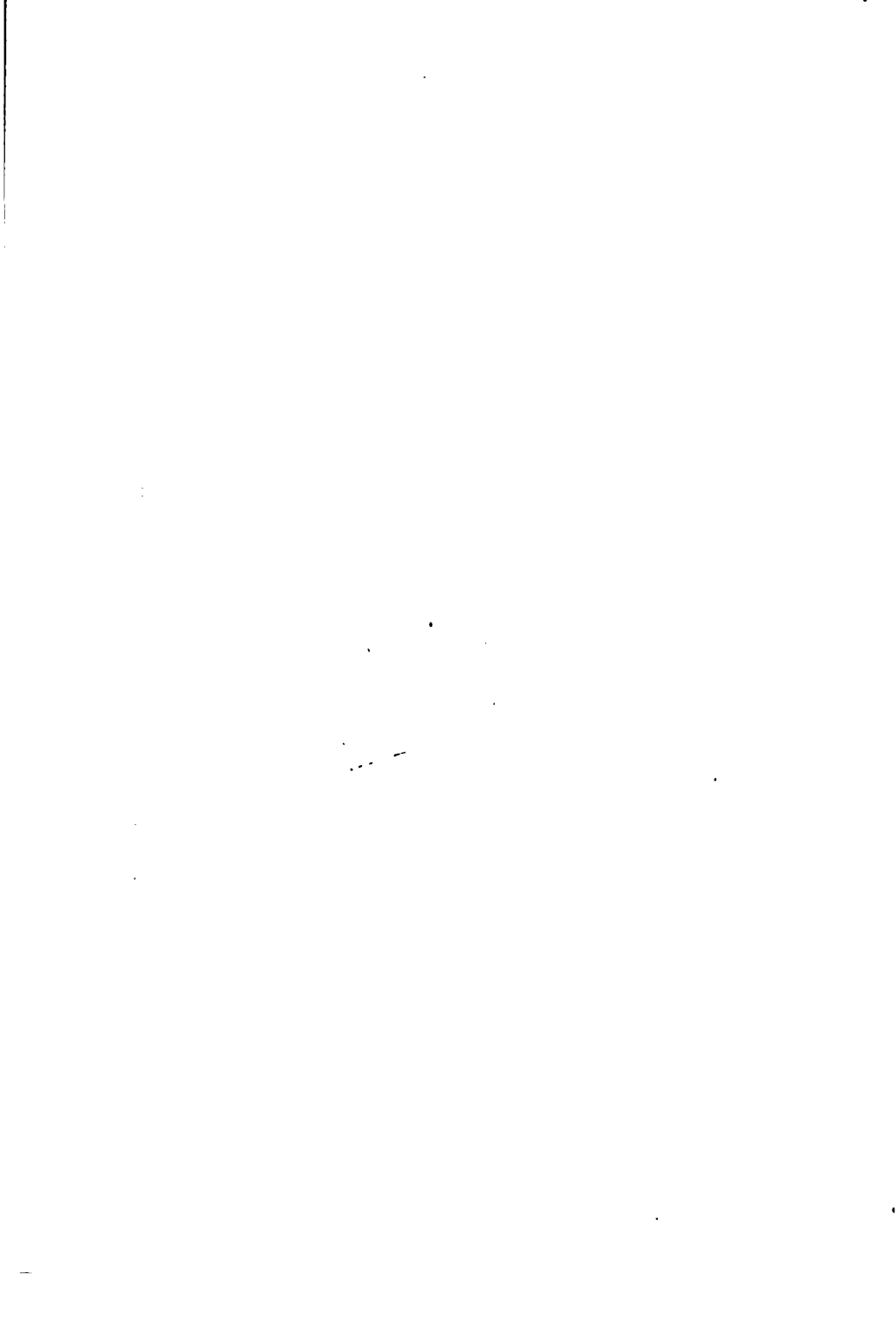
But, as is often the case with men of exceptional vitality, the break-up came suddenly and the end was swift. First his eyesight began to go, and even with the help of strong glasses he found it difficult to read. Then, with a shock of pained surprise, he found that his nerves and his frame were falling to pieces. Yet he still manfully stuck to his Parliamentary duties, though evidently at the cost of great mental and bodily anguish. Nor would he let his cruel enemy, the gout, detain him from his favourite exercise. Indeed, it was his recklessness in riding out before he had quite recovered from a severe attack of gout that hastened his end. He caught a chill, the gout flew to his stomach, thence to his heart, and on the 18th of October, 1865, the grand old Englishman passed to his rest. Had he lived only two days longer he would have completed his 81st year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey with public honours on October 27th, and the mourning for him was more sincere than it often is for eminent statesmen. For Lord Palmerston was personally popular, more popular perhaps than any Premier before or since. He was the embodiment

of English common sense in politics, and the great bulk of the people consequently had unbounded faith in him. Then he was, besides, jocular and genial: could suit himself to any company or any audience—and his irrepressible animal spirits made him as gay and light-hearted as a boy. He was a good friend and a manly and chivalrous foe. Perhaps I can best sum up his character by saying that it was sportsmanlike, that is to say he was always actuated by the motives which should govern the true sportsman—by the spirit of generous fair play. But a political opponent has drawn his character so eloquently and truthfully that I may be pardoned, I hope, for quoting the generous tribute. "Privately Lord Palmerston can hardly have had any enemies. He had a kindly heart which won on all people who came near him. He had no enduring enmities or capricious dislikes, and it was therefore very hard for ill-feeling to live in his beaming, friendly presence. He never disliked men merely because he had often to encounter them in political warfare. He tried his best to give them as good as they brought, and he bore no malice. His manners were frank and genial rather than polished; and his is one of the rare instances in which a man contrived always to keep up his personal dignity without any stateliness of bearing or tone. He was a model combatant; when the combat was over, he was ready to sit down by his antagonist's side and be his friend and talk over their experiences and exploits. He was absolutely free from affectation. This very fact gave sometimes an air almost of roughness to his manners, he could be so plain spoken and downright when suddenly called on to express his mind."

There you have the picture of a pattern English gentleman and sportsman, and it is in that character more than in any other, perhaps, that Lord Palmerston will live in the memories of the majority of his countrymen.



Derby



THE EARL OF DERBY.

IT is said that gout usually skips a generation, and apparently it is the same with the taste for sport. It was at any rate so in the case of the distinguished nobleman, statesman, and sportsman, with whom I am now dealing, Edward George Geoffrey Smith Stanley, fourteenth Earl of Derby. His father, the thirteenth Earl, was no sportsman, but devoted himself almost entirely to zoology and ornithology, expensive hobbies, for his enormous aviary and menagerie in Knowsley Park cost him upwards of £15,000 a year. On the other hand, his grandfather, the twelfth Earl, was an enthusiastic patron of the Turf. Indeed, as far back as the 17th century, when the Earls of Derby were Lords of Man, they interested themselves in horse racing, and the first Derby Stakes ever instituted were run for on the narrow strip of crisp and springy turf which separates the bays of Derbyhaven and Castletown in the Isle of Man, and is still known as the "Race course", though no races have been held there for a hundred years or more.

The twelfth Earl made himself notorious by marrying the celebrated actress Miss Farren, who so fascinated him by her wit, vivacity, and beauty as

Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal", that he not only made her Countess of Derby, but named his most famous horse Sir Peter Teazle in commemoration of the occasion on which he had first seen her and become enamoured of her charms.

It is to this Earl that we owe the institution of two of the most notable of our classic races, the Derby and the Oaks. The former, established in 1780, derives its name from the Earl himself, and the latter, instituted in 1779, from the valley of Lambert's Oaks, attached to his lordship's residence at Banstead, Surrey. The twelfth Earl owned several good horses, but his fame as a Turfite is chiefly associated with the aforesaid Sir Peter Teazle, bred by the Earl himself, and not less renowned for his extraordinary speed than for the superiority of his stock. At three and four years old he was the best horse of his time, beating every opponent, and winning stakes to a very large amount, among them the Derby of 1787, the first and only time the Earl won the race which bore his name. But it was at the stud that Sir Peter Teazle made his greatest reputation. He was the sire of more winners than any other horse on the Turf. Even across the Atlantic breeders were roused into enthusiasm by the record of his successes. American Turfites were anxious to secure so successful a sire, and one of them offered the Earl 7,000 guineas for the horse, but his lordship, with a smile, declined the offer, saying: "Had I been disposed to part with Sir Peter, I have already been offered 10,000 guineas for him."

Twice the twelfth Earl won the Oaks, and for many years he was regarded as the Father of the

Jockey Club, at whose councils he was a regular attendant for considerably more than half a century. Besides the Turf, the Earl was a patron of the Chase, and his staghounds were for years the best in England. Moreover, he was admitted to be the greatest "cocker" that ever lived, and in his day cock-fighting, it must be remembered, was regarded as the most aristocratic of sports. A fine, all-round old English sportsman was Edward Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, and when he died at the age of 82 on the 21st of October, 1834, he left none better behind him.

His mantle could have fallen on no worthier shoulders than those of his grandson, the fourteenth Earl, as famous in the Senate as on the Turf, the brilliant "Rupert of Debate" to whose stirring eloquence his contemporaries in both Houses of Parliament listened, spell-bound. Born at Knowsley, near Preston, on the 29th of March, 1799, and educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, young Stanley soon began the political career to which he was resolved to devote his talents. In the year 1832, when he was but three-and-twenty, he was elected member for Stockbridge, as an adherent of those high Whig principles with which his family had been so long identified. His career in the House of Commons was one unbroken success. He was twice Secretary for the Colonies and once Chief Secretary for Ireland. In October 1844 he was called to the House of Peers as Baron Stanley. In 1851 he became Earl of Derby by the death of his father, and in the following year found himself First Lord of the Treasury, through the downfall of Lord John Russell, a consummation which he had been mainly instrumental in bringing to pass. Twice afterwards he was Prime

Minister of England. His eloquence is still a Parliamentary tradition. I only heard him make one great speech in the House of Lords, but I remember well how fascinated I was by his noble appearance, his grace and dignity of manner, and the silver tones of his wonderful voice, the finest, I think, with the single exception of Mr. Gladstone's, that I have ever heard in either House of Parliament. It is the fashion now, to decry Lord Derby's eloquence, and to speak of him as an over-rated orator. But of this I am certain, that there is no living speaker in or out of Parliament, always excepting the "Grand Old Man", worthy to be compared with him for sheer power of carrying away his hearers: and those who had the good fortune to listen to Edward Geoffrey, fourteenth Earl of Derby, in the full flood of his passionate utterance, heard, whether it were great oratory or not, what they are never likely to hear again, now that the voice of Gladstone is silent.

But enough of the political career of Lord Derby, it is as a sportsman, not as a statesman, that I am most concerned with him here—as a great patron and distinguished ornament of the Turf, to which he was devoted all his life. It was in 1842 that Lord Derby, or Lord Stanley as he then was, first began to keep horses on his own account, and formed his connection with John Scott as trainer which lasted unbroken for two-and-twenty years. Before that period, indeed, his lordship had had something to do with his father's horses, which were trained by Bloss at Delamere Forest, but this was merely because the then Earl took no interest in his thoroughbreds and deputed his son to look after them for him. The passion for racing,

however, was strong in the fourteenth Earl from his earliest years. Here is a sketch of him in 1833 given by Charles Greville in his "Memoirs":—

"I went to The Oaks (the house of that name, not the race), on Wednesday, where Lord Stanley kept house for the first and probably (as the house is for sale) the last time. It is a very agreeable place, with an odd sort of house, built at different times and by different people; but the outside is covered with ivy and creepers, which is pretty, and there are two good living rooms in it, besides this there is an abundance of grass and shade. It has been for thirty or forty years the resort of all our old jockeys, and is now occupied by the sporting portion of the Government. We had Lord Grey and his daughter, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Lord and Lady Errol, Althorp, Graham, Uxbridge, Charles Grey, Duke of Grafton, Lichfield, and Stanley's brothers. It passed off very well, racing all the morning, an excellent dinner, and whist and blind hookey in the evening. It was curious to see Stanley. Who would believe they beheld the orator and statesman, only second, if second, to Peel, in the House of Commons, and on whom the destiny of the country perhaps depends? There he was, as if he had no thoughts but for the Turf, full of the horses, interest in the lottery, eager, blunt, noisy, good-humoured *has meditando nugas et totus in illis*: at night equally devoted to the play as if his fortune depended on it. Thus can a man relax, whose existence is devoted to great objects and serious thoughts."

And again, a few months later, under date November 13th, 1833, Greville writes:—"Dined yesterday with Stanley, who gave me a commission to put a hundred

for him on Bentley against Berbastes for the Derby, and talked of racing after dinner with as much zest as if he were on the Turf. Who (to see and hear him thus) would take him for the greatest orator and statesman of the day?"

When the Earl's connection with John Scott commenced, the number of horses he owned was comparatively small, and during the twenty-one years his stud was under the care of "The Wizard of the North" the number varied considerably. Sometimes there would be twenty horses in training, sometimes not more than three or four. Altogether John Scott trained 243 horses for Lord Derby, of which 54 won between them over £94,000 in stakes. This sum, as nearly as possible, cleared all training expenses for the twenty-one years, so that Lord Derby, racing purely for his own pleasure and for the propagation of first-class blood stock, was at any rate not a loser in the long run, which is more than most owners of horses at that time could say. For in those days the big stakes were so few that unless an owner betted on a grand scale, like Lord George Bentinck, he could hardly hope to train and run horses without being seriously out of pocket. At first Lord Derby was by no means successful, but he was not to be diverted from his purpose; he really loved his horses and felt deep pleasure in their success, and so by degrees his stud grew in quantity as well as in quality. His black jacket was never seen first past the judge's box in the Derby or St. Leger, but he took the Oaks once and the Two Thousand Guineas, once, whilst two Goodwood Cups, one Doncaster Cup, one Cesarewitch, besides a host of minor races, fell to his share.

It was only natural that a high-spirited, honourable gentleman, breeding horses and running them on the most disinterested principles, should be disgusted at the rise of a class of Turfmen, with whom we are unfortunately too familiar nowadays, who keep horses simply as instruments of gambling, and this drew from the Earl his memorable letter to the *Times* on the 11th of July 1857, containing an indignant appeal to the Jockey Club, which created great sensation at the time. The circumstances which had roused Lord Derby's wrath, were these:

A scandalous case had just come before the law courts in which a Mr. James Adkins, the keeper of a gambling house, known as the Berkeley Club in Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, was sued by a Mr. John Sidebottom, a wealthy but foolish young Manchester cotton-spinner, for £6,525, which the plaintiff had lost at the aforesaid gambling hell. If the money had been lost fairly the plaintiff said he would never have sought to recover it, but after he had dropped nearly £25,000 it came to his knowledge that the money had been won from him by cheating and foul play. He learned that loaded dice had been used, and while he, a young man, was primed with wine, his money was filched from him by men who were termed "bonnets". The afterwards too notorious Edwin James, Q.C. and the present Mr. Justice Hawkins were for the plaintiff, and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was present throughout the trial, which excited great interest among sporting men. The jury found for the plaintiff to the full amount claimed, with costs. Now, in the course of the case it was proved beyond doubt that loaded dice had been used to rook young Sidebottom at the Berkeley Club, with

the knowledge, if not with the connivance, of the proprietor, Mr. James Adkins, who was also a well-known Turfite and owner of race-horses. Yet no steps were taken by the Jockey Club after these revelations, to warn this scoundrel off the Heath at Newmarket, or in any way to prevent his running his horses when and where he pleased. Then Lord Derby's letter in the *Times* burst like a thunderbolt upon the somnolent Parliament of the Turf. He appealed to them with indignant eloquence to warn off this rascal Adkins, and allow no horse of which he might be in whole or in part owner to run on any course over which the Jockey Club exercised jurisdiction. The Stewards were roused, for once, to a sense of their responsibility by this stirring appeal, and Adkins was dealt with as Lord Derby advised. This vigorous protest of the noble earl's, too, bore good fruit in other ways, and for a time, at any rate, stemmed the flood of blackguardism which had begun to pollute the Turf with its moral sewage.

But let me return for a moment to Lord Derby as a breeder of horses. Some of his home-bred stock, such as Fazzaletto, Longbow, Acrobat, Iris, (winner of the Oaks in 1851) Cape Flyaway, etc., were animals of which any owner or breeder might have been proud, but it is a singular fact that the best horse (or at any rate the greatest winner) his lordship ever possessed he did not breed; that was the famous mare Canezou, who ran second to Surplice, for the St. Leger of 1848, and whom he purchased from Mr. Allen of Malton, by the advice of John Scott. Canezou and her sons, Paletot, Fazzaletto and Cape Flyaway, won no less than £24,780 in stakes between them. One

of Lord Derby's earliest winners and most famous horses was Ithuriel whose perfect symmetry of form was so remarkable that Mr. Cotterell was commissioned to perpetuate this model of equine beauty in a statuette modelled in silver for the Goodwood Cup of 1845. Strange to say this cup was won by Psalm-singer, a horse which Lord Derby bought from John Scott as a two-year-old for a mere trifle.

The Dutchman's Handicap in 1862, which the Earl won with Cape Flyaway was the last race in which the Derby colours—black jacket and white cap—were in front at the winning post, and the last prize any of his horses ever ran for was the Union Cup at Manchester in 1863. After that Lord Derby relinquished the Turf and devoted his declining years to politics and literature.

But to the very last his love of the great sport to which he had given so much of his time, remained with him. It was always to his beloved Knowsley that he retired when he felt the need of rest and repose. There he could have, what it was difficult to obtain elsewhere, absolute freedom from the noise called music. He hated music of all kinds, and every piano at Knowsley was locked, whilst the noble owner, was at home. But one of his greatest pleasures was to wander round the paddocks of a morning with a congenial spirit, and show him old Canezou, Legerdemain, Meeanee, Escalade, and the long array of foals and yearlings in which Timothy Forsham, the stud-groom, took such justifiable pride.

It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that Lord Derby was never happier than when on the race-course or among his horses. He used to say that some of

his pleasantest memories were associated with his visits to John Scott at Whitewall. He delighted in his morning walks over Langton Wold with "The Wizard of the North", and into the inspection of the stables he entered with all the zest of a boy let loose from school. For here he was free from the turmoil and clamour of political life: here no hard and dry arguments upon Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and the Corn Laws, troubled his mind. He was no longer here "The Rupert of Debate" fiery and furious, chivalrously ready to do battle for the cause he had espoused against all comers, and any odds. At Whitewall politics did not enter into the conversation. John Scott had nothing of the politician about him, and the two could talk peacefully about colts and fillies, Derbys and St. Legers, as though neither had any other business in life to attend to. On the relations between Lord Derby and John Scott I have dwelt more fully in my sketch of the latter. It is enough to say here that there was the most perfect understanding between them. No sort of disagreement ever seemed to mar the harmony of their intercourse, and when, as I have narrated elsewhere, John Scott was malignantly attacked in connection with the running of one of the Earl's horses. "The Rupert of Debate", with characteristic chivalry, stood by his trainer and defended him against all comers with an energy and eloquence that made his assailants sorry they had ever attacked a man with such a champion.

Lord Derby died on the 23rd of October, 1869, in his 71st year. What he was as a sportsman I have endeavoured to show, what he was as a man let one of his political opponents say: "He was, on the whole,

a superb specimen of the English political nobleman. Proud of soul, but sweet in temper, and genial in manner, dignified, as men are who feel instinctively that dignity pertains to them, and therefore never think of how to assert or how to maintain it, he was eminently fitted by temperament, by nature, and by fortune for the place it was given him to hold."

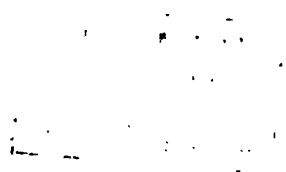
THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

OPINIONS are divided as to the success of Lord Rosebery as a Statesman, but there can be only one opinion as to his success as a Turfman. Both Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby would have sacrificed much of the fame which they gained in other fields to have been the recipients of those surging plaudits which greeted the owner of Ladas and Sir Visto, the winners of two consecutive Derbys. And what would not Lord George Bentinck have given to win such a guerdon! I have already told the story of his disappointment. To him the Blue Riband of the Turf was a distinction infinitely superior to the Blue Riband of the Garter, which is the highest honour the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland can bestow on any of her subjects. But not to both Blue Ribands is applicable the commendation bestowed by Lord Melbourne on that of the Garter—"I like the Blue Riband," he said, "because there is no d—d pretence of merit about it." For the Blue Riband of the Turf can only be won by merit—merit in the horse, the breeder, the trainer, and the jockey. And as Lord Rosebery bred both his Derby winners it is clear that he deserved to win the Blue Riband far more than many owners who



SEYMOUR

Rosbery



have merely purchased and not bred their famous horses. But to proceed with my tale.

The Right Honourable Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of Rosebery, K.G. LL.D. was born in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, on May 7, 1848, and was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford. Almost from boyhood he gave evidence of that passion for racing which has since raised him to such a high position on the British Turf. It was not long before he was a regular attendant at all the leading race-meetings, though he did not figure as a very prominent owner of horses, with the exception of Ladas (the first of that name), whom he bought with the intention of winning the Derby. This horse ran in Pretender's Derby, 1869, but was unplaced. Then an unfortunate incident happened. Some severe remarks were made in a letter addressed to one of the sporting newspapers by a disappointed backer, on the eccentric running of Mavela, a plater of his lordship's, at Stockton, insinuating that the owner was responsible for the in and out form of the horse. Lord Rosebery was so annoyed, that he declared he would never own another race-horse and would abandon the Turf for ever. The Rosebery stud was sold. But his lordship subsequently repented of his decision, and once more started a string of racers.

He became a member of the Jockey Club in 1870; but it was not until 1873 that his name commenced to appear regularly in the list of winning owners, the amount of his winnings in stakes in that year being £515, the result of five races, the best of the events being the Gimcrack Stakes at York, which he secured with his horse Padoroshna, whom he had bought the

previous morning for 410 guineas. During the following season he was more fortunate, as his horse Aldrich won the City and Suburban at Epsom, after an exciting race with M. Lefevre's Minister, who was just beaten by a neck. This was his first great handicap victory. It was immensely popular amongst Turfites, although few supported the winner, which started at 40 to 1. His account that season showed a wonderful improvement, as a dozen races produced £3,903. It was in this season that he nearly gained the object of his ambition—the Derby—with a colt he had bought out of Matthew Dawson's stable, only two months previously to the race. This was Couronne de Fer, who managed to get second to George Frederick for the Blue Riband. Besides this he also won the Great Yorkshire Handicap with Louise. The year 1875 was an improvement on the previous one, his fifteen winners producing £5,313, one of the best races being the Newmarket July Stakes, which he won with Levant. During the year 1876, he was third upon the list of winning owners, with twenty-five races producing £13,390. He had to thank Controversy for this, as that horse alone won seven races, worth £5,870. In addition, Snail took £2,135, and Levant £2,200. The principal events were the Lincoln Handicap, the York Cup, and Liverpool Summer Cup with Controversy, and the Northumberland Plate with Snail. The following season, 1877, was not so fortunate, though his fourteen winning races were worth £6,135, and his position was ninth on the list of winning owners. His principal victories were the New Stakes at Ascot with Bellicent, the Portland Plate with Rosbach, and the Liverpool Summer Cup with Snail, the last-named

good old servant winning £1,330. No race of any very great importance fell to his lot in 1878, though he once more won the Gimcrack Stakes with Duke of Cumberland, and was second for the Middle Park Plate with Flavius, the winning total being £4,983. Fortune turned in Lord Rosebery's favour during the succeeding season, 1879, and with such successes as the Lincoln Handicap, won with Touchet, the Ascot Stakes with Ridotto, the Clearwell Stakes with Camorra, the Cambridgeshire with La Merveille, and the Manchester November Handicap with Rhidorroch, it is not surprising that he took a good position in the list of winning owners. He was fourth on the list to Count La Grange, Lord Falmouth, and the Duke of Westminster, his total being £13,270, so that he was about £120 behind the figures of the three previous years.

But it would be only wearisome to give in detail all Lord Rosebery's successes on the Turf. Let me hurry on to the two latest and greatest. The year 1894 was indeed a memorable one in Lord Rosebery's career. In the March of that year he attained the acme of his ambition as a statesman, by becoming Prime Minister on Mr. Gladstone's retirement. In the June of that year he attained the acme of his ambition as a Turfman, by winning the Derby with Ladas, amid such a scene as has rarely been witnessed on a race-course. Here is an eye-witness's description of it.

"Ladas proved himself worthy of the confidence that tens of thousands placed in him, and Lord Rosebery was the most popular man in England. All doubts must have been dispelled when at an early hour the morning before the race he was seen follow-

ing a string from other stables, and striding over Epsom Downs in a six furlong gallop which scarcely took off the edge of his keen delight in the exhilarating exercise. The armed men who are reported to have kept watch and ward beside him all through the previous night, had no doubt an anxious time, with the safety of a national favourite entrusted to them, but their vigil was not disturbed, and if any attempt at nobbling were ever meditated, the conspirators could not have found a chance of carrying out their designs. So Ladas emerged from his box on the chill morning of Derby Day, as fit to race as horse ever was, and Lord Rosebery, who, with Sir Frederick Johnstone, watched the gallop at six o'clock, could hardly have felt any fear as to the result. And the weather, although gloomy in the early part of the day, turned out fair, the turf just moist enough to be soft and springy as a well-kept tennis-lawn.

"Up till noon the holiday crowd gave no sign of assuming enormous proportions, nor did much excitement appear to animate the early-comers; but those who had seen anything of the roads that converge upon Epsom Downs, knew that there must be thousands yet to come. Two wings of the Grand Stand were, when the first race was run, more crowded than the oldest frequenter of Epsom Races could remember to have seen them; yet there were people who, seeing no great crowd near the starting post, nor at Tattenham Corner, declared that the gathering was less by many thousands than usual. But they changed their opinion later in the day. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived in time to see the first race; with them were the Duke of York and other members of the Royal

Family. The Prince moved from one group to another to exchange turf opinions with such experts as Mr. Henry Chaplin, Lord Alington, Prince Soltykoff, Lord Randolph Churchill, and others. The second race of the day, that for the Epsom Town Plate, was won by Primrose Way, and those who remembered Lord Rosebery's family name looked upon it as a good tip. But bookmakers would offer nothing but 9 to 2 *on* Ladas, and their offers of 8 to 1—bar two, tempted nobody. The wagering on the race was of the very smallest dimensions. One favourite bait was to offer odds that Ladas would not be first, and something else would be second. The general public, however, cared very little for this kind of investment, and either left the race alone, or manfully laid odds on Ladas, who started at 9 to 2 *on*, a rate which had never before been approached.

"There was a large muster in the Paddock before the race to see the competitors, all of whom, except Galloping Dick, who was saddled in the vicinity of the starting post, were on view. Ladas was followed by a tremendous throng of spectators in the paddock, and when he was taken into the Durdans for a short time, the crowd eagerly awaited his return. In the parade and canter nothing looked so well nor went so well as Ladas, and the next in both these respects was Match Box. The competitors made their way to the starting post, and they had no sooner got into Mr. Coventry's charge than they were joined by Galloping Dick. After the briefest interval of waiting, the lot were despatched to a capital start. The race requires little description, as Bullingdon and Match Box, sometimes one and sometimes the other, made the running,

with Lord Rosebery's colt in waiting. As they came down the hill, the Kingsclere pair—Match Box and Bullingdon—were well in front. They had, however, no sooner got into line for home than Watts allowed Ladas to stride along, and, coming away, he simply spread-eagled the field, all but Match Box, and won in the handsomest manner possible by a length and a half. At a wide interval after the first two came Reminder, with Hornbeam fourth and Bullingdon fifth. No such reception had ever been accorded a Derby winner, and no such surging mass of people ever pressed round the paddock as on this afternoon. The constables were swept off their legs in their endeavour to keep the customary ring in front of the weighing-room enclosure, and Lord Rosebery only with the utmost difficulty had a passage forced for him by the police to meet and bring in Ladas to the weighing-room. The whole of the time that the colt was on the return journey the cheering never ceased, and it was doubled, if possible, when 'all right' was signalled. Lord Rosebery was besieged with congratulations, and probably not a spectator who was present will ever look upon a similar scene on a race course."

In the following year Lord Rosebery again won the Derby with Sir Visto, admirably ridden by Sam Loates. It was an exciting race, for Tom Cannon's Curzon, with Chaloner on his back, got up to his girths within two hundred yards of the winning post, and a desperate ding-dong struggle ensued. It was only in the last few yards that Sir Visto shook his gallant opponent clear, and won by three quarters of a length. It was not to be supposed that Lord

Rosebery's second victory would evoke such extraordinary enthusiasm as the first, but still he had no cause to be dissatisfied with the ovation he received, and it is certain that whenever his popular colours come to the front in a great race their owner will always receive cordial cheers of congratulation, for the great public which frequents race-courses, caring little perhaps for his success as a brilliant statesman and a happy speaker, recognizes in him what it loves best—a gallant gentleman and sportsman.

It is not within my scope to dwell upon Lord Rosebery's career other than as it is connected with the Turf. But before I conclude there is one curious anecdote which I must relate in connection with the victory of his lordship's horse, Aldrich, in the City and Suburban of 1874. Lord Vivian had a very remarkable dream about that race. Dropping off to sleep again after awaking early on the morning of the race, his lordship dreamed that he was in the weighing room at Epsom, and was awakened by his friend Mr. Samuda entering at the moment and remarking, "That was a fine race, only won by a neck, I should think!" "You don't mean to say the City and Suburban is over?" exclaimed Lord Vivian in his dream. To which Mr. Samuda replied, "Yes, and The Teacher has won!" So vivid was the dream, that at breakfast Lord Vivian referred to the morning papers to see at what price The Teacher was, but could not find a horse of that name among the entries. By a remarkable coincidence, the very first acquaintance whom he met at Waterloo Station was Mr. Samuda, who, after hearing the story of the dream, cleared up the mystery by explaining that The Teacher had been

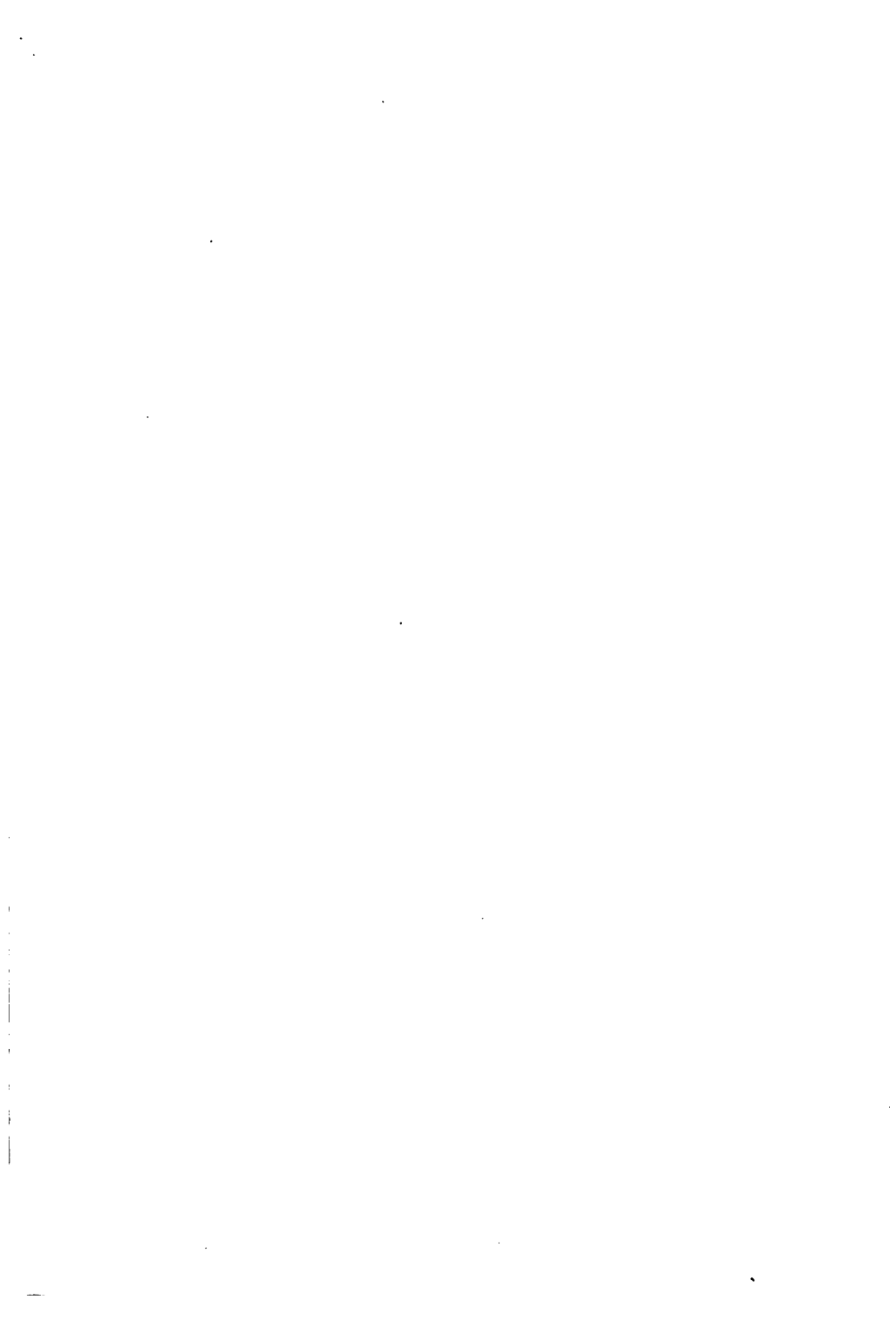
re-named Aldrich, to distinguish him from a filly of the same name and age. Lord Vivian thereupon made up his mind to back Aldrich for £100, and told Lord Rosebery, the owner of Aldrich, of his intention. But the latter advised him not to do so, for the very satisfactory reason that the horse had been beaten each time he was tried, and, consequently, Lord Vivian contented himself with taking £1,000 to £30. But many others who heard the story backed the dream, including Mr. Somerville, the owner of Oxford Mixture (fourth favourite at 10 to 1), who got well out of the race in consequence.

Sir George Chetwynd, by the way, had an almost equally remarkable dream with respect to Curate, in the same race. I remember distinctly hearing Sir George tell the story of how he dreamt that Curate came in first, but ran up a bank just beyond the winning-post, and, disappearing, never returned to weigh in, and, consequently, the race was awarded to Mr. Lefevre's Minister, who came in second, ridden by a jockey in deep mourning, crape on jacket and cap as well as boots and breeches. Now, Curate was a horse that had been heavily backed for the City and Sub., but was scratched just before the race, and Minister *did* come in second. The dream, grotesque as it was, left so vivid an impression on Sir George's mind, that he backed Minister for a place. Now if we could all work up our dreaming faculties to concert pitch on the eve of a great race, and make as good capital out of them as Lord Vivian and Sir George Chetwynd did, dreaming would be a very profitable occupation.



W. S. P. S.

GEORGE FORDHAM.



GEORGE FORDHAM.

THE fame of great jockeys, like that of great actors, rests upon tradition. They leave nothing behind them by which future generations can judge of their excellence. When a venerable play-goer tells us that Henry Irving is not to be compared with Macready or Edmund Kean as an actor, or when a veteran race-goer maintains that Charley Wood could not hold a candle to Jem Robinson or Sam Chifney as a jockey, we have only his word as proof of this assertion, and the word of a *laudator temporis acti* must generally be taken with a very liberal grain of salt. Whether the horsemen of the present day are equal, as masters of the art of riding, to their famous predecessors, it is not easy to decide. I am inclined to think that the best of our present jockeys, Charles Wood, Mornington Cannon, Tom Loates, and John Watts could have held their own with all but one or two of the very best, though it cannot be denied that the bulk of the light-weights of to-day are more remarkable for clever and tricky riding than for fine horsemanship.

When one looks back over the brilliant head-roll of jockeys who have left their names imperishably stamped upon the archives of the Turf, and calls up such names

as Sam Chifney, Frank Buckle, Bill Scott, the two Arnalls, John Day, Job Marson, Marlow, Frank Butler, "Tiny" Wells, Jem Robinson, George Fordham, Fred Archer, Harry Custance, it seems invidious to select any one as greater than his compeers. But by general consent three of those I have named stand out as pre-eminent—Jem Robinson, George Fordham, and Fred Archer. Each of these great masters of horsemanship has his idolaters, who declare their idol to be supreme. I shall not pretend to assign the palm to any one of the three, but content myself with brief sketches of the two latter, as being the two whose names and exploits are most familiar to the public.

I take George Fordham first. He was born at Cambridge on the 24th of September, 1837, and was only in his fourteenth year when he won his first race on Mr. Drewitt's Hampton at Brighton in the year of the first Great Exhibition. In that very year the Turf was very near losing one of its future shining lights, for while riding Miss Nipper on the straw bed she slipped, and, Fordham's leg getting through the stirrup-iron, she dragged him several times round the yard, kicking out violently all the time. Fortunately the lad received no greater injury than a swollen knee, but he carried that mark to his grave.

It was in the autumn of 1852 that he made his first mark by winning the Cambridgeshire, riding at the extraordinarily light weight of 3 stone 12lbs. on Little David for Mr. Smith, against a field of thirty-nine, and amongst his rivals was that graceful and accomplished horseman, Alfred Day. George's mount stood at 33 to 1 on starting, but certain keen-eyed sporting men were present, who used to say in after years that

they liked the boy's form, and the way he sat his horse, and he not only won, but Little David ran right away with him into the town before he could be stopped. A youngster who performed such a feat now-a-days, would expect a pretty considerable tip, but George's master thought a Bible and a gold-headed whip a sufficient reward. But on that whip was inscribed an old adage, that has fallen into neglect of late—"Honesty is the best policy." A chance word, or a line read in a book under far less impressive circumstances has often decided a man's destiny, and who knows that when proudly examining his handsome whip—for young jockeys were thankful for small mercies in those days—the inscription on this, his first prize, did not impress itself upon his heart? At all events, he ever afterwards adopted it for his motto, and acted up to it with scrupulous fidelity.

To attempt anything like an analysis of Fordham's many victories would be impossible within the space at my disposal. It was his winning the Chester Cup on Captain Douglas Lane's Epaminondas, against twenty-four starters at 4 stone 10lb. in 1854, that first attracted to him the notice of such grand judges of racing as Lord Howth, and Davies the great book-maker. "That lad's the best light weight I have ever seen," remarked his lordship to "the Leviathan", and Davies echoed the opinion, and stuck to it for the rest of his life.

From that day Fordham never looked back. He had a notable triumph in the Cesarewitch of 1857, when Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess ran a dead heat of three, and the race was decided in favour of his mount, Prioress. Yet he was not one of Fortune's favourites. The fickle goddess long turned her back

upon him whenever he contended for the great race on Epsom Downs; and who can ever forget the wild burst of applause that greeted him when at last he snatched the great prize for which he had struggled so hard, and came in first on Mr. Acton's Sir Bevys in the Derby of 1879? Indeed, he was not particularly fortunate in any of the classic races. He won the Two Thousand Guineas only twice; but he took the One Thousand seven times, and the Oaks five. He had at least four remarkable victories—and excellent judges have gone so far as to say that no other jockey of the generation could have won them; the first was at Leamington in 1855, when, by his consummate knowledge of pace, he literally ran away with the stakes upon a very moderate filly, Homily, belonging to Lord Clifden; the second was the Cambridgeshire of 1871, when he rode Sabinus. The night before this race, looking in at the White Hart at Newmarket, and being rather excited, he took 1000 to 30 about his horse four times. Next morning he had forgotten all about it. It was lucky he won, or it might have ruined him; yet if he had not measured his distance to an inch, and to half a second of time, he could never have beaten such a highly tried favourite as Allbrook by a head.

The third was the July stakes of 1875, which he took for Lord Rosebery on Levant. Levant had been tried again and again, and, with Constable on his back, had failed in several races. It was at the last-named jockey's desire that George finally had the mount; and the shiftily found her master at last in Fordham's delicate hands.

The fourth of these notable victories was the Two

Thousand Guineas in 1880, which he captured on Petronel for the Duke of Beaufort. All these were victories won by superb judgment and horsemanship, which stamped Fordham as a magnificent master of the art of riding.

George was very fond of kidding, especially when opposed to some youngster. A few hundred yards before reaching the winning post, he would apparently show signals of distress, and then, just as the green-horns were chuckling over anticipated victory, "the Demon" would fly past them like a whirlwind. He was not a graceful rider, he was awkward in his seat, and the high manner in which he carried his shoulders gave him an ungainly appearance. See him on his way to the post, how careless, almost slovenly was his gait! But as soon as he was in the pigskin, how splendid were his hands, how marvellous was his judgment of pace, how perfect his knowledge of every inch of the course! Then, what stubborn John Bull courage he had; he never believed a race was lost till the numbers went up against him! I have no space to do more than mention casually his extraordinary run of wins—eleven in all—upon the celebrated Lady Elizabeth in 1867, or his victories in the Grand Prix, which he won three times. Of these the first was one of the most remarkable of his great races, for after a dead heat by the immense favourite, Patrician, he, on Fervacques, secured the decider literally on the post, by a short head. After winning the Bretby Plate at the Craven Meeting, 1878, on Count La Grange's Pardon, the whole sporting world seemed to gather about him to show their respect, and load him with congratulations.

Yet another reminiscence, but of another kind. During the Houghton Meeting of 1875 there was a great match of £1000 a side between Count Batthyany's Galopin, ridden by Morris, who was very deaf, and Lord Huntley's Lowlander, on which Fordham had the mount. At the starting post Galopin was very restless, and George had an opportunity more than once of snatching a valuable advantage; but this he disdained, and shouted to Morris that until Galopin had jumped off, Lowlander would not move. How many jockeys would have been self-sacrificing enough to have done this!

Among the good stories told of Fordham is the following, which Sir George Chetwynd gives in his "Reminiscences."

"At Epsom Spring Meeting, 1872, Digby Grand won the City and Suburban, ridden by Webb; the next day, with extra weight, Fordham rode him in the Prince of Wales' Stakes. Now, Digby Grand was a horse of very uncertain temper, and his owner believed that stimulant before a race was good for him. Fordham was adjusting his saddle preparatory to mounting, when he observed Harry Woolcott, the trainer, with a black bottle in his hand. 'What's that, Harry?' he asked. 'A bottle of old port Mr. Graham has sent to give Digby,' Woolcott replied. 'Let's have a look at it,' said Fordham, and holding out his hand for the bottle, he meditatively took a long pull at its contents. Silently he handed the bottle back to Woolcott, who followed his example; and then Fordham regained possession of it, observing, 'I don't believe it would do him any good!' saying which, he raised it again to his lips, and tilted it considerably before he put it down. 'I believe it is generally bad for

them!' rejoined Woolcott, who very nearly emptied it, and Fordham, looking to see if any was left, found that there was a little, and quietly finished that. Digby Grand looked on, and it is impossible to guess what he would have said if he could have spoken. However, the horse won his race, Fordham lying off on him, and bringing him up at the Bell. Except one handicap, also at Epsom, this was the last race he (the horse) won during the year, though he ran ten more."

Custance too, in his "Recollections" has some good yarns to spin of his old friend and rival in the saddle, from which I select the following.

"It is quite impossible for me to mention all the fine races I have seen Fordham ride. With one especially I was very much impressed, and so were many others, who will corroborate me. This was when he won the Cambridgeshire of 1871 on Sabinus. This race especially was most beautifully timed and finished. Whilst on this topic, I must relate a little anecdote of Fordham's re-appearance in the saddle after an absence of two years through illness. Mr. J. Jennings gave him his first mount in the Bushes Handicap on a horse called Pardon, belonging to Count La Grange, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1878. Fordham would not mount in the Birdcage, as no one hated flattery more than he did. We went down the course together to the Ditch Mile starting-post, and he got into the saddle about half way down. He seemed all right at first, but just before we got to the post his spirits failed him, and he said:—

"'Cus, I wish I hadn't got up.'

"'Why, George?' was my answer, whereupon he resumed:—

"Look at those kids; I don't know any of them.' (There were several small boys, and only Archer of the older ones was riding.)

"I said—'My dear George, don't you trouble about that: they will soon know you, especially when you get up side of them at the finish.'

"In the end Archer won on Advance, and Fordham was second, 'beaten by three lengths', so the judge said. It struck me Fordham didn't exert himself very much in this race, which I attributed to his being rather weak and out of condition. Afterwards I went to him and said:—

"'Why, you didn't have half a go!'

"He answered with a most knowing wink:—

"'You don't think I was going to let him (Archer) beat me by a neck the first time I rode, which he would have just done!'

"I went to Mr. Jennings and told him what George had said, and asked him if he would run Pardon in another race—The Bretby Plate—later on that day.

"He said 'Certainly.' It is pleasing to be able to say that Pardon won this time. I never heard anyone receive a greater ovation than George Fordham did on his return to weigh on that day. I need hardly tell my readers how he regained quite his old form, and rode as well as ever; that is well known in turf history.

"Fordham and myself were always the greatest of friends. I was best man at his wedding, and godfather to his eldest son. We were always being taken for each other when apart, although there was not the slightest resemblance when we were together. I was very much taller and bigger. That people thought

us alike is shown by the following amusing incident that happened to me one night in London. It was in 1861, after Starke had won the Goodwood Cup, and when out one evening I went to the Alhambra. I had not been there very long before up came a man who spoke with a Yankee accent, and said:—

“‘Waal, George, I guess I won a bit on you last week at Goodwood, and I guess I knew Dicky Ten Broeck, out in the States.’

“‘Indeed,’ I replied; whereupon he said:—

“‘Yes, I did, and had many a night’s play with him.’

“My friend then suggested a drink. I think I concurred and presently he remarked:—

“‘I am not a rich man and can’t afford a large present; but I should like to give you something in remembrance of your winning. I am a dealer in rugs, and if you will accept one and tell me where to send it you shall have a good one.’

“I thought:—‘Well, this is too good a joke to miss,’ so I told him to send it to Webb’s Hotel, Piccadilly, where part of the present Criterion now stands. On reaching the hotel I said to the porter, ‘If a parcel comes for Mr. Fordham, please send it up to my room.’ Sure enough the parcel arrived the next day, and contained a good sealskin rug. A few days after I went to Slough to spend a week with George, and when I got to the house Mrs. Fordham said:—

“‘What a swell rug you have got, Cus.’

“I answered, ‘Yes, and I came by it in a very funny way.’

“Then I told her all the circumstances.

“She said directly:—‘Well, of course you will give it to George.’

"I answered:—'Certainly not; it was bad enough to be taken for him, without giving up what little compensation I received.'

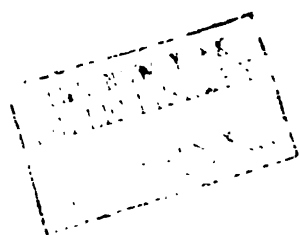
"I don't know any story the poor old boy liked telling more than this. Of course he always made out that I introduced myself to this Yankee and got the rug under false pretences, which was certainly not the case. The man only addressed me as George, and although I knew he was under a wrong impression I never undeceived him, but let him send the rug to me, which I naturally kept."

During the latter part of his life, from the time, indeed, when he retired from the Turf till he was compelled by pecuniary reverses to take once more to the saddle, Fordham lived at Slough, where his house was the model of a quiet English sportsman's home. It was here that he died on the 12th of October, 1887, regretted by every racing man in the world. In private life he was devoted to his family. Among his peculiarities may be noticed three. He was never known to give his vote to any parliamentary candidate. He was extremely reticent on the subject of horse-racing. He was most strongly averse to gambling of every kind. Like Colonel O'Kelly, the owner of the immortal Eclipse and the greatest gambler of his day, George Fordham showed the keenest anxiety to keep his son from having any connexion with either racing or betting. As to his public life, it may be summed up in the remark of old Robert Sly, the Patriarch of the Turf:—"I have seen two great jockeys in my time, Jem Robinson and George Fordham. But George was not only a great, he was an *honest* jockey."



SEDGWICK

Kurtz



THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

THE race of plungers will never, I suppose, become extinct, so long as there are fools in the world with plenty of money and little brains whose vanity seeks some sensational outlet. It is difficult to understand what any sane person can see to admire in this reckless squandering of money, and yet spendthrifts who fling their fortunes away in idiotic extravagance always have some admirers. The Marquis of Hastings certainly had many admirers who thought there was something heroic in the way he staked hundreds of thousands of pounds, and lost them. Well, I will admit that there were some redeeming features about the plunging of the Marquis. The thing was silly, but it was done in the grand style and had the fascination which everything big has for most men. And then there was "the pity of it, the pity of it, Iago." The brief, meteoric career, the swift and tragic end, the mournful pathos of the bright young life so soon extinguished! These are the points about Lord Hastings' mad muddle of existence that make one deal leniently with his faults and follies.

Who that saw that slim lad on the grey cob at the First Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1862 would have guessed

that before two years had passed his name would be in every mouth as one of the most daring and dashing speculators the Turf has ever seen! His temperament and his taste for gambling he no doubt inherited from his mother, "the jolly fast Marchioness", who was more at home in foreign watering-places where gaming-tables were not unknown, than in the stricter circles of English aristocracy and fashion. His father had but one passion, one object in existence, and that was hunting. He would have hunted six days a week, or even seven, all the year round, if the laws of the Chase had permitted such a display of enthusiastic ardour. For racing he did not care a straw—life was a blank to him from May to October.

Born on the 22nd of July, 1842, Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet, to give him his full name, was left an orphan by the death of his father in 1844, and succeeded to the title on the decease of his elder brother in 1851. On leaving school he went up to Oxford, but his career as an undergraduate was brief, though unfortunately long enough to procure him the acquaintance of Charles Symonds, the well-known livery-stable keeper there, who was the means of introducing the Marquis to Henry Padwick, who subsequently feathered his nest well out of his pickings from the pigeon thus delivered into his hands. It was Mr. Henry Padwick who sold to Lord Hastings that awful fraud Kangaroo for £13,500—the largest price ever given for a race-horse till the Duke of Westminster gave £14,000 guineas for Doncaster. Kangaroo was never worth his keep, he did absolutely nothing to enable the Marquis to recoup himself for the preposterous sum paid for him, and eventually ended his

career in a London hansom. But Mr. Henry Padwick never offered to refund a farthing of the £13,500 which he had extracted from his noble *protégé*!

The Marquis, as soon as he was fairly entered to the Turf, had rarely less than 50 horses in training under John Day, and some of them were good ones, though it is not as an owner of race-horses that Lord Hastings will be remembered in racing annals. Ackworth, with whom he won the Cambridgeshire in 1864 was a good horse, so was The Duke, who won him the Goodwood Cup in 1866. His best horse, however, was The Earl, who won him the Grand Prix de Paris, and might have gained both the Derby and St. Leger if he had "kept sound." Then there was Lady Elizabeth, who, like her stable companion The Earl, became unpleasantly notorious in 1867, under circumstances which I shall narrate presently. In proof of the excellence of some of his horses it is only necessary to point to the fact that in 1864 the Marquis won £10,000 in stakes, in 1866 £12,837, in 1867 £30,353.

But it was as a backer of other people's horses that "Harry Hastings" gained his notoriety on the Turf. He won at least £75,000 over Lecturer's Cesarewitch, and his judgment was so good that, had he kept his head, he might, as he himself boasted, have made a certain £30,000 a year out of betting. I cannot give a better picture of the Marquis in the heyday of his short-lived fame than that which a graphic writer in the Badminton volume on "Racing" has thus drawn, in describing the first public appearance of Lord Hastings' beautiful filly Athena:—

"It is an open secret that in the T. Y. C. Handicap there is a flyer from Danebury; that the Marquis

means to have a flutter, that the Duke is unusually sanguine; and that the legion of stable-followers is going for the gloves. The actual stake is a paltry hundred; the impending venture a king's ransom. Eighteen runners, and a shout of 'The field for a hundred!' The level money is swiftly snapped up, and 'I'll take odds!' is beginning to be heard, ere the Marquis is seen cantering up, to do his own and part of the stable commission; a trifle late, may be, for he has lingered for a few last words with his trainer and jockey. Little reck's he, however, of price when he thinks he has a stone in hand, though of this he relinquishes 3 lbs. for the services of Fordham. He slackens speed as he passes through the thin line of carriages, from which come shrill, plaintive cries, 'Dear Lord Hastings, do come here for one second,' and others to like purpose. Conveniently deaf to the voice of the charmer, he rides straight into the horseman's circle, and takes up his position on the heavy-betting side.

" 'They're laying odds on yours, my lord,' exclaims a bookmaker, who, with his partner at his elbow, has been waiting for this opportunity. 'What odds?' blandly replies the owner. 'Well, my lord, I'll take you six monkeys to four!' 'Put it down,' is the brief response. 'And me three hundred to two, and me, and me!' clamour a swarm of pencillers who come clustering up. 'Done with you, and you, and you'—the bets are booked as freely as proffered. 'And now, my lord, if you've a mind for a bit more, I'll take you thirty-five hundred to two thousand.' 'And so you shall,' is the cheery answer, as the backer expands under the genial influence of the biggest bet of the day. Then, with their seventies to forties, and

seven ponies to four, the smaller fry are duly enregistered, and the Marquis wheels his hack, his escort gathers round him, and away they dash.

"Already there has been one false start; the horses are massed in complicated confusion; the air is thick with flowers of stable rhetoric. Presently the tangle unravels itself, and a curved line, with wings thrown forward, spreads over the course. To the earlier fluctuations of the struggle little heed is paid; but when half a mile has been traversed, one or two pessimists growl out, 'The favourite's beat!' Fordham throws a keen glance right and left, and, actuated perhaps by a charitable desire to kindle a ray of hope in the breasts of the now silent bookmakers, or thinking that those two boys who are racing with him may have more left in them than he quite fancies, he sets his shoulders higher than ever, while a convulsive movement agitates his elbows. A yell of 'The field a hundred,' quickly dwindles into a mutter, 'It's all that d—d Fordham's kid!' For the hundredth time the old ruse succeeds, and the two stable lads, thinking they have the great horseman in difficulties, plunge simultaneously into a flogging finish, which settles their horses in a dozen strides. With the semblance of a shake, Fordham shoots out, and canters home, the easiest of winners, by two lengths. No need to look at the numbers. Off speeds the Danebury cohort in mad gallop to see Fordham, looking as though he had just gone into church, draw the required weight. The episode closes with a brief congratulation in the Birdcage to old John Day, who gives vent to a prolonged 'Gor, your Grace!' as the senior partner hints at the aggregate of the stable winnings."

But there were times when the Marquis's judgment played him false, and then the consequences were disastrous. He received his most terrific facer when Mr. Chaplin's Hermit, with 40 to 1 against him, came in first, amid a blinding snow-storm, for one of the most sensational Derbys on record. For the Marquis had laid persistently against Hermit, and had lost upwards of £100,000. Yet no one who saw him drive off the course in a barouche and four with a party of friends, to dine at Richmond, would have guessed from his demeanour that he was not a winner, for he was the gayest of the company. A few days before his death, however, he said to an intimate friend:—

"Hermit fairly broke my heart. But I did not show it, did I?"

Yet, enormous as his losses were, he met them; though only by sacrificing his fine Scottish estate of Loudoun, which he parted with for £300,000. On that fatal settling day his agents were the first to present themselves at Tattersall's, and every claim was paid in full to the amount of £103,000. He was the more particular on this point because he was determined that Mr. Henry Chaplin should have no reason to crow over him. Three years before, on the 16th of July, 1864, he had stolen from Mr. Chaplin his affianced bride, Lady Florence Paget. The romantic story was in everybody's mouth, and all the world knew how Lady Florence drove up with Mr. Chaplin and her chaperon to Swan and Edgar's, how she entered the shop, slipped through to the back entrance, where the Marquis was awaiting her in a hansom, and left poor Mr. Chaplin waiting there in bewilderment at the non-

appearance of his fiancée. But Hermit had, indeed, most amply avenged that wrong.

When the Marquis appeared at Ascot a few months later, he was cheered to the echo by the ring for the gallant and sportsmanlike manner in which he had paid his immense losses. But were those cheers enough to compensate even so vain a man as he, for the tremendous sacrifice he had made to pay the men who cheered him? I can hardly think that "Harry Hastings" was fool enough to imagine that they were.

But the Marquis was by no means at the end of his misfortunes in that fatal year. There was another, and perhaps a bitterer, blow in store for him at the Newmarket Second October Meeting. He had set his heart and his hopes on winning the Middle Park Plate with his two-year-old filly Elizabeth, and when he saw her come in a bad fifth and realized that at one fell swoop he had lost £50,000, even his iron nerve for once gave way. He turned pale and staggered under the crushing blow. The expression on his face was one of such appalling anguish, that Maria Marchioness of Aylesbury, most kind-hearted of women, by whose carriage he was standing, fearing a painful scene, hastily thrust her betting-book into his hand, and, pretending that she was deeply agitated by her own losses, whispered:—

"Tell me how I stand!"

In an instant the Marquis pulled himself together, ran his eye over the book, and in a perfectly calm voice replied:—

"You have lost £23."

That was the only occasion on which the Marquis, no matter how heavily hit, showed the slightest emotion.

No doubt he felt a certain pride in being pointed at as the man who had paid the largest sum ever lost upon a couple of races. It gratified that vanity which I know from personal observation to have been one of his greatest weaknesses. And yet, despite all his desperate efforts and frightful sacrifices, he was unable to save his honour. In vain he pawned every valuable that he was at liberty to dispose of, in vain he sold hunters, hacks, hounds, and parted with the reversion of his ancestral estate of Castle Donington. The Ring which had cheered him at Ascot in 1867, hooted him as a defaulter at the Derby of 1868, for he was £40,000 in their debt.

Nor was this the only blow to his reputation. The scratching of The Earl and the strange running of Lady Elizabeth raised suspicions which affected his honour. The Earl was considered to hold the Derby safe, yet he was scratched at seven o'clock on the night before the race, and then a week afterwards won the Grand Prix de Paris with the greatest ease. The public indignation found a vigorous exponent in Admiral Rous, who addressed the following remarkable letter to the *Times*:—

“TO THE EDITOR OF THE *TIMES*.”

“Sir—Observing in your paper of to-day the following paragraph, quoted from the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—“The Sporting Life, with more audacity, mentions what Admiral Rous said on the course—that if he had taken as much laudanum as had been given to the mare he would have been a dead man”—permit me to state that it is perfectly untrue. My belief is that Lady Elizabeth had a rough spin with Athena in March,

when the Days discovered she had lost her form—a very common occurrence with fillies that have been severely trained at two years old; that when the discovery was made they reversed a commission to back her for the One Thousand Guinea Stakes at Newmarket; and they declared that Lord Hastings would not bring her out before the Derby, on which he stood to win a great stake. I am informed, that when Lord Hastings went to Danebury to see her gallop, they made excuses for her not to appear. If he had seen her move, the bubble would have burst. But the touters reported “She was going like a bird.” Ten pounds will make any horse fly if the trainer wishes it to rise in the market. She has never been able to gallop the whole year. Lord Hastings has been shamefully deceived; and with respect to the scratching of The Earl, Lord Westmoreland came up to town early on Tuesday from Epsom to beseech Lord Hastings not to commit such an act. On his arrival in Grosvenor Square, he met Mr. Hill going to Weatherby’s, with the order in his pocket to scratch The Earl, and Mr. Padwick closeted with Lord Hastings. In justice to the Marquess of Hastings, I state that he stood to win thirty-five thousand pounds by The Earl, and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will ask “Why did he scratch him?” What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is enveloped?

“I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant,

“H. J. ROUS.

“13 Berkeley Square.”

To this outspoken statement Lord Hastings replied in the following terms:—

"Sir—I have read with the greatest astonishment a letter in the *Times* of to-day, bearing the signature of Admiral Rous. I can only characterize this letter as a tissue of misrepresentations from first to last. There is no one single circumstance mentioned as regards my two horses—Lady Elizabeth and The Earl—correctly stated. I wish also to add that, so far from being 'shamefully deceived' as stated in Admiral Rous's letter, The Earl was scratched by my express desire and authority, and that I myself wrote to Messrs. Weatherby to scratch him, and that no one either prompted me, or suggested to me to adopt that course. I trust that this distinct contradiction will induce Admiral Rous in future to abstain from publishing statements which he could find to be unfounded if he had previously taken the trouble or sought the opportunity of verifying them.

"Your obedient Servant,

"HASTINGS.

"34 Grosvenor Square."

Then "The Spider", otherwise Mr. Henry Padwick, took up the cudgels in his own behalf, and declared that The Earl was scratched against his wishes, and solely by the express directions of the Marquis. Subsequently Mr. Padwick was compelled to confess that he had advanced Lord Hastings a very large loan, for which The Earl was one of the securities, but he denied that he had received the horse's winnings, which, he declared, had all been paid to his lordship's account. The Days, of course, were indignant at the Admiral's sweeping charges against them and promptly commenced an action for libel. But a surly and ungracious

admission from the "Dictator" that he had been misinformed, appeared to satisfy them, for the case was never brought into Court, and the scandal was allowed to die out.

All that summer the Marquis was abroad in his yacht, seeking health among the icy breezes of Norway. But all the ozone-laden winds in the world could not have fanned him back to health. When he came to Doncaster for the St. Leger he was only able to hobble on crutches, and The Earl's utter break-down—this time genuine—was a bitter disappointment which crushed all the spirit out of him. The last time he was seen in public was at the Newmarket First October of 1868. Seated in a basket carriage, with death stamped upon his pinched features and attenuated frame, he watched the beautiful Athena, once his own mare, win a race and, leaving his carriage, stepped up to pat her neck as she was being led to the weighing house. The once magnificent plunger could not now go beyond a "pony", and even when he ventured that modest sum he was brutally told by the bookmaker with whom he made the bet, "Now, mind, I'm to be *paid* this."

After that the Turf saw him no more. It was thought that a winter in Egypt might set him up in health. But he did not live to make the journey. On the 11th of November, 1868, shattered in mind and body, at the early age of six-and-twenty, Henry Weysford Charles Plantagenet breathed his last, and the Marquisate of Hastings died with him.

The bookmakers always maintained it was not the Turf that ruined Lord Hastings, but his outrageous style of living. They even declared that, in the long run, they had really made nothing out of the Marquis. In

the face of his tremendous losses over Hermit and Lady Elizabeth, it is difficult to swallow that statement. It is certain, however, that the bookmakers showed scant mercy to the crippled plunger when they saw that he was out-running the constable. Perhaps they were not to be blamed, for it was galling to see the greatest defaulter on the Turf figuring as owner of the first favourite for the Derby, without a protest being raised by the Jockey Club. A promise had been made that the Marquis's big creditors should be paid seven shillings in the pound, and the little ones in full. But that promise was not kept. Some leading members of the Ring then suggested that he should surrender his bets on Lady Elizabeth to his creditors, who would have readily given him £20,000 for his chance of winning, providing he devoted the money to paying his debts. But the suggestion met with no response, and who can blame the bookmakers if, after that, their patience was exhausted and they treated the Marquis as harshly as they would have treated any other defaulter who had tricked them?

In 1865, before the great crash came, I saw a good deal of the Marquis of Hastings at Castle Donington, where I have played in many a cricket-match. A curious burlesque of cricket it was. I have seen Lord Alfred and Lord Berkeley Paget seated in high-backed chairs, each with a lady beside him, when they were supposed to be fielding. About every ten minutes the Marquis would raise his hand, and the game would be stopped in order that an adjournment might be made to the great tent for refreshment. And professional bowlers were always bribed to bowl loose balls to his lordship.

I remember in this connection on one occasion over-hearing a sharp altercation between the Marquis's Major-domo and two Nottingham professionals. The professionals had been promised half a sovereign each if his lordship made the biggest score for his side. I was playing in the Marquis's team, for which a young tailor from Ashby-de-la-Zouche had made 19, and that modest score was the highest any of us had made against the straight and deadly bowling of those professional Notts. bowlers. The young tailor had the office "to stop run-getting and let the Marquis score." So his lordship swiped away in the clumsiest yokel style whilst the tailor kept his wicket up. But unfortunately, just as the Marquis was one run short of the tailor's total, in his eagerness to smite a wide ball he knocked it into his wicket. The Major-domo refused to pay the bowlers their promised half sovereign on the ground that one of them had bowled the Marquis out before he had headed the score. The professional indignantly replied that he had bowled his lordship a ball three feet off the stumps, and that if the Marquis was so clumsy as to knock it into his wicket, that was no fault of the bowler, who ought not therefore to suffer. A compromise was made by the presentation of five shillings to each of the bowlers. This trifling incident will serve to show in what an atmosphere of adulation the Marquis lived. With everyone conspiring to flatter his vanity, how could a foolish young man fail to come to grief? Amiable in a negative way "Harry Hastings" no doubt was, but he was absolutely devoid of any sterling qualities, and he seems to have been sent into the world only to point the moral that "a fool and his money are soon parted."

FOREIGNERS ON THE TURF.

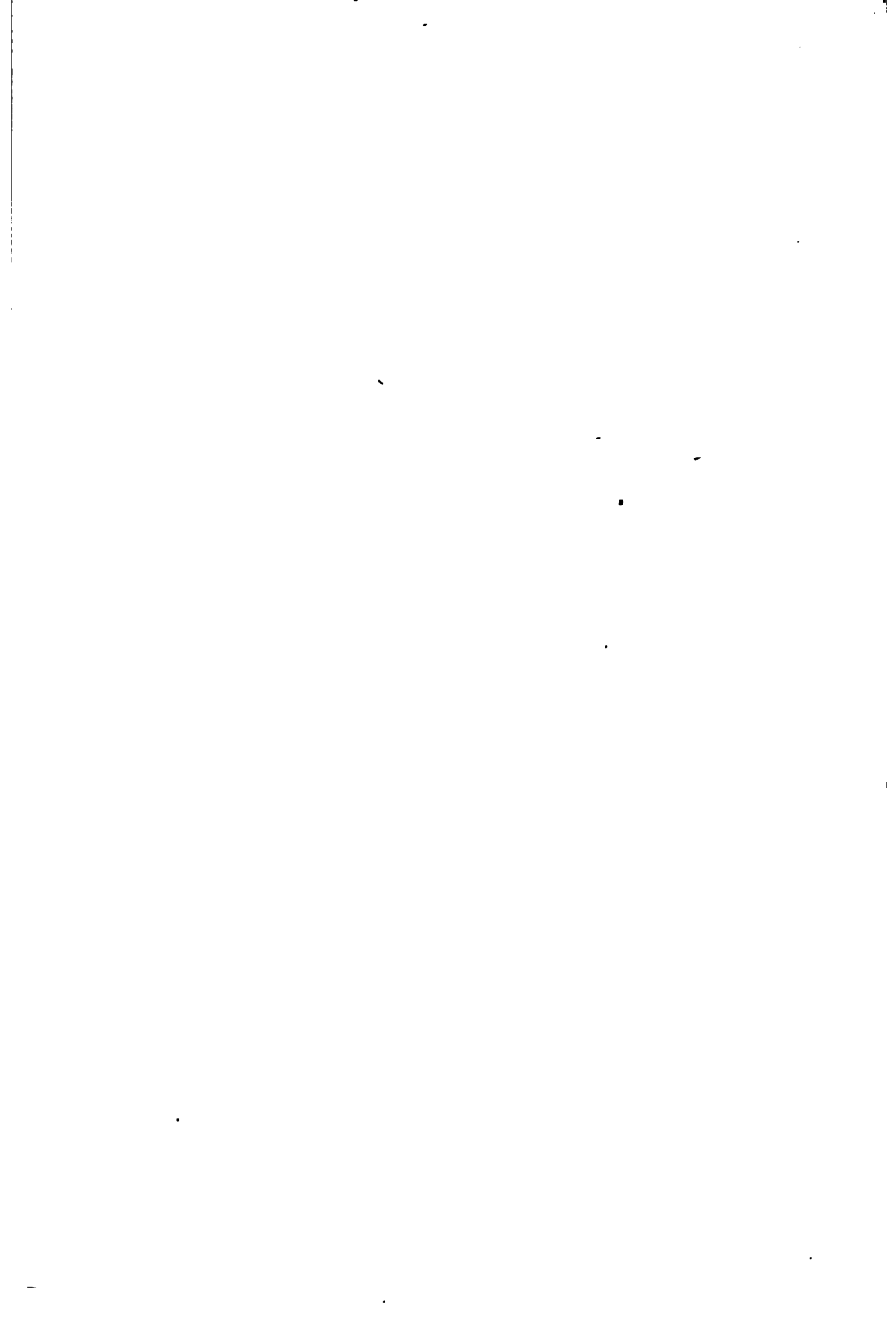
COUNT LA GRANGE.

IT was only natural that, as soon as a Paris Jockey Club had been established under the auspices of that eccentric exile, Lord Henry Seymour, and racing had taken a real hold of French sportsmen, there should be a fell conspiracy to invade "perfidious Albion" and, if possible, wrest from Englishmen some of their great national prizes on the Turf. Foremost among these bold invaders was Count Frederick La Grange, "The Avenger of Waterloo", as some of his enthusiastic countrymen proudly dubbed him.

The son of one of Napoleon's most gallant Generals, Count La Grange, on the death of his father, came into a fortune of some £16,000 a year, and at once took his place as a man of fashion among the brilliant circle of Parisian sportsmen whom the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Henry Seymour, and Sir John Errington were doing their utmost to imbue with a love of English sport and especially of the Turf. Lord Pembroke fairly worried young La Grange into becoming an owner of race horses, and in 1855 the retirement of M. Aumont from the French Turf gave the Count an opportunity of purchasing an excellent stud of twenty-eight horses for the sum of 280,000 francs (£11,200).



COUNT LA GRANGE.



Among La Grange's purchases were the future winners of four French Derbies and as many Oaks, among them that fine animal, Monarque.

But Count La Grange was not content with triumphs on the French Turf—nothing short of invading the English Turf and capturing the world-renowned "Blue Riband" would satisfy his ambition.

His first attempt was with a colt named after its master's Norman residence, Dangu, and to be fourth, with Thormanby first, was certainly creditable. In 1862 there was no great success, except the Criterion Stakes with Hospodar. In the next year (1863) Count La Grange and Baron Nevière dissolved their turf partnership;—and in that year the famous Fille de l'Aire came into notice by winning the Woodcote Stakes and the Criterion. But in 1864, when the "Filly de Layer", as the poor animal was miscalled by "bookies", won the Oaks splendidly after losing the Two Thousand badly, neither she nor her owner was very popular for a time, both—and the jockey as well—being hooted on the course.

But it was Gladiateur who first made Count La Grange's name familiar to Englishmen of all classes, even those who, as a rule, do not take an interest in racing. It was in the Clearwell Stakes, 1864, that Gladiateur made his *début* and his first win. But he did little else that season, and retired to winter quarters with a bad reputation—he was incurably lame, said some of those who thought they knew. However, Gladiateur was entered for the next Two Thousand Guineas, and won them, although the victory was not a popular one, as the soreness over the last year's Two Thousand and Oaks had not entirely healed.

But the winner of the Guineas is pretty certain to become a strong favourite for the Derby, so Count La Grange's horse was well up in the betting. Gladiateur's Derby was one of the most sensational that Englishmen had ever known. The enthusiasm in France when the news arrived—and in those days foreign horses were seldom successful on English courses—was extravagant. The Frenchmen exclaimed, "Waterloo is avenged!" At the Chateau Dangu in Normandy, sheep and oxen were roasted whole for the entertainment of the peasantry, and the number of cider casks emptied in drinking the health of the Count and his horse was enormous. On our side of the Channel there was a disposition to grumble, and there were insinuations that Gladiateur was over age, but this was not so. Gladiateur followed up by winning the Grand Prix and the St. Leger, but was not able to capture the Cambridgeshire at 9st. 12lbs. His last race in England was for the Ascot Cup. The Count won £26,000 stakes by him in eight races.

I may add that Harry Broome, the famous prize-fighter and ex-Champion of England, was specially retained to keep watch over Gladiateur prior to all his important races, and right well that gallant pugilist discharged his duties. At the famous Blenkiron Sale when Blair Athol was knocked down for £12,500, Gladiateur fetched £7,500.

When war between France and Germany broke out, and the Germans began to over-run France, the Count sent the whole of his stud to England on a three years' lease to M. Lefèvre, who ran such horses as Mortemar, Reine, Dutch Skater and Flageolet, winning a One Thousand, Oaks, Goodwood Cup, Doncaster Cup and

one or two others. In 1874 the Count once more resumed his racing career, and did well, especially in the season of 1879. But gout prevented his taking so much interest in sport as formerly; his stud was gradually reduced, and his last horse to run on English soil was Archiduc, who first appeared in the July Stakes, 1883, and won the Criterion Stakes.

Count La Grange seldom resided at Dangu after it was occupied by the Germans, who, it is said, not only drained the cellars dry, but compelled the owner to drive in a market cart to Gisors to fetch more wine. His Paris apartments were in the Rue de Cirque, and every room was decorated in his racing-colours—blue and red. There the Avenger of Waterloo died in November, 1883, leaving behind him the reputation of a model French gentleman, an intellectual companion, a genuine sportsman, and a perfect host.

PRINCE BATTHYANY.

FOR many years there was no figure more familiar to the frequenters of our great race-courses than that of Prince Gustavus Batthyany, who, although Hungarian by birth, had become in every sense of the word a naturalised Englishman. Arriving in England while he was still a young man, he very soon fell in with our habits and customs, and became passionately fond of field sports, and a bold and daring rider, with a very decided taste for the Turf. It was about the year 1843 that he started his first stud, limited in number but select in quality. Fortune did not smile upon his early days of ownership, and indeed it was only a few years before his death that his name became associated with any of the great classic races; nor was he, in fact, the winner of any of the great handicaps or weight-for-age races until 1862, when Suburban and Loiterer won for him the Lincoln and Warwick Spring Handicap, the former, carrying 7st. 9lbs. and ridden by Arthur Edwards, defeating a field of nineteen, and Prince Plausible in the same year took the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. Wells rode for the Count for some considerable period, but the connection was severed through a disagreement over the Derby, in which the

Count's representative was Tambour-Major, an ill-tempered brute who could not be induced to start, and was ultimately left behind. Batthyany seemed to think that the rider had not done his best, and after some hot words Wells resigned the green jacket. About this time the Count had a capital two-year-old in Midnight-Mass, who took five out of ten races, though not very big ones.

In 1863 the Count's most famous horses were Mazeppa and Mount Palatine, both two-year-olds, who won respectively the New Biennial at Ascot, and the Epsom Spring. Mazeppa afterwards ran third to Ceylon and Primate in the Grand Prix de Paris, while Vandervelde won for him his second Lincoln in 1867. He had in the same year a grandly bred horse, by Stockwell out of Typre, Typhœus, who took the Claret Stakes; and Typhoon, another of the same breed, captured the Ascot Biennial. The Count's luck was now turning, and he began to reap some reward for his patience and perseverance, for in 1868 he won the Northamptonshire Stakes with the Marquis of Carabas, and the Six-Mile Hill Handicap at Epsom, worth £1000, with Nine Elms. Each year his fortune improved. Typhœus won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, with 8st. 5lb. on his back, J. Morris up, and defeated twenty-seven runners, among which were such flyers as Tabernacle, Tibthorpe, Cymbal, Plaudit, etc. After failing in the Cesarewitch, Typhœus ran only for plates, and was not seen again after the October Meeting of 1871. In the year last named, Count Batthyany with Mac Alpine took the Stewards' Cup.

A break now occurred in the Count's career, on account of the decease of his elder brother, by whose

death without issue, Batthyany succeeded to the title of Prince. Passing over the next two or three years as unimportant, we come to 1874, the most important in all his career, for it was in that year the famous Galopin, by Vidette out of Flying Dutchman, made his first appearance on the Turf. The horse's *début* was at the Epsom Spring Meeting, in the Hyde Park Plate, for which he was first favourite. Cachemir, by Thormanby out of Scarf, a very fast filly, however, was the first to pass the judge's chair by a head. Morris immediately lodged an objection, saying he had been bored by the winning jockey; and the matter being brought before the Jockey Club, the race was given to Galopin. At Ascot he ran clean away from M. Lefèvre's Slumber (a three-year-old flyer), Lady Glenorchie, and Quantock in the Fern Hill Stakes, and in the New Stakes, with a penalty of 9lbs., he won easily by a length and a half. He did not run again until October, when, with 4lbs. extra, he came in third for the Middle Park Plate. After taking a small sweepstakes the following day, Galopin's two-year-old career came to a close. Although not the best of his season, both Camballo and Holy Friar coming before him, he had shown sufficient capacity to make him a Derby favourite. As a very strange preparation for the great race, Galopin was engaged to run a match over the Rowley Mile against Mr. Chaplin's Stray Shot, for £100, conceding the filly, who was his own age, 10lb., with Morris up and 6 to 4 on. Galopin won the match by eight lengths without even being asked to gallop, or once extending himself. It was, perhaps, the happiest moment of the Prince's life. He had set his heart upon winning the

match, and said he would rather lose the Derby than miss it. This was characteristic of the man; he was one of the few who loved sport for sport's sake and not for the hope of gain. His heart and soul, full of a noble enthusiasm, were in the business. The public knew this, knew they could safely trust their money upon his horses, for wherever the green jacket was seen at the post, everyone was confident that the utmost would be done to win. In his younger days the Prince had frequently ridden his own horses, and was always very fond of donning the silk, being ever ready to offer his services to a friend who required a rider, but he was far from being a first-class amateur jockey, and often missed where success seemed certain. And the same may be said of him as a whip. There was not a more splendid turn-out in the Four-in-Hand than that of Prince Batthyany; it was perfect; yet its owner never took a prominent position among fashionable charioteers.

The victory of Galopin over Stray Shot was immensely popular, his backers for the Great Epsom event felt themselves to be on velvet, and he sprang to the top of the betting, even over Camballo, the winner of the Two Thousand. But although a red-hot favourite with the many, there were a few who doubted his staying powers. These, however, were only croakers, for although he ran somewhat wide at the corner, through Morris taking him quite outside the turn, he came in one of the easiest winners on record, beating Claremont by a length; six lengths separating the second and third horse, Lord Falmouth's Repentance colt. Many readers will remember the enthusiasm that greeted this victory; it was equal to the enthusiasm

given to Blue Gown in 1868, and Favonius in 1871. Nor was it the mere fact of the favourite winning; the universal popularity of the man had as much to do with the demonstration as the horse. During four-and-twenty years Prince Batthyany had been one of the most genuine supporters of the national sport, yet hitherto he had failed to win any of the great events, and every sportsman rejoiced to see his patience and perseverance at last rewarded by the "Blue Riband." At Newmarket, where he resided for a considerable portion of the year, the Prince was especially popular. His training establishment, presided over by George Dawson, was kept up in splendid style. The holiday clothing of the horses was bright scarlet, while even the stable lads were dressed in blue livery, with brass buttons and high hats. The handsome aristocratic face was never seen in the streets of the Racing capital without being received with marks of sincere respect from all classes, for the Prince was one of the most munificent friends to the Newmarket poor, during the winter, that they ever had, giving food and warmth to many a home that would have lacked both but for his generosity.

But to return to Galopin. At Ascot he again carried off the Fern Hill Stakes, winning without once extending himself, against an excellent field. The next important event in Galopin's career was his match with that grand horse, Lowlander—one of the famous matches of Turf history. The stake was £1000, and, as in the case of Typhœus, the Prince set his heart upon his favourite horse winning; while, by the general public, the match was regarded with the utmost enthusiasm; old sportsmen said that in this respect it recalled the days

of Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur; and although it was run on a bad day—that following the Cesarewitch—it attracted a most brilliant assemblage to the classic heath. As before, the match was run over the Rowley Mile. Lowlander, who was five years old, ceded Galopin 12lbs. or about weight-for-age. Lowlander was in splendid condition, and, since Ascot, had won five races right off the reel, beating some of the speediest horses of the day, such as Horse Chestnut, Trappist, Slumber, Ecossais, Oxonian, etc. Those who had anticipated something very special were not disappointed; it was a magnificent race, well worthy to rank with that of Blue Gown and Vespasian, Hermit and Julius, and Galopin had his work cut out; but the horse bore himself bravely, and amidst the most frantic cheers, won by a length. He afterwards beat Craig Miller, the St. Leger winner, for the Newmarket Derby, by four lengths, Balfe and New Holland being behind him. Galopin, however, was but a meteor that flashed across the Turf horizon for a couple of seasons and then was sent to the privacy of the stud. He was originally purchased as a foal by Mr. Blenkiron for 100 guineas, and cost the Prince only 520 guineas, a very good bargain, considering that he won for his noble owner, in two races, nearly 9,000 guineas. During this year the Prince had several other good horses in his stable, Harmonides, King Jamie, and Cerberus, which ran the total of his winnings up to something over £10,000. It will read of small account to those accustomed to hear of the colossal in-takings of a Portland or a Westminster, but at that time it was considered a good balance. This was the crowning point of the Prince's career. During the next year

he did not win a single race of any value. Indeed, it was not until 1880 that his name again took any prominent position in the list of winning owners, when L'Eclair won the Coronation Stakes, worth close upon £2,000, and Canny Chiel took the Brighton Stewards' Cup. Little of good fortune followed the bright green jacket after that, and the only horse of the Prince's latter days that need be mentioned is Fulmen, who was entered for the Derby of 1883.

For the Two Thousand guineas of 1883, Galliard, one of Galopin's colts, and bred by the Prince himself, was the favourite. Galliard had distinguished himself as one of the best two-year-olds of his season. The Prince had always taken a great interest in his horses apart from their racing powers, and was noted for his kindness and consideration to them. Naturally he felt an unusual interest in the son of his favourite steed, and was most excited about his winning. Half an hour before the race was run, the old sportsman was talking with Lord Cadogan in the luncheon room of the Jockey Club Stand, when the Earl noticed him waver, and before he could realise that anything was the matter, the Prince fell forward on the floor. Medical assistance was at once summoned, and he was carried to Weatherby's office; but he never revived; and like wild-fire the news spread that Prince Batthyany had dropped down dead. The effect of this terrible intelligence upon everyone on the course may be imagined; a sort of paralysis, at least for a few moments, seemed to fall upon everyone present. The situation was highly dramatic. Behind the drab blinds of Messrs. Weatherby's office lay the dead body of the noble old man, struck down without a moment's warning,

though full of years and honours, who, just before, had been so eagerly anticipating the coming event. The bell rings, and everyone is once more full of hope and eagerness; the bookmakers are shouting the odds, the vast assembly is full of eager interest, forgetful that there is such a thing in the world as death. The clear blue sky rings with cheers and shouts as the horses come thundering along, which rise into a roar as Galliard wins by a head. But the ears to which those sounds would have been the most grateful, are deaf to all, save the last trump.

The remains of the grand old sportsman were conveyed to his house in Park Street, Grosvenor Square, where they lay in state until they were borne to their last resting-place in the Highland Road cemetery at Portsmouth.

PRINCE SOLTYKOFF.

IF there be a thorough-going Turfite, to whom racing is as the breath of his nostrils, and who has no pleasure, no pursuit entirely dissociated from the race course, that man is Prince Soltykoff, one of a family who have distinguished themselves in Russian annals since the days of Peter the Great, for he is descended from Field Marshal Nicholas Soltykoff, who had the princely title of "Serene Highness" conferred on him, when he won the battle of Kunersdorf against Frederick the Great of Prussia. Our sporting Prince was born in the month of December 1827, and was educated at the University of St. Petersburg. He was for a little time in the diplomatic service of his country, but in 1854 he relinquished his appointment, and enlisted as a private soldier in the Russian army. Within five months he gained a commission and a staff appointment, but although he was actively employed at the siege of Silistria, he escaped without a wound, and from the conclusion of the Crimean war devoted himself entirely to the pursuits of peace.

In his own country, when a very young man, Prince Soltykoff had won a few racing prizes with a horse called Deceit, which he had purchased from England,



Sadwick

John W. Sadwick



and another called Young Bard, which he had bred himself. When there was peace declared between England and Russia, the Prince's love of racing induced him to get three months' leave of absence, that he might see a few of our great sporting events;—but his three months extended to over forty years. Soon after his arrival in England, Prince Soltykoff settled down in Newmarket town, where he resided until the year 1874, when, having decided to make England his abiding place for the remainder of his life, he purchased a large piece of land from the well-known trainer, Peter Price, and also four acres, which bore the historic name of Gladiateur Paddock, which, of course, took its title from the famous horse of that name, and had been purchased by Jennings out of the money he made over the French horse's Derby. One of the earliest of the Prince's successes in this country was the Queen's Vase at Plymouth in 1864, with a mare called Douche, and this trophy for many years adorned the sideboard at Kremlin Lodge, which was the name the Prince had given to his Newmarket residence. This was the last time that race was ever run. In '1867 he took the Portland Plate with Bounce-away. It was in the seventies, however, that most of Prince Soltykoff's victories were won. Balfe was a rare good horse, and took many victories for his owner during the season of 1875, defeating among other notable rivals Mr. Vyner's Camballo. It was in the same year that Duke of Parma carried the pink and black jacket to victory in the Cesarewitch, and according to his usual custom the Prince celebrated the events by planting with his own hands, opposite the front door of Kremlin Lodge, a silver fir, which

became one of the chief ornaments of the grounds. In 1878 Thurio took the Grand Prix de Paris, and in the following year the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, while in those two seasons Prince Soltykoff owned that excellent horse, Mask, who, had not his racing career fallen among those of such giants as Bend Or and Robert the Devil, might have won some big things for his owner; but the victory of Lucetta in the Cambridgeshire was a brilliant wind-up to the season. Up to the period of his retirement, Blanton trained for Prince Soltykoff, but after the veteran retired, the Prince induced another veteran—Tom Jennings, who was also thinking of putting up the shutters—to undertake the charge of his stable. This was a very convenient arrangement, as Jennings's residence, Lagrange House, stood contiguous to Kremlin Lodge, and the Prince could sit at his window and watch his beloved mares and foals grazing, and walk from his house into his stables in his slippers.

Prince Soltykoff has always adhered to the creed of the Old English gentleman—sport for sport's sake; regarding the Turf not as a field for gambling, but as a noble pastime worthy the support of Kings and Princes. He became a member of the Jockey Club in 1876, and was the first Russian ever elected, although his Imperial master, the Czar, was made an honorary member in recognition of the magnificent vase he gave to be contended for at Ascot, before the Crimean War alienated him from England. As a steward of the Jockey Club, Prince Soltykoff was one of those who in sat judgment on the Chetwynd-Durham case—a duty which, however honourable it might have been, was by no means grateful to him, as it kept him away

from his beloved sport during the height of the racing season. Kindly, good tempered, with a keen but quiet sense of humour, whether entertaining his friends with noble hospitality at his town house in Charles Street, or making up a rubber at the Turf Club, or discussing sporting events at the Jockey Club, or in the Paddock at Newmarket, the Prince has always been immensely popular in this country, for he has proved himself a *gentleman*, and a *sportsman*, a happy combination of the qualities which, in spite of the advance of democracy, still win the respect and admiration of Englishmen.

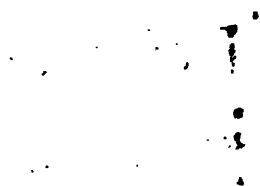
BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.

THE Rothschilds have always made a rule of adapting themselves to the fashions and customs of the land in which they have settled. There are branches of the great family of financiers in England, Germany, France, Austria, and Italy, and in each country the resident Rothschilds are regarded as indigenous to the soil, so to speak. The English branch founded by Nathan, the greatest of all his race, has cultivated the social arts which in England carry almost as much weight as business capacity. Whilst the head of the house attends to finance, other members extend its influence in the world of society and sport. In the last generation Baron Meyer looked after the latter, Sir Anthony after the former, whilst, in the present generation, Mr. Leopold is the sportsman and Mr. Alfred the man of fashion.

Baron Meyer, who was the first of the Rothschilds to figure on the Turf, was one of the most popular and successful sportsmen of his day. His vast wealth enabled him to get together a superb stud of race horses, and so remarkable was his good fortune that at one time "Follow the Baron" was deemed the safest motto that anyone who wished to be a successful backer could possibly adopt.



THE LATE BARON MEYER DE ROTHSCHILD.
("THE BARON.")



But luck did not come to him all at once. He had to put up with a good many disappointments before the famous Zephyr colt placed the Derby of 1871 to his credit. The colt, afterwards christened Favonius, started at 10 to 1, and, cleverly ridden by French, beat Albert Victor and King of the Forest, who ran a dead heat for second place, by a length and a half. This was French's second consecutive Derby victory. The Baron's success was greeted with every mark of delight, and he received a tremendous ovation when, two days later, he carried off the Oaks with his filly Hannah, so named after the Baron's daughter, who subsequently became Countess of Rosebery and brought her fortunate husband a dowry of two millions. Only three times previously in the history of the Turf had the Derby and Oaks been won in one year by the same owner. The first instance was that of Sir Charles Bunbury's wonderful mare Eleanor, who won both the Oaks and Derby in 1801. The second time was when in 1846 Mr. Gully took the Derby with Pyrrhus the First and the Oaks with Mendicant. The third time was when Mr. l'Anson's marvellous mare Blink Bonny emulated the exploit of Eleanor and carried off both Derby and Oaks in 1857.

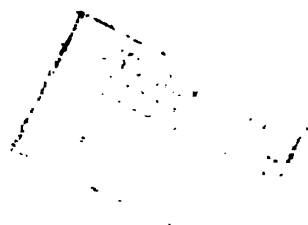
Hannah also bore the Baron's colours to victory in the St. Leger, amid the deafening cheers of myriads of delighted Yorkshiremen. Favonius, too, in 1872, added another laurel to his wreath by winning the Goodwood Cup under the heavy impost of 9st. 3lbs., a weight which has only on three other occasions been carried successfully for that trophy. So great was the admiration of Joseph Hayhoe, who had trained Favonius, for his charge after this feat, that he was heard to say

"he would not take a thousand pounds for a hair of the horse's tail."

The season of 1873 was Baron Rothschild's last upon the Turf, for on the 6th of February, 1874, he died, in the 56th year of his age. To say that he was deeply regretted by sportsmen of all classes would be to convey a very inadequate idea of the profound sorrow caused by his death. In every phase of his life his generosity and munificence had been unbounded. His expenditure in charity was as vast as it was unostentatious. Society lost in him a polished and agreeable host, sport a genuine and enthusiastic patron, and "suffering sad humanity" a liberal and sympathetic benefactor.



W. H. H. H.



BARON DE HIRSCH.

IT was a sad day for the London Hospitals when the generous owner of La Flèche shuffled off this mortal coil. For all his Turf winnings went to those deserving institutions, and, for the first time in the annals of racing, matrons and nurses might be seen scanning eagerly the sporting columns of the daily papers, full of interest in the success of the horses of Baron de Hirsch. Indeed, many persons to whom theoretically the Turf is an abomination, would gladly have seen the Baron's career as a Turfite indefinitely prolonged. But it was not to be. That career was as brief as it was brilliant. He shot like a meteor across the world of sport, and vanished as suddenly as he appeared.

The son of a Jewish Banker in Munich, Baron de Hirsch was born in that city in 1831. His connection with the Turf had a strange origin. His only son, Lucien, came over to England, and, being a keen sportsman, started a small stud in 1884, his colours being citron, with turquoise collar and cap. He purchased Althorp, winner of the Metropolitan Stakes, and won some good races with him. But in 1887 Lucien de Hirsch died suddenly, to the great grief of his father, who never

got over his loss. It was chiefly because the sport had been dear to his dead son, that the Baron resolved to devote some of his time to the Turf.

Having determined upon racing, a trainer was necessary, and the Baron was persuaded to send his stud to Kingsclere to be looked after by Porter. He made some purchases at the Newmarket Spring Meeting, and at the Hampton Court sale of yearlings gave 950 guineas for a brown colt by Springfield out of Lady Binks. Again, after Vasistas had won the Grand Prix de Paris for Mons. H. Delamarre, Baron de Hirsch purchased the animal for something like £6,000, but under new ownership Vasistas proved unfortunate. In 1890 the horse finished second for the City and Suburban, and the Chester Cup; being third for the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes, Manchester Cup, Gold Cup at Ascot, and Liverpool Autumn Cup. But the next season he won the Chester Cup, thereby affording his owner some consolation. At the Newmarket July Meeting, 1890, the Baron gave 1,050 guineas for Erica, a two-year-old, the property of T. Jennings, Jun., and 3,000 for a filly by Isonomy out of Hermit, afterwards called Isolation. At the sale of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings that season, he purchased, for 1,950 guineas, the filly by Hermit or Galopin out of Burgundy, who, as Romanee, did her owner good service. It was in the season 1890 that the Baron's name first figured in the list of winning owners, the four races that Rose du Barry and Romanee secured between them amounting to £1,383 13 0. Both were two-year-olds, and Rose du Barry won the Ditton Selling Plate at Sandown Park in July, the Rottingdean Plate at Brighton in August, and the St. Crispin Nursery at Northampton in November.

Romanee's only success, out of eight attempts that season, was in the Acorn Stakes at Epsom Summer Meeting.

Baron de Hirsch fairly electrified the sporting world at the Hampton Court yearling sale in 1890, by the price he gave for a filly by St. Simon out of Quiver, and sister to the Duke of Portland's famous Memoir. The sale will be long remembered. The Prince of Wales and Baron de Hirsch sat on the box seat of a coach, while Lord Marcus Beresford, who did the bidding, stood on the roof. When the yearling was brought forward, the auctioneer had not much occasion to exert his eloquence, for the bidding was rapid and high. The Duke of Portland wanted her, and bid up to 3,000 guineas, when he retired from the contest, which, however, was taken up by James Ryan, who was acting for Mr. Douglas Baird, and who was the last bidder, bar Lord Marcus Beresford, who sprung to 5,500 guineas, then the hammer fell, and the filly by St. Simon out of Quiver became the property of Baron de Hirsch. Carefully prepared at Kingsclere by Porter, La Flèche nearly won the Derby of 1892, losing only by a head to Lord Bradford's Sir Hugo; while two days later in the Oaks the daughter of St. Simon gained a brilliant victory, to be subsequently eclipsed by her triumph in the St. Leger.

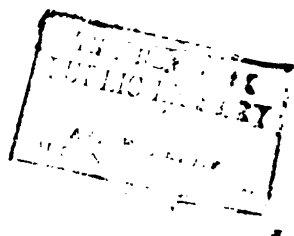
About the same time, while Porter was training Baron de Hirsch's flat-racers at Kingsclere, John Jones had a few steeplechasers under his care at Epsom for the Baron, one of the most notable being The Sikh, who won the Manchester Handicap Steeplechase in January, 1891, and afterwards the Eton Handicap Steeplechase at Windsor, and the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown Park.

In 1894 the Baron purchased from Sir Frederic Johnstone and Lord Alington for £15,000 Matchbox, the mighty rival of Ladas, with a further contingency of £5,000 if the colt won the Grand Prix de Paris. But before that event the horse was re-sold to Prince Esterhazy, on behalf of the Austrian Government, for the price at which the Baron bought him.

Baron de Hirsch was an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, and was popular in society. His generosity was regal, but he could well afford to be liberal, for he was one of the richest men in the world. A man of great intellectual power, of cool judgment, of strong tenacity of purpose and extraordinary industry, his vast fortune was due mainly to his own efforts, for he multiplied more than ten times over his patrimony and the dowry of his wife. His first *coup* was the purchase of a Belgian Bank, which turned out to be a mine of gold. He also undertook various railway contracts, out of which he made enormous profits by his mastery of details and attention to economy. His expenditure in charity alone amounted annually to more than the revenue of some of the smaller European States. In 1891 he spent no less than £3,000,000 in the relief of the suffering, and especially of his own co-religionists. At his death in 1896, he left eight millions sterling to his widow, with instructions to continue the benefactions which have made his memory honoured and blest wherever there are human sorrow and suffering to be relieved.



R. Im Broek



AMERICAN SPORTSMEN ON THE ENGLISH TURF.

Mr. RICHARD TEN BROECK.

IN the year 1798 Sir Charles Bunbury sold his famous Diomed, winner of the first Derby, for *fifty guineas* to go to America! Why he should have parted with the horse for such a ludicrous sum remains an unsolved mystery, for though Diomed was two-and-twenty years of age he was still hale and strong, and numbered among his progeny many illustrious colts and fillies. But if Sir Charles was careless of Diomed's worth, there were sportsmen in America who appreciated the horse at his true value, for, shortly after landing, he was sold for 1000 guineas, and is said to have lived to the age of forty, during all of which period he was visited by the best mares in the country. He was almost as prolific a sire on the other side of the Atlantic as he had been on this side, and, indeed, the first Derby winner may with truth be said to be the Father of the American Turf, for there is scarcely a famous trotter or racer to be found anywhere from Florida to Maine, that does not trace its descent back

to Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed. From his loins sprang the mighty Lexington, the ancestor of Foxhall, of whom more anon. American breeders were very keen on getting the best English sires. I have already told how one of them offered 7,000 guineas for Sir Peter Teazle, and how another secured Mameluke, the Derby winner of 1827. But the blood-stock thus produced was devoted to the trotting-track, a form of sport evolved in America as a compromise with the Puritan objection to horse-racing. To ride horses in races was, of course, a mortal sin in the eyes of the "Men of the Mayflower", but to drive them, attached to vehicles, was a perfectly innocent pastime!

By and bye, however, the ambitions of American sportsmen expanded, they longed for fresh worlds to conquer, and cast their eyes on the English Turf as a fit scope for their filibustering designs. The first of them to invade our shores with intent to carry off the spoils of our race-courses was Mr. Richard Ten Broeck, a scion of an old Dutch family, settled in New York, who had already made his mark on the American Turf as the owner of Lexington, that grand horse who, in a match against time in Kentucky, ran four miles in 7 min. 16 sec. Some of Lexington's stock were imported into England, and in 1856 Mr. Ten Broeck followed them in person.

Armed with an introduction to Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. Ten Broeck was at once admitted into the best society in England. He was the Duke of Richmond's guest at Goodwood during the races. He became the intimate friend of Admiral Rous, who initiated him into the mysteries of Newmarket, and assisted him in forming a small, but select, stud. In 1857 Mr. Ten

Broeck married a lady of fortune, and settled permanently in this country. It was in the same year, too, that he won his first and greatest triumph on the English Turf.

He had brought with him to Newmarket American horses and jockeys, and a genuine Yankee trainer, Brown, a silent, observant man, who was never seen without a pipe between his lips. These foreign arrivals attracted curiosity in the Metropolis of the Turf, for their ways were peculiar. The horses were pronounced by connoisseurs to be not a bad lot, but how their trainer ever expected to get them fit by merely giving them walking exercise—for they were rarely galloped—was a problem which perplexed Newmarket. As for Mr. Ten Broeck himself, he knew so little of English modes that it was some time before he could enter a bet without making a mistake. His money, however, was always ready, and that was a safe passport to popularity. But not a race could his trainer win for him. Whether it was the fault of the horses, or the jockeys, or the method of training, certain it is that luck was dead against the gallant American invader of our Turf.

But at last, in the fall of 1857, Fortune smiled upon Mr. Ten Broeck. His American-bred mare Prioress won the Cesarewitch, after a desperate dead heat between three. Prioress was apparently winning easily, but her jockey, unused to the tricks of English riders, was caught napping, Queen Bess and El Hakim came up with a rush, and the three passed the judge's box without a foot separating them. In the deciding heat, however, Prioress came out and won handsomely by a length and a half, and Mr. Ten Broeck had the satis-

faction of securing the first English race that ever fell to an American horse.

Another good horse of his was Starke, who carried off the Goodwood Cup and the Bentinck Memorial in 1859, and the Goodwood Cup again in 1861. In Umpire, who won the Goodwood Nursery with extraordinary ease in 1859, Mr. Ten Broeck thought he had a Derby winner, but though Fordham did his best, the American crack could get no nearer than fifth to Thormanby. Optimist carried the Stars and Stripes to victory in the Ascot Stakes for 1861, and also won the Brighton Stakes in 1862, but perhaps the best horse, after Prioress, that ever ran in England under Mr. Ten Broeck's colours was Paris, who was a good second to General Peel in the Two Thousand of 1863.

Mr. Ten Broeck was one of the victims of the notorious Reindeer bet. He was a guest at Sir Lydston Newman's place, Mamhead, near Exeter, when two officers, one of them the late General Burnaby (not the famous Fred) started at the dinner table the question as to the correct spelling of Reindeer. The two confederates had previously consulted Johnson's dictionary and found that the word was there spelt "Raindeer"—they backed that spelling, heavy bets were made, Johnson's dictionary was agreed upon as the deciding authority, and of course the two confederates won. It was discovered subsequently that they had wagered on a certainty, both were sent to Coventry, and the money won was refunded. General Burnaby remained under a cloud until his gallant conduct at Inkerman, where he slew the gigantic Colonel of a Russian regiment in single combat, restored him to the sunshine of social favour.

Mr. PIERRE LORILLARD.

AFTER the moderate triumphs of Prioress and Starke, our American cousins did not invade our race-courses again until Mr. Sandford came and astonished us with Parole, who won the City and Suburban in 1879 with 8st. 7lbs. on his back. Then came the crowning victory of Yankee pluck and perseverance, when Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the great millionaire tobacco merchant, wrested from us the Blue Riband of the Turf in 1881. Mr. Lorillard brought over with him his own trainer Jacob Pincus, a character in his way, whose belief in the clock was profound, and who thought our English system of trials by weight utterly and absolutely wrong. He did not convince our people that the time test is the safest and surest mode of arriving at a horse's true form, but he did show us that he knew how to train a race-horse, for he turned out Iroquois as fit as the proverbial fiddle for all his races. Iroquois began his career of conquest at the Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1880, where he won the Two Year Old Plate. At the July Meeting he ran Bal Gal to a head for the July Stakes. At Goodwood he won the Lavant Stakes, but failed to get a place in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster or in the Clearwell at Newmarket. His two-

year-old career therefore was not particularly promising, as he only won three races out of ten in which he started.

As a three-year-old he commenced by running second to Peregrine for the Two Thousand, and won the Newmarket and Burwell Stakes, the latter a walk over. His next appearance was in the Derby. The betting against him was 11 to 2, Mr. Norman's Peregrine being favourite at 6 to 5. Before the race Cannon, Goater, and Webb were sitting in the weighing room, all four having duly weighed. "Let's go to the Paddock," said Webb; "we'll go the back way." Cannon and Goater followed suit, but Archer, who was to ride Iroquois, replied, "No, not the back way on the Derby Day, I shall go through the saddling enclosure." About a quarter of an hour after the proper time Mr. McGeorge dropped his flag to a capital start, Iroquois, on the rails, being first to get away from St. Louis. After coming a couple of hundred yards, Mr. Keene's Marshal Macdonald went on with the running, whilst Peregrine, Iroquois and Geologist held good places. Coming through the Furzes, St. Louis's colours showed near the van, and at the top of the hill assumed the lead, soon, however, to be headed by Tristram. Voluptuary took up the running in the straight, closely attended by Scobell, Town Moor, Peregrine, Iroquois and Cumberland. Webb was on Peregrine and had gone a little wide at the turn, but he got splendidly placed in the line for home, and spectators began to shout "the favourite wins!" But those shouts were scarcely raised when Archer was seen in pursuit. To head and shake off Peregrine was the work of a few strides only, and the Stars

and Stripes had won the day. Whether the horse, the jockey, or the Americans generally were most cheered, it is difficult to say, but they all came in for tremendous applause. The winner was half a length in front of Peregrine, Lord Rosebery's Town Moor being two lengths behind the second.

Iroquois added another leaf to his chaplet of laurels by winning the St. Leger. But we Britishers had this consolation that the great American horse was a direct descendant of our own West Australian. We were beaten by our own blood after all, though some may have thought that this aggravated the defeat, in the spirit of Byron's lines :

"So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more thro' rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart."

Mr. J. R. KEENE.

THE year 1881 will always be remembered among racing men as pre-eminently *the* American year on the British Turf, for the triumphs of Iroquois in the Derby and St. Leger were equalled, if not eclipsed, by those of Foxhall in the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire, and the Grand Prix de Paris. Foxhall, the finest American-bred race-horse ever seen in this country, traced his descent back to Diomed, the first winner of the Derby, through the mighty Lexington, and was the property of Mr. J. R. Keene, a spirited and popular American sportsman. Mr. Keene had hopes of winning the Two Thousand and the Derby with Don Fulano, but the horse could only manage to get third in the Two Thousand, and was unplaced for the Blue Riband. But Foxhall's wonderful victories far more than compensated Mr. Keene for the failure of Don Fulano. For the son of Lexington won the Grand Prix de Paris in hollow fashion, carried off the Cesarewitch with 7st. 12lbs. on his back, and crowned his marvellous feats as a three-year-old by winning the Cambridgeshire, under an impost of 9st., the only horse of any age that ever won that great handicap with such a weight to carry!

Had Foxhall been entered for the three great English classic three-year-old races, the Two Thousand, the Derby, and the St. Leger, it is not too much to say that he would have won the triple crown, for he was undoubtedly the best horse of his age then running either in England or France.

International rivalry in sport is not always productive of good feeling, but Turfmen are cosmopolitan, and the successes of Mr. Lorillard and Mr. J. R. Keene were welcomed by English sportsmen with hearty acclamations. And if, in the future, America will send over, as her representatives in sport, such genuine sportsmen and good fellows as Ten Broeck, Lorillard and Keene, and such splendid horses as Prioress, Iroquois and Foxhall, we shall not grudge them their success even if they sweep the board, but give them a reception that will prove to them that your true English sportsman has no higher wish than to see the best man and the best horse win. Hitherto English and American sportsmen have met upon the Turf in the true spirit of comradeship, as brothers in sport no less than in blood. And the race-course may yet prove the strongest link to bind the two nations, and realise Charles Mackay's fond vision of the two brethren exchanging a cordial grasp across the sea.

"Then here's my hand, I stretch it forth,
Ye meaner lands look on.
From this day forth there's friendship firm,
'Twixt Jonathan and John."

JOHN PORTER.

IF it were only as the trainer of Ormonde, John Porter is entitled to a high place among "Kings of the Turf", but, as will be seen from the following details of his career, the worthy master of Kingsclere has many other claims to distinction.

John Porter began his career at Danebury under the rule of Old John Day, "Honest John", as Lord George Bentinck named him, at the time when Goater was head lad there. It was a school of the old sort; no namby-pambyism with a set of lads that were as hard as nails, and as wild as colts; no snuffling about the wickedness of corporal punishment, as though rough healthy boys were amenable to anything else. All John Day's lads were kept in the highest state of discipline. Every Sunday afternoon they assembled in the dining-room and he read them one of Blair's Sermons;—and woe to the lad who gave way to the somniferous influence of the Scotch divine's heavy discourses on the top of a hearty dinner. John Day had a whip hanging up behind him, and at the first nod or snore, the thong came down upon the sleepy sinner with a vengeance.

Of course, after being a time at Danebury, John Porter got a few mounts; but he never won much



JOHN PORTER.



renown as a jockey. It is as a trainer of horses that the name of John Porter is now known, and will be remembered by future generations of Turfmen. During Porter's stay at Danebury, Tiny Wells was in John Day's employ, and a friendship was formed between the two which lasted unbroken till the death of the latter.

In the year 1863, when Porter was aged only twenty-five, that great sportsman, Sir Joseph Hawley, was looking out for a trainer. Sir Joseph had as sharp an eye for a man as for a horse, and having seen a little of Porter, quickly engaged him as his private trainer and established him at Park House, Kingsclere, on the northern downs of Hampshire. But very different from the present establishment was the Park House of that period. "Full up" was the word when only fourteen horses were stabled there; now three score and ten can find the best of accommodation and attention in lofty, well-built, and well-ventilated stables, fitted with all the latest improvements for securing the health and comfort of the inmates. The residence has been to a very great extent rebuilt, and every part of the extensive establishment shows signs of prosperity. But in the early days of Porter's connection with Kingsclere, such renowned race-horses as Blue Gown, Rosicrucian, Green Sleeves, The Palmer, Pero Gomez, Sidereolite, Morna, as well as many good horses of lesser fame were prepared at Park House. But to write a complete history of Mr. Porter's successes would require nearly all the pages of this volume, and would be a tolerably comprehensive history of the turf for some thirty years past. After Sir Joseph, Mr. F. Gretton was one of Porter's best clients for some years, till he transferred

his horses to the care of Alec Taylor. Then the Duke of Westminster, on Robert Peck's retirement, made an arrangement with Porter; and Lord Stamford, when he once more ran horses after a long absence from the Turf, thought his horses could not be in better hands. The Earl of Portsmouth, Lord Alington, and Sir Frederick Johnstone patronised Kingsclere, and it is commonly believed to have been the two last named owners who induced His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to put his horses under the care of Mr. John Porter of Park House.

The winning of the Two Thousand and the Derby by Shotover, and the subsequent capture of the Oaks by Geheimniss, of course added greatly to Porter's reputation, and were the beginning of that phenomenal success of the Kingsclere stable which raised it into a glorious rivalry with the traditions of Danebury and Whitewall. St. Blaise, another Epsom victor, was trained by Porter. Friar's Balsam was rather a disappointment. Orbit, who carried off the Grand £10,000 Prize at Sandown, is, of course, remembered; but the great and crowning glory of Kingsclere was Ormonde, and on that immortal horse I have descanted fully in my sketch of the Duke of Westminster.

There is no kindlier, more courteous, nor more honourable sportsman breathing than John Porter of Kingsclere, and I rejoice that the story of his interesting life and experiences has been told by so able, vigorous, and racy a pen as that of Byron Webber.



MATTHEW DAWSON.

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MATTHEW DAWSON.

FEW persons nowadays, probably, are aware even of the existence of the obscure little town of Gullane, in Haddingtonshire. Yet time was when it was known as the Malton of Scotland, and long strings of thoroughbreds might have been seen every morning galloping over the long stretches of elastic turf. It was here that old George Dawson trained the horses of such good sportsmen as Sir James Boswell, Lord Eglinton, Lord Kelburne (afterwards Earl of Glasgow), Mr. Meiklam, Mr. Bell, and many another Lowland owner. And it was here that Matthew Dawson and his three brothers first saw the light. Mat was bred among horses, and, I daresay, to this day feels more at home with them than with human beings. His first experience as trainer was with Lord John Scott at Cawston, about three miles from Rugby, but his fame in his profession dates from his connection with Mr. James Merry, whose horses he trained in conjunction with Prince at Russley. It was on Mat Dawson's advice that Mr. Merry purchased Lord John Scott's stud. The triumphs of the yellow jacket I have already recorded.

The year 1863 was the last in which Mat Dawson

trained for Mr. Merry, when Scottish Chief won the Chesterfield Stakes, Lioness the Cesarewitch, Buckstone the Ascot Cup, and Knave the Liverpool Summer Cup. In 1866, Mat, having entirely separated from the "member for Thormanby," went to Newmarket, and settled himself at Heath House, originally built by Lord Stamford for Joseph Dawson. There he trained, for the Duke of Newcastle, Julius, the Cesarewitch winner of 1867—"the best horse he ever prepared for a race," he has been heard to say; Chérie, another Cesarewitch winner (1869), and a number of other good horses whose names I have not space to mention. The Dukes of St. Albans and Portland, the Marquis of Hastings, and Lord Lascelles entrusted their horses to Dawson's care; and in 1869 he undertook the charge of Lord Falmouth's stud, but after the retirement of that nobleman he attached himself less exclusively to one patron, and not many years ago resigned Heath House to his nephew, George H. Dawson, and retired to the little village of Exning, near Newmarket, where his name will be remembered as long as the annals of the Turf endure.



HENRY CUSTANCE.

HARRY CUSTANCE.

AMONG the not very long list of jockeys who have been as famous for their honesty as their skill, stands the honoured name of Henry Custance, who some twenty years ago was one of the most popular and successful professional knights of the pigskin.

He was born in the year 1841, at Peterborough, a city noted also as being the birthplace of another famous jockey, Frank Buckle. Young Custance was apprenticed in the stables of Mr. Mellish at Epsom. At the early age of fifteen he had his first winning mount, when he won a sweepstakes on Mr. Deacon's Ada. This was the beginning of a successful career, into the details of which I have no space to enter. Amongst a number of meritorious wins, the first important victory was the Cesarewitch of 1858, when, riding at 6st. 6lbs., he won, on Mr. G. Lambert's Rocket, a splendid race, by a head, while Mr. Ten Broeck's Prioress, ridden by George Fordham, and Mr. T. Hugh's The Brewer, with Hughes in the saddle, ran a dead heat for second place. In 1859 he won the City and Suburban on Sir H. Des Vœux's Comforter, after a dead heat with Sir Joseph Hawley's crack.

Unlike George Fordham, who was near the close of his career when he won his first Derby, Custance had

the luck to gain that coveted prize the very first time he tried. This was in 1860, when he rode Thormanby. Mr. Merry, the owner, had telegraphed to John Sharp, who was trainer to Count Henschel at some obscure place in Russian Poland, to come over and ride Thormanby. Sharp obeyed, and when the slow continental trains of that time stopped for an hour or two at a wayside station, Sharp would get out and do something towards reducing his weight. Travelling was weary work; Sharp started at four o'clock on the Sunday afternoon before the Derby—he arrived at Berlin at five Monday morning, and reached Ostend at eleven a.m. Tuesday. He had to wait till six in the evening for the Dover boat, but spent the time in sweating. Reaching London at four, on Wednesday morning, he at once proceeded to Epsom, and continued the sweating process till it was time to scale, when he was only three-quarters of a pound above the stipulated weight. Sharp's name was on the card as rider of Thormanby, but before mounting, Mr. Merry said to him—"Custance knows the horse so well that he had better ride Thormanby." This must have been a great disappointment to Sharp, after travelling nearly two thousand miles and wasting about 9lbs. on the journey; however, he mounted Northern Light, and it is a matter of history how Custance got past the winning post a length before Wizard, the winner of the Two Thousand—yet when he rode Thormanby in the St. Leger, he did not get a place. The very next year Custance very nearly won a second Derby on Dundee, who, with one fore-leg nearly broken, contrived to get second to Kettledrum. But despite this piece of bad luck he had fifty-four winning mounts that year.

It was most unfortunate for Custance that he was prevented by an accident from riding Lord Lyon in the Two Thousand, in 1866; but he was well enough to ride that splendid horse in the Derby and St. Leger, besides winning the Chesterfield Stakes at the July Newmarket Meeting, the Criterion at the Houghton Meeting, the New Stakes at Ascot, and many other important events, including the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood. This was one of Custance's most successful seasons. In 1868, Blinkhoolie was his best mount, for Mr. Chaplin's horse carried him victoriously both in the Queen's Vase and the Alexandra Plate at Ascot.

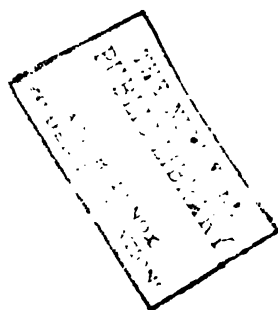
After keeping up a good average of wins, and showing very clever horsemanship, Custance had no very great triumph till the Epsom Summer Meeting of 1874, when he won the Derby on George Frederick, the property of Mr. Cartwright. Some good running was made at starting by Volturno, King of Tyne, Tipster, and Ecossais; but when they entered the straight, Custance sent George Frederick along, and it was soon seen that nothing had the least chance with Mr. Cartwright's horse, which won in a canter two lengths in front of Lord Rosebery's Couronne de Fer. Thus Custance won his third Derby, and for that year at least he was the only living English jockey who could boast that he had thrice ridden the winner of the Blue Riband. His last win was at the Newmarket Houghton, in 1879, when he won the All Aged Stakes on Lollypop, and indeed this, if I mistake not, was his last public performance.

Custance for some time kept the George Hotel at Oakham, a house much frequented by hunting men during the season; but he has since retired into pri-

vate life at a house he purchased in Melton Road, Oakham—where I hope he may live for many years to enjoy the comfortable repose to which his long, brilliant, and honourable services in the saddle have richly entitled him.



JOHN WELLS.



JOHN WELLS.

HENRY KINGSLEY, in his delightful novel "Ravenshoe", speaks of the confidence inspired by the "calm stern face of Wells" as he mounted the favourite for the Derby. For the brief notice which is all I can give here I am indebted to his old friend and rival, Harry Custance.

"Wells, Tiny or Brusher, as he was familiarly called, was rather eccentric, especially with regard to his dress. You would one day see him with a tall hat, very much turned up at the sides, and the next day he would be wearing a cream-coloured one, with a deep black band. Upon one occasion, when he was riding Pero Gomez out at exercise on the course at Doncaster, on the Tuesday morning before Sir Joseph Hawley's horse won the St. Leger, Wells appeared in an Alpine hat with several feathers, a suit of clothes made from a Gordon Scotch plaid, and a pair of red morocco slippers. When he arrived on the course about seven o'clock in the morning, everyone roared with laughter. Wells, however, didn't mind a bit. I need hardly tell you he came in for a great deal of chaff from his brother professionals, myself included. Once, as he was walking past, I asked him where his hat came from. He turned round and said—

"'You would like to know, wouldn't you, so that you could get one like it?'

"I answered—'If I did I would be complete, and get a monkey and an organ with it.'

"It was a real organ-grinder's hat.

"Whilst on the topic of hats, I remember the late Lord Westmorland having a bet of a new hat with Wells, which the latter won. He asked Lord Westmorland where he should get it, and his lordship told him to let him have the size, and he would send him one. This his lordship did. He found out where the eccentric Joey Jones had his made, and sent Wells a wide curly-brimmed white hat, turned up with red. This caused a great deal of amusement at the time.

"I think Wells was the tallest and biggest man I ever saw ride 8st. 7lbs. He was an extraordinarily good pedestrian, and would bet that he walked eleven miles in two hours with four suits of sweaters on. I recollect Sam Rogers offering to back Jockey Norman to walk him six days in succession, both to carry the same weight of clothes, twelve miles each day. Brusher, however, said 'No;' he would walk Norman two or three days, but no more; therefore there was no match. I think Norman would have beaten Wells in the long run, but should certainly have backed the latter for a two or three days' walk. Wells was a very strong man on a horse, and used to lap his long legs round them at the finish. He always sat well back in his saddle, and kept fast hold of the horse's head, and was a very resolute finisher. Take him altogether he was a good jockey, but rather eccentric in his ways. Wells won three Derbys, his mounts being, on 'Beadsman' in 1858, on 'Musjid' in 1859, and 'Blue Gown' in 1868."



TOM CANNON.



TOM CANNON.

IF I were asked to give a specimen of the old-fashioned jockey at his best, I don't think I could select a better one than Tom Cannon. Born at Eton in 1846, Tom had his first mount in 1860, and for five-and-twenty years he had no superior as a horseman, though some of his contemporaries were far more successful in their mounts. To my thinking he answered pretty nearly every requirement of a jockey. What he does not know about horses is hardly worth knowing. Pretty nearly born in a stable, Cannon, from childhood, has had the noble animal to study; and in gaining and perfecting his knowledge, has brought to bear intelligence which would have taken him high up in almost any profession; moreover, he is gifted with a natural love for his subject. Not only practically, but theoretically and scientifically, Tom is conversant with the thoroughbred's anatomy and constitution. As a rider he had not in his day a superior for elegance of seat; his finish was most determined, his judgment of pace most reliable, and his delicacy of handling difficult youngsters marvellously successful. His ability as a rider, however, is equalled by his judgment of equine and human character as shown in dealing (he is perhaps the

champion thoroughbred stockjobber we have), his skill in the science of placing horses for races, and his mastership of the art of training.

For some considerable time Cannon was associated with the Days, and had some of his best mounts from Danebury and Woodyeates. So great was the opinion John Day had of him that he made little or no opposition when the jockey proposed for the trainer's daughter, whom Tom married in 1865. One of Cannon's notable early victories was in 1865, when he landed Mr. Cartwright's Scamander winner of the Northamptonshire Stakes in front of fifteen opponents. In the same season he crossed the Channel, and carried the Badminton colours to victory on the Duke of Beaufort's Ceylon. In 1866 Cannon won his first Oaks on Sir Frederick Johnstone's filly; but four years elapsed before he again took the Ladies' Race on Marie Stuart, while for Mr. Brayley, one of his earliest patrons, he carried off the Somersetshire Stakes and Great Metropolitan on Mornington. In 1874 he again won the Grand Prix on Trent, and the same year won the French Derby on Baron de Rothschild's Kilt. In 1877 Cannon for the first time wore Mr. Gretton's colours, winning for him the Shrewsbury Cup and the Chester Cup on Pageant. In the next year Cannon took the Two Thousand Guineas on Pilgrimage. But Cannon's most sensational successes were when he took the Manchester Cup and the Ebor Handicap on Isonomy, riding 9st. 12lbs., for the first event and 9st. 8lbs., for the second; and the same year he took the Cesarewitch on Robert the Devil, who carried 8st. 6lbs.

The year 1882 was an eventful one to Tom Cannon, for in that season he won his first and only Derby on

the Duke of Westminster's Shotover. Four times in five years the Ascot Cup was won by Cannon's bold and skilful riding. He has always been noted for his tenacity of purpose, and holding on when others would have given up in despair, thereby winning many a race that seemed hopeless.

Of late years Cannon has been better known to the public as an owner and trainer than as a jockey, and he has made Danebury, the historic home of his father-in-law, John Day, his headquarters. But his two clever sons, Mornington and Tom the younger, have already won renown in the saddle, and promise to rival the exploits of their sire. Few jockeys have borne a more irreproachable character than Tom Cannon, and I cannot more fitly conclude this brief notice of him than by quoting the following anecdote given by Sir George Chetwynd in his entertaining *Reminiscences*.

"No one has ever doubted Tom Cannon's absolute integrity, but I can instance a proof of it. At Windsor Spring, 1875, I ran Lady Atholstone, but did not fancy her, as she had been eased in her work for some trifling mishap, and I only threw away £30 on her. She was fitter than we thought, or her opponents were worse, for she won in a canter. The next day carrying 10st. 6lbs., Cannon rode her, and after a desperate race, just got up and won in the last stride by a head from Chester, to whom she was giving 3st., all but 3lbs. I afterwards heard that Cannon, who imagined his mount could have no possible chance, had £20 on Chester, who was favourite. No one supposes that such a thing would prevent him from riding his very best (and he had to do all he knew in order to lose his money), but the occurrence is worth mentioning."

FREDERICK J. ARCHER.

IF success were the only or the surest test of merit, then assuredly Fred Archer must be pronounced the greatest jockey that ever lived, for none has been so extraordinarily successful. Victory seemed to wait upon him like a menial, till the public began to believe that no matter how poor his mount was his skill and luck would bring it first past the winning post. There are those who maintain that Archer's success was more due to good luck than good horsemanship, that at the best he was but a clever trickster and not a great master of the art of riding. They aver that the mere terror of his name and of his fierce, unscrupulous style of cutting down his opponents, frightened younger and more timid jockeys, and that they lost both nerve and judgment when the terrible "Tinman" was against them. There may be some small grain of truth in these theories, which aim at disparaging Archer's merit as a jockey. But even if you allow them far more weight than they deserve, they still fall far, very far, short of reasonably accounting for Archer's marvellous triumphs in the saddle. I do not for my own part regard him as the equal in horsemanship either of Jem Robinson or George Fordham, but that he was a great



FRED ARCHER.



jockey no one, whose sense of justice is not utterly warped by prejudice, can honestly deny. But let us glance at his career and see what he *did*.

Born near Cheltenham on the 11th of January 1857, Fred Archer was the son of a once well-known steeplechase rider, who, amongst other notable feats, rode Little Charley to victory in the Liverpool Grand National of 1858. From his earliest years Fred was devoted to horses, and gave such significant proofs of his powers of riding that he was apprenticed at the age of eleven to Matthew Dawson for the term of five years. Whilst he was yet in his thirteenth year he rode his first public race and won the Nursery Handicap at Chesterfield on Athol Daisy, carrying 6st. 5lbs. On the next day he took the Hartington Plate with the same filly. This was, indeed, a promising commencement for the young jockey, but if his ambition soared high in consequence it soon received a wholesome check, for in the fourteen following races he rode young Archer did not score a single win. Nor was his next season very encouraging, for only thrice in thirty-six mounts did he ride a winner. His horsemanship, however, was appreciated, and it was admitted that he had done the best that could be expected of him with the horses he rode. In proof of this he was entrusted with 136 mounts in the following season, and though fortune only favoured him in twenty-five of these, yet amongst them was the Cesarewitch, which he carried off by four lengths from a field of twenty-four on Mr. J. Radcliffe's Salvanos, carrying 5st. 6lbs. In 1873 he won his second big race, when he steered Kingcraft to victory for the Great Lancashire Handicap.

But it is from 1874 that Fred Archer's career as a

successful jockey really dates. For it was in that year that he first attracted the attention of Lord Falmouth, and donned the colours which he was destined to carry to the front in an unparalleled series of triumphs. Hitherto Tom French had been entrusted with the best mounts in Lord Falmouth's stable. But French died, and his lordship, looking round for a worthy successor to that excellent jockey, pitched upon Archer, whose clever riding had taken his fancy. It was a lucky day for owner and jockey when that bargain was struck. A foretaste of future triumphs was given when at the Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1874 Archer won the Bathynany Stakes for his lordship on Lady Love. The next day witnessed a still greater victory for Lord Falmouth and Archer, for, on Atlantic, Fred won his first great classic race, the Two Thousand; whilst two days later, on Spinaway, the irresistible Frederick bore off the One Thousand. In the Derby of that year he could get no nearer than third to Galopin and Claremont on the Repentance colt, but he made up for this by cleverly putting the Oaks to his own and Lord Falmouth's credit on Spinaway.

I have not space to dwell upon all Fred Archer's achievements. Suffice it to say that he won his first City and Suburban and his first Ascot Gold Vase on Thunder in 1876, and set the seal to his fame by winning the Blue Riband of the Turf on Lord Falmouth's Silvio, and the St. Leger on the same horse in 1877.

I am not, as a rule, fond of statistics, and I have forbore from inflicting them upon the reader in these pages. But in this brief sketch of Fred Archer's career I must be content to give figures as the most striking

mode of emphasizing his triumphs. The following statistics of his winning mounts from the commencement, also convey a good idea of the suddenness of his rise from obscurity to fame.

1870, 2; 1871, 3; 1872, 25; 1873, 27; 1874, 147; 1875, 172; 1876, 207; 1877, 218; 1878, 229; 1879, 179; 1880, 120 (he had received an injury to his arm which prevented his riding for some time); 1881, 220; 1882, 210; in 1883, 232; in 1884, 241; in 1885, 246; and in 1886, the year of his death, 170. This makes a total of 2746 wins out of 8084 races he rode in England, to say nothing of what he did in France. He won the Derby five times—with Silvio in 1877; with Bend Or in 1880; with Iroquois in 1881; with Melton in 1885; and with Ormonde in 1886. The great Doncaster race—the St Leger—fell to him six times. He won it in 1877 on Silvio; in 1878 on Janette; in 1881 on Iroquois; in 1882 on Dutch Oven; in 1885 on Melton; and in 1886 on Ormonde. He won the Two Thousand Guineas five times, and the Oaks four times.

Archer owed his great successes partly to his consummate judgment of time and pace, partly to his daring nature. He never hesitated, for example, to take the inside of the turn at Tattenham Corner, and so come at top speed down the hill, while other jockeys, afraid of their necks, were making wide bends, and so losing lengths in the race. As to the punishment he was said to inflict on his horses, his own words uttered not many months before his death were—"I know a few years back I was a severe rider; but I've learnt better by experience. I rarely hit a horse more than twice in a finish now, and I hardly ever have rowels

to my spurs. You can hurt a horse almost as much without them—but it's bad policy to hurt them at all."

I have mentioned the accident which prevented Archer from riding for some time in 1880. I will give here an amusing anecdote touching upon it.

Archer was badly bitten by Lord Falmouth's horse Muley Edris, and he was advised to see Sir James Paget, the eminent surgeon, who bound up the wound. Fred then requested to know how long it would take to heal. "Oh, I think in three or four weeks you will be all right," said Sir James. "But shall I be fit for the Derby?" Archer queried.—"Yes, I think you may go to the Derby." "But you don't quite understand me, I think, Sir James," Archer persisted:—"I mean shall I be fit to ride?" "Better drive—better drive," the surgeon replied. Rather taken aback by this very innocent and unexpected reply, Archer had to explain—"I fear, sir, you scarcely realise who I am!" "No," said the surgeon, politely referring to the patient's visiting card, "I see I have the honour of receiving Mr. Archer, but—" "Well, Sir James, I suppose I may tell you, then, that what you are in your profession, I am in mine," and then he proceeded to tell him what that profession was. The famous surgeon, on learning the status of his visitor, was at once greatly interested and asked him many questions, among others, what would be his loss, supposing he were unable to fulfil his Derby engagement; to which Archer replied—"About £2,000." His average income he stated (if no mistake has been made) to be about £8,000—to which Sir James is said to have replied—"You may well say that what I am in my profession

you are in yours. I only wish that my profession were half as profitable as yours."

There was a time in his career when Archer was reputed to be worth upwards of £200,000, but he lost large sums in unlucky speculations upon the Stock Exchange, and when he died his fortune had dwindled to £60,000, a sum which would have seemed wealth beyond the dreams of avarice to the generation of jockeys that preceded him, and which even in these days of millionaires is not absolutely despicable.

Archer was married on the 31st of January 1883 to Rose Nellie Dawson, the daughter of John Dawson, the trainer at Newmarket; but she died within the year, leaving behind her an infant daughter. Archer himself towards the close of 1886 was almost killing himself to keep down his weight; abstinence from food, powerful medicine, long exercise, and Turkish baths were all employed. By these means he was able to ride St. Mirin at 8st. 7lbs., or a pound over weight in the Cambridgeshire, but after riding at Brighton, and the first day of the Lewes races, he was obliged to give up his engagements. A chill, followed by congestion of the lungs, brought on a fever, and the doctors in attendance fancied it was a hopeless case, though they hardly expected such a sudden and tragic termination to the career of the great jockey. On the 7th and 8th of November Archer was delirious; on the afternoon of the latter day he diverted the attention of his sister, who had been left in temporary charge of him by the professional nurse, to something at the window. Whilst her head was turned, he sprang out of bed, possessed himself of a revolver he kept in the room,

and before he could be prevented, put the barrel to his mouth, fired, and blew out his brains.

There can be no doubt that Fred Archer was never the same man after the death of his wife, and there can be just as little doubt that he fatally weakened his system by his drastic methods of reducing his weight. Unlike Fordham, who never experienced any ill effects from wasting, Archer suffered greatly from the process, which always made him feverish and irritable. But he would take no warning nor advice on the subject, though it was sheer madness to suppose that a man who even as a boy could not ride under 6 stone (Fordham in his early days rode as light as 4 st.) could with impunity get himself down to 8st. 7lbs. at the age of thirty. At the same time it adds greatly to the brilliancy of Archer's career that he should have so completely outdistanced all rivals in the number of his winning mounts when his weight prevented him from riding lightly-handicapped horses.

Let opinions vary as they will respecting Archer's merits as a jockey, it stands to reason that no man could have been so consistently successful if he had not possessed many, if not all, the requisites of a great horseman. He was not, indeed, a graceful rider, and at one time he undoubtedly punished his horses cruelly and needlessly, but take him for all in all he was a great horseman and deserves to be ranked among the very foremost masters of his craft.



SEDGWICK

Henry Chaplin



Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN.

TO have been the owner of Hermit, the most sensational Derby winner on record, is quite sufficient passport to fame in the racing world, and if Mr. Chaplin had never done anything else on the Turf, the circumstances surrounding that memorable event would have made his name famous.

The Right Honourable Henry Chaplin is eldest son of the Rev. Henry Chaplin, vicar of Ryhill, near Stamford, and was born on the 22nd of December 1840. From boyhood he has been fond of all kinds of field sports, and after graduating at Christ Church, Oxford, he gratified his passion for sport by accompanying Sir Frederick Johnstone on a trip to the American Prairies, for bison shooting, whence he proceeded to India to enjoy the excitement of slaying tiger and elephant.

In 1859, two years before he attained his majority, Mr. Henry Chaplin inherited from his uncle, Mr. Charles Chaplin, the splendid estate of Blankney in Mid-Lincolnshire. Returning from his Eastern travels, Mr. Chaplin became a frequenter of racecourses, and soon started as owner, commencing his Turf career by the purchase of Breadalbane and Broomielaw for

£11,000, a sum considered enormous in those days, and one for which the united winnings of the two horses did not nearly recoup the rash purchaser.

In 1865 he was elected a member of the Jockey Club, and the following season, when Captain Machell was his principal turf adviser, he had good luck with such excellent horses as Mazurka, The Raven, Blink-hoolie, Effervescence, Phantom Sail, Vespasian, and, above all, Hermit, the hero of the great sensational event of Mr. Chaplin's Turf career.

Hermit was entered for the Derby of 1867, and during the winter was a fair favourite; but not long before the event the horse broke a blood-vessel, and everyone lost confidence in him, except his owner. The weather had been variable—tropical rain and Siberian cold alternating; but the Derby Day broke fine and promised well. Vauban was the first favourite, and Mr. Merry's Marksman second. Of the reckless way in which the Marquis of Hastings plunged thousand after thousand against Mr. Chaplin's horse, I have already treated. The card of the race appeared with no jockey's name against Hermit, and to make things look worse, before the race was started the weather changed, and drenching rain was followed by a blinding snow-storm. Many tips were handed about, and almost every horse had a following who believed he stood a chance—except Hermit—poor forlorn Hermit! whose name was only mentioned in pity or derision. Yet the horse looked in fine form, though he moved somewhat stiffly. The field got off to a good start, and when the horses emerged from behind the hill Vauban, the favourite, was leading, with Marksman close behind, and it

seemed as though it were to be a race between the favourites. No one thought about Hermit, till suddenly Mr. Chaplin's rose-coloured jacket was seen creeping up near to the leaders. Vauban dropped behind and Marksman led till the stand was reached; then, imagine if you can, the stupefaction that fell upon the crowd when by a tremendous effort on the part of Daly, his jockey, the despised Hermit passed Mr. Merry's horse; the shouts died away into an awful silence, as broken backers realized that the rose jacket had won by a neck, the favourite being a bad third. Only the faintest cheer hailed the victory, and the victor was led off as unnoticed as before, though in stakes and bets Hermit won his owner a larger sum of money than ever before had been netted on a single race.

At the close of that season Mr. Chaplin greatly reduced his stud. Breadalbane was sold to Colonel Irving for 1500 guineas, and Blinkhoolie was probably Mr. Chaplin's best horse in 1868, next to him being St. Ronan, who as a two-year-old won a sweepstakes worth £1,800 at Goodwood. During 1870 the Master of Blankney had very few horses in training; and his next considerable victory was the Lincolnshire Handicap in 1872 with Guy Darrell. After that event, with the exception that he succeeded Lord Calthorpe as one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club in 1873, his Turf career was an uneventful one, as he devoted himself principally to breeding, and some of his yearling sales have been very successful. Much of Mr. Chaplin's success with his stud has of course been due to Hermit. In 1879 the sum of 1,400 guineas was given for a filly by Hermit who, under the name of Shotover

won the Derby in 1882, whilst in 1880 another filly by the same sire fetched 3,600 guineas, and the total amount realized on that occasion by fourteen yearlings was 14,200 guineas, at that time the highest average on record. Of late years, however, Mr. Chaplin has devoted himself more to politics than to sport, though he still takes great interest in the breeding of thoroughbreds, and enjoys a good race as heartily as ever.



SEDGWICK

Proctor

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

HUGH LUPUS GROSVENOR, first Duke of Westminster, popularly supposed to be the wealthiest nobleman in great Britain and one of the richest men in the world, commenced his Turf career in sensational style by purchasing Mr. Merry's Doncaster, the Derby winner of 1873, for the unprecedented sum of 14,000 guineas. But he had no cause to regret the purchase, for amongst many good sons Doncaster was sire of Bend Or, one of the most popular and successful of the Duke's horses, purchased by him from General Pearson. Bend Or won the Chesterfield Stakes in 1879, and during the winter was one of the Derby favourites, which he won in 1880 with Archer wearing the Duke's jacket, just beating Robert the Devil by a head, while the third horse, Mask, was twelve lengths behind. It was in connection with this race that Mr. Barrow, a veterinary surgeon, brought an action against the proprietors of the "Morning Post," for stating that he had administered injurious medicines to the horse just before the race. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff on the ground that the article complained of imputed dishonest conduct, and also want of skill and care on the part of the plaintiff, awarding him £1000

damages in respect of the former, and £750 on account of the latter libel. Bend Or's best performance perhaps was when he gave the American horse Foxhall no less than 34 lbs., and beat him easily for the City and Suburban. But his great match with his Derby rival, Robert the Devil, will linger longest in the public memory.

Owing to the death of the Duchess of Westminster, His Grace **did not** figure much upon the turf in 1881, though some of his horses **ran** under the assumed name of "Mr. Norman," and others under Lord Alington's. As the property of Mr. Norman, Peregrine won the **Two** Thousand Guineas at Newmarket, very easily defeating the American horse Iroquois (Mr. Lorillard's). But at Epsom the order was reversed, Peregrine being second to Iroquois, and Lord Rosebery's Town Moor third. The two were, in consequence of Peregrine's unsoundness, unable to meet and decide matters at the St. Leger. Up till the close of 1881, the Duke's running horses had been entrusted to the care of Robert Peck; but when that veteran trainer retired from active business, they were transferred to Kingsclere, where John Porter had the honour and glory of bringing out the mighty Ormonde, "the horse of the century," to whom the Duke of Westminster is mainly indebted for his fame as a Turfite. Mr. Byron Webber, in his *Life of John Porter*, thus describes the impression made by this wonderful horse.

"From the moment Ormonde came into Porter's hands the trainer was convinced that the son of Bend Or, and Lily Agnes was a great horse. He was a fine, free, tireless mover, he went to work in his gallops as though he liked it, he was gentle to handle,

and he did unfailing justice to the contents of his manger. In short, although he was allowed to come on in his own natural way, not being forced or hurried in the least, he gave the trainer no trouble whatever. As to his being tried—well, a few words in reference to a stable companion, while disposing of him, will throw some light on the question. The stable companion was Kendal, 2 years, by Bend Or out of Windermere, and he had, as Mr. Joseph Osborne remarks, in 'The Horse-breeder's Handbook,' 'a short but brilliant Turf career.' On October 7th, 1885, there was a trial of six furlongs which resulted as follows—Kendal 8st. 7lbs., Ormonde 8st. 8lbs., Whipper In (6 yrs) 9st. 6lbs., Whitefriar 9st. 6lbs., Kendal won by a length,—a length also separating Ormonde from Whipper In, who was two lengths in front of Whitefriar.

"This was the first occasion on which Ormonde was stripped for trial, and on the basis of this he was started for the Post Sweepstakes (Bretby Stakes course) and he won. Other wins followed, notably the Derby of 1886. In 1887, the Jubilee year, the fiftieth of the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Ormonde, as was becoming on the part of such an equine monarch, figured in the celebration. The Duke of Westminster desired Ormonde to be despatched from Kingsclere to a reception—a Jubilee function in London at Grosvenor House; and Porter ventured to advise his grace to ride him in the Royal Procession! The notion, daring as it seemed, was not dismissed in a word, the more especially as the trainer assured the Duke that the horse 'would go as quiet as a sheep;' but eventually a garden party in Mayfair was preferred. The

trainer's son, George, was charged with the conveyance of the illustrious visitor, and the morning of the reception day, he and Ormonde left Kingsclere for Waterloo. The horse was quietly unboxed at the railway station (the requisite permission having been previously obtained from the authorities, street and other traffic being stopped) and passed through the parks to his destination without an adventure. Yes, there was one! A cabman of an inquiring turn of mind, and with an eye for a grand horse, discerning something uncommon under the clothing, put the usual question—'Hallo, guv'nor, what have you got there?' The matter-of-fact reply 'Ormonde' was too much for cabby. He was non-plussed for want of a crushing objurgation. All he said was—'Garn! Who are you a-gettin' at?'—Conjecture is left to busy itself with the nature of the reception of Ormonde by the distinguished party of guests who had been invited to meet him in the gardens of Grosvenor House. He was fed with sugar and flowers (orchids probably), and otherwise regaled with the daintiest of inequine viands; he made himself agreeable to everybody, and then, the reception over, he went back to Kingsclere as contentedly as he had left. His last race was for the Imperial Gold Cup at the Newmarket July Meeting, when they laid 100 to 3 on him. He won it by a couple of lengths."

As everything relating to such a marvellous horse as Ormonde must be of interest to racing men, I make no apology for quoting the following curious description of the galvanizing of the Duke of Westminster's horse.

Ormonde was under regular treatment for roaring. The well-known sporting writer signing himself

Nathaniel Gubbins, in describing a visit which he paid to Kingsclere, after crediting Porter with the mild assurance that Ormonde had "as much electricity in him as would light a town" goes on to describe the process:—"Two applications, each of five minutes duration, are given daily, and the force is increased or diminished as needs be. It takes five human beings to conduct the important operation. Little 'Nipper' holds the machine, Viney twitches the horse's nose, Mr. Porter junior ('my son George'), and Gallantry apply the current, and Marlow holds the charger's head. He stands it like a lamb, and to judge from the expression of his eyes, seems to like it rather than otherwise. I am told, however, that on occasion he will resent the operation, and only the day before his reception at Grosvenor House, in the absence of the twitch—not applied that day as an experiment—he went for Cartwright, whom he seized by the arm, without doing material damage, however."

How Ormonde was sold by his owner and went to Argentina, and how he came back, are matters on which I do not care to dwell, because the strong opinions I hold on the subject might prove offensive if publicly expressed. It should be stated, however, that the record price for a thoroughbred stallion is the £31,250 given by the American millionaire, Mr. Macdonough, for Ormonde. The alleged poisoning of Orme, own brother of Ormonde, and by some considered his equal, is a circumstance of such recent occurrence that there is no need to do more than refer to it here. The Duke still races, but it is mainly as the owner of Ormonde that he claims to rank among "Kings of the Turf."

THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

THERE can be no doubt that the British Turf owes much to the British aristocracy. The mere list of names on the rolls of the Jockey Club would prove this. And it augurs well for the future of the Turf that our great nobles still take a strong interest in the sport. Foremost amongst the younger aristocratic patrons of horse-racing stands William John Arthur Charles James Cavendish-Bentinck, sixth Duke of Portland. Born on the 25th of December, 1857, after leaving Eton, he, for a little time, held a commission in the 2nd Staffordshire Militia, but afterwards became a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, from which regiment, however, he retired on succeeding to the title in 1879. Descended from the same race of sportsmen as Lord George Bentinck, he was always fond of hunting, shooting, cricketing and other outdoor sports—but although much interested in racing, and a visitor at most of the principal meetings each year, it was not till the season of 1881 that the Duke's colours appeared on the Turf. Matthew Dawson trained for him at Heath House, Newmarket, and Fred Archer was “up” when he could get himself down to the weight. At the beginning of 1882 His Grace had under



Portland

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a dozen horses in the trainer's hands, the best of these being Mowerina who had won a good race for her owner when she took the Portland Plate at Doncaster in the September of 1881. On the same afternoon that Mowerina won the Plate, her owner rode a match with Sir John Astley each on his cob, and fairly beat the bully baronet. In 1882 His Grace had also Green Sleeves, Mackintosh, and a couple of two-year-olds, of whom great expectations were formed.

To win the Derby twice is a triumph which few sportsmen have achieved. But the Duke has done more, he has won that historic race *two years in succession*. People cheered when on the 30th of May, 1888, it was announced that the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire had won—cheered, not because they knew him, or had even won by backing his horse, but because they looked upon him as a plucky young nobleman who was trying to keep up the old standard and tradition of the British Racecourse. They cheered still more when in 1889 the Duke was winner of the great event with Donovan, concerning whom rumours were at one time so contradictory that it was doubtful whether he would start. In 1890 His Grace gained the Oaks with Memoir, though St. Serf failed to secure him a third Derby. The Oaks again fell to the Duke in 1893, when Mrs. Butterwick easily vanquished Lord Rosebery's far-famed Treasure. Yet another Oaks was his in 1894, the year of Ladas's Derby. On this occasion the first favourite for the Ladies Race was Baron de Rothschild's La Nièvre who, however, had to take a second place, as the Duke of Portland's Amiable was not to be denied.

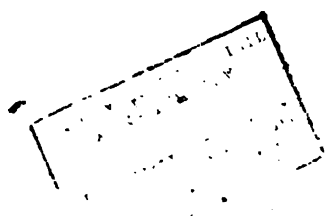
Known everywhere as a man thoroughly at home in

all matters equine, the Duke of Portland was obviously the most appropriate person to fill the post of Master of the Horse. He was appointed to that office in 1886 and still retains it with a salary of £2,500 a year. As head of this Department of Her Majesty's Household, he has control over the Royal Mews, whilst Equerries and Pages of Honour, the Queen's Lady Rider, the Queen's State Coachman, and sundry other picturesque and gorgeous personages, obey his behests. And I think I can pay His Grace no higher compliment than to say that he is as popular in his official as in his sporting capacity.



U. S. 241108

Albert Howard.



ROYALTY ON THE TURF.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

EVER since horse-racing was first known in England, it has received more or less patronage from Royalty. Bluff Harry the Eighth both bred and ran race-horses, chiefly of the Barbary strain; James the First deigned to grace race-meetings with his presence—mostly impromptu affairs got up to amuse him on his “Progresses” through the Kingdom—and first gave Newmarket its vogue, though it was for hare-hunting, not for horse-racing that he favoured the classic heath. The Lord Protector Cromwell loved horses, and bred them both for speed and stoutness. In his unregenerate days he is even said to have ridden races, but this may be an invention of the Cavaliers. Charles the Second made Newmarket famous for racing and other sports of a less reputable character, but perhaps it is not generally known that the Merry Monarch was himself a first-rate jockey, as jockeys went then, and won several plates, riding at the Welter weight of 12 stone. James the Second was not much of a sportsman, but William the Third bred race-horses and ran them at Newmarket, not without success, too, one notable triumph of his being the victory of his horse Stiff Dick over Lord Wharton’s hitherto invincible

Careless. Moreover, the "asthmatic skeleton", as Macaulay describes him, wagered heavily both on horse-races and cock-fights. In Queen Anne the Turf found a sincere and constant supporter. It was she who first started the Royal Gold Cups in the North; and not only did her Majesty give these handsome prizes, she was also very eager in running her own horses for them. But the Royal stable was not fortunate, and on the very morning on which her brown horse Star won for her her first great victory on the Turf, the Queen was struck down by the apoplectic fit which ended her life.

The first three Georges showed no interest in the Turf, but the fourth of that name atoned for all the short-comings of his ancestors in this respect, and, both before and after his accession to the throne, was passionately devoted to racing. Some incidents in his Turf career I have referred to in dealing with the three Chifneys, but I must not omit to state that, when Prince of Wales, he won the Derby with Sir Thomas in 1788. So keen was his love of sport that when he lay on his deathbed he sent his factotum, Jack Ratford, specially over to Ascot, charging him to come back express with the news the instant the horses had passed the post in the race for the Ascot Cup, which he fondly hoped Zingance would win for him—a hope not destined to be fulfilled.

The King's brother, H.R.H. the Duke of York, "jolly, cursing, courageous Frederick" as Thackeray calls him, was quite as ardent a patron of the Turf as His Majesty, and was even more successful for, though his stud was a very small one, he carried off the Derby twice, with Prince Leopold in 1816 and with Moses in 1822.

The Duke of Clarence, too, afterwards William IV, kept race-horses, but that he had not much knowledge of the sport may be gathered from the following characteristic anecdote of him. When his trainer asked him what he should send down to run at Ascot, the Sailor King replied: "Why, the whole squad, first raters and gun-boats; some of them, I suppose, must win."

And that leads me up to the subject of my present sketch, His Royal Highness Albert Edward Prince of Wales, the most popular sportsman in his august mother's dominions. The Prince began his racing career very modestly, but showed himself from the very first such a keen and intelligent lover of the sport, that all who had the interests of the Turf at heart longed to see the Heir Apparent take a more prominent position in the racing world, as an owner and breeder.

His Royal Highness won his first victory in 1886, and the event is thus pleasantly commemorated by Sir George Chetwynd in his "Reminiscences."

"A very pleasant Meeting took place at Sandown on the Friday and Saturday between Epsom and Ascot 1886, and the Friday will be remembered by the owners of the Esher course for many a long day, as on it the Prince of Wales scored his first victory in flat racing. It was only a Maiden Plate, and His Royal Highness's representative, Counterpane, by Hermit, had odds of 7 to 4 laid on her, the opposition being very weak. When Archer was seen to be winning very easily in the royal colours, a mighty shout was raised from stands and rings. Sycophants vied with those who were genuinely pleased at the

result of the race, to howl their loudest. Perhaps the shouts that had the truest ring about them (this is not meant for a pun) came from the fielders who had all lost money on the race. The Prince was extremely pleased, and John Porter's honest face beamed with benevolence."

How keen is the Prince's interest in racing may be gathered from the following incident which Mr. Byron Webber chronicles in his biography of John Porter of Kingsclere.

"The Derby trial of St. Blaise was memorable as it was the occasion of the first visit of the Prince of Wales to Kingsclere. It is appalling to think what might have been made of that Royal visit if the touts on the one hand and the New Journalists (female as well as male) on the other, had got scent of the Prince's simple undertaking. As it fortunately happened, His Royal Highness was enabled to run down into Hampshire and invade the Kingsclere downs with just as much privacy as he would have enjoyed in making an informal morning call. He took the 9 a.m. train from Waterloo, like any ordinary passenger, to Overton, at which station Porter had a fly waiting, and was forthwith driven to the Downs. The Prince was received, according to previous arrangement, by Lord Alington, Sir Frederick Johnstone, and Porter, who were waiting with the horses, and hacks upon which to mount the witnesses of the trial. No time was lost in getting the field of five to the post, the horses being St. Blaise, Incendiary, Shotover, Geheimniss and Energy. The foreshadowing race came off with the result that St. Blaise, carrying 8st. 6lbs., won by two lengths, four lengths between Incendiary and Shotover, Geheim-

niss (fourth) being a head in advance of Energy.

The sportsmanlike friendliness, the *camaraderie* of the trial was not its least interesting feature. There is an etiquette in such matters which is not seldom enforced when a number of owners share the services of a single trainer. It will be observed that all went in irrespective of exclusive ownership, in order that the investigation might be as thorough as was possible under the circumstances. After the trial His Royal Highness lunched at Park House, and was then conducted by Porter over the stables. He made an exhaustive inspection of the establishment, and expressed the warmest admiration of what he saw."

At the Epsom Summer Meeting of 1895 His Royal Highness's colt, Courtier, ridden by Mornington Cannon, 9st 11 lbs., won the Caterham Plate, which immediately preceded the Derby, which fell to the lot of Lord Rosebery with Sir Visto. There were only five runners for the Caterham Plate, and the second was Mr. L. Brassey's Literature, who was only a head behind Courtier. The Prince as winner was loudly cheered, being the object of quite an ovation from the crowd. The cry of "Good old Teddy" made up in warmth of feeling what it lacked when judged by the strictest canons of form. Courtier, however, carrying 8 st., was beaten in the race for the Visitor's Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting in 1896.

So far luck had not greatly favoured the Royal colours on the race-course, though the Prince, under John Porter's guidance, continued steadily and perseveringly breeding good stock at Sandringham. At last, however, his perseverance was rewarded. In Persimmon a son of St. Simon, the Prince felt that he had a horse of the

very first class, capable of holding his own against the stoutest rivals that could be brought against him. Everyone remembers how, carefully trained by Richard Marsh and admirably ridden by John Watts, the grand son of St. Simon came out for the Derby of 1896. It is not too much to say that there was not a soul upon Epsom Downs on that memorable third of June that did not hope the Prince's horse might win. And what a race it was! How intense was the excitement when Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's St. Frusquin was seen to be leading, as many thought, with the race at his mercy, till just opposite Tattersall's Persimmon closed with him, got his head in front and after a desperate, ding-dong race gained the judge's fiat by a neck. The scene which followed defies description. No words can convey any adequate idea of the storm of enthusiasm which greeted the Prince's victory. The vast crowd seemed suddenly to have gone mad. Hats were thrown into the air, handkerchiefs, sticks, umbrellas were frantically waved, and three hundred thousand throats shook the air with the vibration of their stentorian cheers. Even the ovation awarded Lord Rosebery on the victory of Ladas paled before this splendid outburst of loyal enthusiasm, and assuredly Epsom Downs have never witnessed a more heart-thrilling scene than they saw that day. For a long time the Prince was kept bowing in response to the frantic cheers that greeted him, and it was many minutes before Watts could make his way back. When the Prince appeared on the course and took his colt's bridle to lead him to the weighing enclosure, the shouts were re-doubled, and the number of hats that were lost through being recklessly chucked into the

air will probably never be known. After a slight pause the welcome "all right" was shouted, and the cheering was louder, if possible, than before; indeed, for half an hour after the race there was an excited crowd in front of the Royal Box that kept up a continuous roar. Persimmon was declared by the judge to have won by a neck, and Earwig (Mr. Beddington's) was four lengths behind St. Frusquin. The race was witnessed by the Princess of Wales, the Princesses Maude and Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of York, Duke of Saxe Coburg, Duke of Cambridge and other royal personages, who were immensely pleased at the result.

As for the Prince, amid all this deafening roar of congratulation, his cheek flushed with pride, and his face beamed—like Mrs. Fezziwig, he seemed "one vast substantial smile," for he could not but feel that this extraordinary ebullition of delight on the part of all these hundreds of thousands of people was not only a tribute of loyalty, but of affection,—it showed how deep-rooted is the personal popularity of the Prince, and how keenly his future subjects appreciate his sterling qualities as an English gentleman and sportsman.

At Doncaster the following September His Royal Highness was again successful, Persimmon, carrying 9st. and ridden by Watts, beating six rivals in the race for the St. Leger Stakes. Next day another of the Prince's horses, Safety Pin, three-year-old, and carrying 7st. 12lbs., won the Alexandra Plate by two lengths ahead of the other ten competitors, Madden being in the saddle.

But Persimmon's career of victory was not yet ended. He carried off for his Royal Master the

Eclipse Stakes of £10,000, the richest prize the Turf has to bestow. In that race, however, the horse strained a leg, and the Prince, feeling that it would be imprudent to subject the renowned son of St. Simon again to the risks of training, has decided to withdraw him from the Turf. So the winner of the never-to-be-forgotten Derby of 1896 goes to the stud at Sandringham, where it is, I am sure, the dearest wish of every sportsman that he may beget sons and daughters who will win fresh laurels for the jolly Prince whom all England holds to be the king of good fellows.

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